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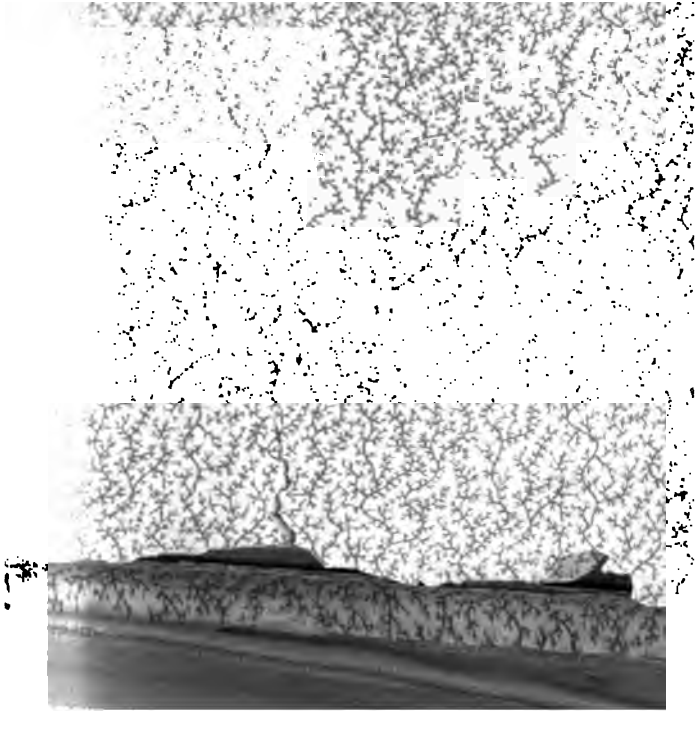

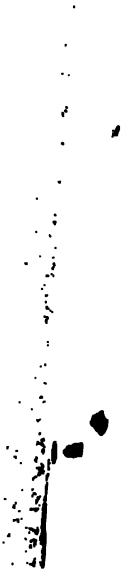

THE BRUCE;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF ROBERT I. KING OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN SCOTISH VERSE

BY JOHN BARBOUR.

THE FIRST GENUINE EDITION,

PUBLISHED FROM A MS. DATED 1489;

WITH NOTES AND A GLOSSARY

BY J. PINKERTON.

VOLUME I.

III. 347.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY H. HUGHS,

FOR G. NICOL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS MAJESTY.

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PREFACE.

THE publication of ancient monuments of their poetry ſeems now to intereſt moſt nations. In France the beſt poets of the fifteenth century were publiſhed at Paris, in the year 1723 *. Since which time, not to mention editions of the *Roman de la Roſe*, a work completed in the end of the thirteenth century, have appeared the poems of Thibaut king of Navarre, who wrote in the beginning of the thirteenth century; and the ſongs of Raoul de Coucy, compoſed in the twelfth, about the year 1190. Barbazan has alſo given ſpecimens of the ſhort romances in verſe, or tales: and M. Le Grand has publiſhed a good tranſlation of the beſt

* Oeuvres de Villon, written about 1450. Farce de l'Avocat Pathelin, about 1452. Poeſies de Coquillart, 1470. Martial d'Auvergne, 1480, 2 vols. Oeuvres de Jean Marot, 1500. And the Poeſies de Guillaume Cretin, 1510. Legende de Pierre Faifeu, by Bourdigne, 1531.

The works of Allain Chartier, which are large, written about 1440, were publiſhed by Du Cheſne, Paris, 1617, 4to.

It is ſurprizing, however, that the poems of Froiſſart, the only poet, it is believed, France has of the fourteenth century, ſhould ſtill remain MS. The fifteenth century is barren of poetry in Italy and England.

he could find, from the twelfth century to the fi
teenth, in 5 vols. 12mo. with prefaces, in whic
he ſhews the great ſuperiority of theſe *fabliau:*
which originated in the northern parts of Franc
to the inſipid love-ſongs of the Provençal trouba
dours, the offspring of the ſouth; and goes ſo fa
as to ſay, that all the great poets, and moſt of th
great men of France, have been born in the nor
thern parts of that kingdom. Any reader ma
indeed judge, by comparing his very curious an
intereſting work with the account and tranſlatio
of the works of the troubadours, publiſhed b
l'Abbé Millot, that one of theſe old tales full
incident, imagination, and life, is worth all th
drawling efforts of the Provençal muſe, the lif
leſs daughter of metaphyſical love.

In Spain, the late publication by Sanchez
ſhews that this kind of literature is not tot
neglected. Italy needs not be mentioned, as
publication of her ancient poets has been conſ
and perpetual: but the *Filoſtrato* and *Teſeid*
Boccace ſhould be reprinted. In Germany d

* This very curious work is intituled, *Coleccion de*
Caſtellanas anteriores al Siglo XV. &c. Por D.
Antonio Sanchez, Bibliotecario de S. M. En Madrid, p
Antonio de Sancha: 1779—1782. 3 vols 8vo. pu
The firſt volume contains the poem of the Cid; a
ſixt is a letter of the marquis de Santillana, writte
1455, on the origin of Spaniſh poetry, with long
the editor, forming almoſt a hiſtory of Spaniſh po
ceding the year 1400, well written, if we exc
oddities, as the examination whether Adam ſpok
verſe or proſe, &c. The Inquiſition ſtill exiſts
Vol. ii. contains the poems of Berceo. Vol. iii.
the Great. All are accompanied with gloſſaries.

rent productions of this ſort have lately been given: and in Denmark the poetical Edda, containing the oldeſt Icelandic poetry, has at laſt appeared in print. Nor has England neglected this ſtudy, as the Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry, the late excellent edition of Chaucer's Tales, and other works in this line may teſtify.

The poem now preſented to the reader for the firſt time, in it's genuine ancient dreſs, has already gone thro' about twenty editions in Scotland ſince the year 1616, in which the firſt edition which can be diſcovered, was printed at Edinburgh, 12mo. But all theſe editions are modernized; and it was impoſſible to judge of the real ancient poem from them. The editor, zealous to give an edition of this intereſting work, the moſt ancient production of the Scotiſh muſe extant, in the very language, and orthography, of it's author, had recourſe to a manuſcript written in the year 1489, preſerved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh; a collection which does great honour to that reſpectable ſociety, and to their country. The ſociety having, with much politeneſs, permitted a copy to be taken for publication, the editor was equally fortunate in the condeſcending aſſiſtance of the Earl of BUCHAN, a nobleman well known as the founder of the Scotiſh Society of Antiquaries; and as the friend of the ancient literature, and preſent welfare and honour of his country. This public-ſpirited peer cauſed the tranſcript to be taken under his own eye; and accompanied it with this atteſtation: "I David "Steuart, Earl of Buchan, have compared this "tranſcript of the MS. dated 1489, in the Law-

"yers' Library at Edinburgh, with the original, "and find it to be a true copy, having corrected "such errors as I have been able to obſerve, in "the courſe of a very minute inveſtigation and "compariſon;" *(ſigned)* "BUCHAN:" and dated, "Edinburgh, September 27th, 1787."

The tranſcript, taken *literatim* from the MS. has been ſent to the preſs, as it came; and printed from with the utmoſt exactneſs, even to the retention of ſmall errors, which might eaſily have been amended. The only alteration from the original is the diviſion into Twenty Books, with their arguments, now adopted and given for the firſt time; but which injures not a particle of the original text, and is an improvement, which, it is believed, every reader will approve: for the peruſal of ſuch a long work of about 12,000 verſes, without any pauſe, or illuſtration, would have proved tireſome to the moſt patient reader; not to mention the ſuperior clearneſs which ſuch a diviſion, and analyſis, lend to a work of length, and the univerſal practice of ancient and modern times in ſuch caſes. It is indeed much to be wiſhed that diviſion, and argument, were more attended to in all publications of old language. Nævius and Ennius, the moſt ancient Roman poets, compoſed their long works in one entire piece; and antiquity has been ſo idle as to let us know that Lardio firſt divided the poem of Nævius into books and Vargunteius that of Ennius. Some old editor has indeed given riming titles of chapters and large diviſions of this poem; but they are ill-placed and ill-choſen: and, in ſpite of Mr. Hume's hiſtory, every man of reading muſt know that

cha

chapter, or *caput*, is the proper name of a ſhort diviſion, properly treating of but one *head*, or incident.

The original MS. from it's orthography, appears to have been copied from one co-eval with the author; for the ſpelling is more barbaric, and uncouth, than that of a copy of Winton's Chronicle, written about the year 1410, in the Cotton Library. At the end of this edition the reader will find fac-ſimilia of the MS. particularly of the colophon, which is in theſe words: "*Finitur codicellus de virtutibus et actibus bellicoſiſſimi viri domini Roberti Broyſs quondam Scottorum Regis illuſtriſſimi raptim ſcriptus per me Johannem Ramſay ex juſſu venerabilis et circumſpecti viri vere magiſtri Symonis Lochmaleny de Ouchternunnſe vicarii bene digni Anno Domini Milleſimo Quadringenteſimo Octuageſimo Nono.*" "Here ends the book of the virtues, and acts, of the moſt warlike man, the lord Robert Bruce, ſometime king of Scotland, written at different times by me John Ramſay, at the command of a venerable and prudent man, and real maſter, Simon Lochmaleny, moſt worthy vicar of Ouchternunnſe, in the year of our Lord One Thouſand Four Hundred and Eighty-nine." The name *Lochmaleny* is ſo uncommon, that it ſeems unknown in any other Scotiſh record; and *Ouchternunnſe* the editor cannot find. The ſame MS. contains the life of Wallace, by Henry the minſtrel, written about 1470; and tho' it be a mere wild romance, while this poem of Barbour's is moſtly real hiſtory; and far inferior in every merit to this; yet, for the ſake of the language, and manners, it would be worth while to print

German poetry almoſt of every century *. The poetical Edda, compiled in the thirteenth century, contains ſome pieces of Scandinavian poetry ſurely as old as the ninth century. Of Anglo-Saxon, or Engliſh, poetry, a ſpecimen might be produced of every century, ſince the eighth. There is in the Cotton Library a noble ſpecimen of Anglo-Saxon poetry of the tenth century, being a romance on the wars between Denmark and Sweden; and it is much to be wiſhed that it were publiſhed, with a tranſlation. It is to be obſerved that rime is not known in Anglo-Saxon poetry till the eleventh century, as Mr. Tyrwhit ſhews: and in Scandinavian poetry, it appears not till the twelfth, as is clear from Snorro's Hiſtory, written in the thirteenth, in which numerous ſpecimens of the works of the northern ſcalds are adduced. Whether rime originated from the Arabs, among whom poetry of this kind appeared even before Mahomet, and, upon their conqueſt of Spain in the year 712 †, ſpred firſt to France, and thence to the

* Mabillon has publiſhed a beautiful German ſong, written in the year 883. See in the Memoirs of the Academy of Inſcriptions, vol. xli. an account, by the Baron Zurlauben, of a MS. containing poems by Swabian minſtrels, from about the year 1100 till 1330. But poems of the eleventh century are very rare both in Gothic and Romance.

† The Saracens did not ſeize Sicily till the year 828; and they held it for about 230 years, or till 1058. According to Creſcimbeni, the Italian poetry paſſed from the troubadours to the Sicilians. The firſt Italian poet is Ciullo d'Alcamo, a Sicilian, about the year 1200, of whom only a ſong is extant,

Roſa freſca aulentiſſima, &c.

In

the reſt of Europe, as Salmaſius and Huet think; or whether it began among the monks of Italy, in the eighth century, as ſome others ſuppoſe; for theſe are the only two opinions, which now divide the literati upon this ſubject; certain it is that this mode of verſification may be regarded as foreign to the genuine idiom of any European language, and of very late appearance in moſt. Whence they who believe in the riming Welch poetry, aſcribed to Talieſſin and other bards of the ſixth century, may enjoy their own credulity.

To paſs to the Southern or Latin diviſion of Europe, the key to all the languages of which is the Latin tongue, as the key to the other half is the German, our firſt attention is due to France. The Latin language uſed in theſe countries may be ſtrictly called Latin, tho' gradually corrupting, till the tenth century. About that period the Latin of different countries began to aſſume different forms, and to branch out into diſtinct and determinate dialects. It is in vain therefore to expect French, Italian, or Spaniſh poetry, preceding the tenth century. Nay, France can hardly ſhew a ſpecimen of her poetry, preceding the twelfth cen-

In 1250 lived Guittone d'Arezzo. The earlieſt Italian romances are in proſe, beginning after the year 1300: the firſt in verſe are the *Filoſtrato* and *Teſeide* of Boccace, about 1350. The next worth notice is the *Morgante* of Luigi Pulci, 1460. Let me here remark that Cervantes was not the firſt who turned the romances into ridicule. This work of Pulci, and the *Orlando Inamorato* of Berni, were written with the ſame intention; and in this century Carteromaco has purſued and completed the plan in his *Ricciardetto*.

tury, of which period long romances are extant; and it is ſurprizing that none of theſe genuine old romances have been publiſhed in their original dreſs *. Italy can, it is believed, ſhew little or no poetry till the thirteenth century, her poetry being borrowed, as is ſaid, from that of the troubadours, who began about the year 1100, and continued till 1300; and the fourteenth century has Dante and Petrarca. In Spain, a country vying with Italy in every branch of literature, there is no poetry extant more ancient than the Life of Rodrigo de Bevar, more known by the epithet of the Cid, written in about 3800 long lines, by an unknown author, near ſixty years after the death of that hero, or in the year 1160; and firſt publiſhed by Sanchez, in the year 1779. The next poet is Gonzalo de Berceo, about 1220, who wrote lives of ſaints, and other pious works, in ſtanzas of four alexandrine lines, to the ſame rime; a mode of

* *Le Roul*, or the Hiſtory of Normandy, by Wace, ſo called from Rollo the firſt duke, would form about 300 pages 4to. double columns. This poet, however, gives no account of Rollo, William I. nor Richard I.; becauſe their wars were againſt France. From Richard II. A. 996, he is full and curious, but fabulous. All of Rollo is;

Ai jeo de Roul lunges cunté,
E de ſun riche parenté,
De Normandie que il cunquiſt,
E des proeſces que il i fiſt;
E de Guilleaume Lunge Eſpee,
Auum leſtoire avant menee,
Tant que Flameng cum a felun
Le tuerent par traiſun;
De Richard ſun fiz auum dit, &c.
MS. Reg. 4; c. xi.

poetry

poetry generally prevalent in Spain till the year 1400. Then follows the long poem of Alexander the Great partly tranſlated from Gualter, by Juan Lorenzo of Aſtorga, about the year 1250, in the ſame diſagreeable ſtanza. In the ſame century king Alfonſo the Wiſe wrote poems, not to mention his books of philoſophy, and code of laws in proſe: and in Portugal under king Dionis, himſelf the earlieſt Portugueſe poet, lived Vaſco Lobeira, the author of the famous romance of *Amadis de Gaula*. The proſe chronicles of Spain, in Spaniſh, alſo begin in this century. The fourteenth century produced in Spain Juan Ruiz, the archprieſt of Hita, a pious rimer; the Jew Don Santo, a moral one; Don Juan Manuel, the biographer in verſe of the Conde Lucanor; and him of the Conde Fernan Gonzalez; Pero Gomez; the hiſtorian of Alfonſo XI. in verſe; Pero Lopez de Ayala, who wrote his ſatire on courts in England, in priſon; and toward the end of this, or beginning of next, century, Moſen Jordi, and Moſen Febrer. The fifteenth century has excellent Spaniſh poets, Villaſandino, Juan de Mena, Jorge Manrique, Auſias March, who wrote in the Valencian dialect, the famous marquis of Santillana, Diego de St. Pedro, who wrote the *Carcel de Amor*, and Juan Alonſo de Baena, who compiled the lyric poems of his predeceſſors under the uſual title of *Cancionero*, MS. in the Eſcurial. To this century alſo moſt of the ſhort Spaniſh romances belong; and particularly thoſe in the hiſtory of the civil wars of Granada.

When we conſider that the poetry of even the moſt

moſt ſouthern, and civilized, countries of Europe begins thus lately, we ſhall rather wonder, that a country ſo remote, and diſtant from civilization, as Scotland, can boaſt of ſo reſpectable a poem as this at ſo early a period. Indeed the hero ſeems to have inſpired the author; and hardly have ever great actions been performed, without ſome author's ariſing to celebrate them. Chaucer, our poet's great cotemporary, was little known to fame, when Barbour wrote in 1375, as he tells us himſelf, B. xiii. v. 700; and he never mentions, and perhaps had not heard of, that celebrated writer. Certain it is that Chaucer afforded no model to Barbour; who ſeems to have had no ſubjects to imitate, but the old metrical romances, to which he refers. Let us not however reaſon from this that his poem is itſelf romantic; for, tho' two or three fictitious incidents are ſurely admitted in the firſt ſeven books, the truth of all, or moſt, of the reſt can be evidenced from the beſt hiſtorians, Engliſh and Scotiſh: and the reader who wiſhes to be convinced of this, without much trouble, has only to compare the hiſtory of king Robert I. in Dalrymple Lord Hailes's valuable Annals of Scotland, with our author's account. His writing in verſe is no argument againſt the veracity of his facts. In moſt countries hiſtory has firſt been written in verſe. In all countries memory is more ancient than writing; and poetry than proſe. Greece, as is well known, had early poetical hiſtorians. The poem of Nævius on the firſt Punic war, written about 238 years before Chriſt, was the earlieſt known among the Romans; and the beginning

beginning of it puts us in mind of the harſh orthography of Barbour;

Quei terrai Latiai hemones tuſerunt
Vires frudeſque Poinicas fabor.—

The next poet was Ennius, who about thirty years after wrote in heroic verſe, (not in the *Saturnius*, or a kind of Iambic, as Nævius did, reſembling the ſhort quick verſe of our Barbour) the annals of Rome; and afterward the acts of Scipio Africanus. In modern Europe, the Saxon poet of the life of Charlemagne is well known, and the hiſtory of the Britons was tranſlated into French verſe from Geoffrey of Monmouth, by Wace in the twelfth century; and a hiſtory of Normandy was given by the ſame writer, in the ſame ſtyle. Not to mention the hiſtory of France in French rime of the thirteenth century; nor the Engliſh hiſtories of Robert of Gloceſter, Robert de Brunne, &c. the earlieſt native hiſtorian of Sweden is a chronicler in rime, about the year 1360. Our Winton wrote a vaſt hiſtory of the world, with Scotiſh affairs intermixt, about the year 1420, but is a bad Ennius after our excellent Nævius Barbour: tho' it be remarkable, that as Ennius omitted the firſt Punic war becauſe Nævius had written it, ſo Winton does the life of Robert I.

As to any account of our author, little can be added by the editor to what he has already ſaid in another place *, except ſome curious information,

* Liſt of Scotiſh poets, prefixt to Ancient Scotiſh Poems from the Maitland MS. London, 1786, p. lxxix.

from Winton's Chronicle, concerning another work of his. It being proper and neceſſary, however, to give ſome account of our poet here, it is hoped the reader will excuſe a repetition of the information formerly given, tho' not in the ſame words.

JOHN BARBOUR ſeems to have been born about the year 1326. In 1357 it appears, from a paſſport publiſhed by Rymer, dated the 13th day of Auguſt that year, that he was then archdeacon of Aberdeen. This paſſport permits him to go to Oxford, there to place three ſcholars to purſue their ſtudies, and ſcholaſtic exerciſes. By a deed, dated the 13th of September in the ſame year, alſo publiſhed by Rymer, we find our author appointed by the biſhop of Aberdeen one of his commiſſioners, to meet at Edinburgh concerning the ranſom of David II. king of Scotland, then a priſoner in England. In 1365 Rymer gives us the title of another paſſport for John Barbour, archdeacon of Aberdeen, to go thro' England, with ſix knights in company, to St. Denis, near Paris. All we find further evidenced relating to our author is that he died aged, in the year 1396, as we learn from the chartulary of Aberdeen.

He informs us himſelf, B. xiii. ver. 700, that he wrote this poem in the year 1375; and about 1440 Bower or Bowmaker, the continuator of Fordun's hiſtory of Scotland, gives him this praiſe, lib. xii. c. 9. ſpeaking of king Robert I. "*Magiſter Johannes Barbarii Archidiaconus Aberdenenſis in lingua noſtra materna, diſerte et luculenter ſatis, ipſa ejus particularia geſta, necnon multum eleganter, texuit.*"

To theſe particulars the editor now adds the following, from Winton's metrical chronicle, written between the years 1410 and 1420 *.

This NINUS had ane ſon alſua,
Schir DARDANE, Lord of *Fregia*,
Of quhome the ARCHDENE ſuttely
Has maid proper Genealogie,
Till ROBERT, our ſecond king,
That *Scotland* had in governing.
MS. Edit. p. 63.

And ſpeaking of the progreſs of the Scots from Ireland:

Bot be the BRUTE, yitt BARBAR ſayis
Of Eriſchry all uthir wayis;
That GURGUNT BADRUK quhile was king,
And *Brettane* had in gouerning, &c.
p. 81.

Agreeable to Geffrey of Monmouth, lib. 1. c. 20.

Again,

Of BRUTUS' lynnage wha will heir
He luik the treteis that BARBEIR
Maid intill a Genealogy,
Reyt weil, and mair perfytly
Than I can in any wiſe,
With all my wit for til deviſe.
p. 129.

* From a MS. in the editor's poſſeſſion, compared with three old ones, and prepared for the preſs by Robert Seton, 1724.

Again, ſpeaking of Brennus and Belinus;

Thai reid the BRUTE, and thai ſall ſee
Ferleis ſeir of thair bounté.

p. 184.

Again,

OCTAVYUS than into thai dayis
As of BRUTE the ſtorye ſayis,
Of all *Brettane* haill was king.

p. 329.

The following paſſage, not immediately to the purpoſe, is inſerted on account of its ſingularity:

Bot of the BRUTE the ſtorye ſayis
That LUCIUS HYBER in his dayis
Was of the hie ſtait procuratour,
Nouthir callit king na empryour.
Fra blayme wes than the author quyte,
As he before him fand, to wryte;
And men of gude diſcretioun
Suld excuſe and loiff HUCHEONE,
That cunnand was in literature.
He maid a gret geſt of ARTHURE:
And the awenturis of GAWANE:
And the 'piſtill als of ſueit SUSANE.
He was curious in his ſtyle,
Fayr, and facund, and ſubtile,
And ay to pleſance had delyte;
And maid in metyr meit his dyte,
Littill or nocht nevertheleſs
Wawerand fra the ſuthfaſtnes.
Had he callit LUCIUS procuratour,
Qhair that he callit him empryour, &c.

p. 364.

And

And HUCHONE of the *Aule Ryall*
Intill his geſt hiſtoriall. *Ib.*

Sen HUCHEONE of the *Awle Ryall*
Intill his geſt hiſtoricall. *Ib.*

HUCHEONE baith, and the author. *Ib.*

There is every reaſon to believe that the BRUTE, in the paſſages above quoted, after p. 184, is quite different from Barbour's Genealogy of the kings of Scotland, in which the lineage of Brutus was given, as appears from the paſſage p. 129, above: and is either Geffrey of Monmouth's book, or Wace's *Le Brut*. Of Hutcheon the editor knows nothing. He once ſuſpected that the ſhort hiſtory of Scotland, in proſe, down to the end of Robert the Second's reign, to be found at the end of Winton, and which is a curious remain of old Scotiſh proſe, was the book of Barbour above mentioned; but there is no mention of Dardanus or of Brutus in it: and he believes that Barbour's work is loſt.

To return to the preſent work, Winton not only repeatedly quotes it, but omits the whole reign of Robert I. as Barbour had already written it in the ſame metre which he uſes.

In book viii. chap. 139, p. 601, Winton begins to give long extracts from Barbour's poem. He there preſents us with an extract from B. i. ver. 37—170. After a long and often fabulous account of the controverſy between Baliol and Bruce, and the ſentence of Edward, he ſays, p. 627,

Bot luik quhat followit eftirwart;
How ROBERT our king recoverit his land,
That occupyit with his fayis he fand;

And

And it reſtoryt in all fredome,
Quyt till his airis of all thraledome;
Quha that lykis that till witt
To the BRUYSE' buke I thaim remitt.
Quhair maiſter JOHNNE BARBEIR, Archdene
Of *Aberdene*, as mony has ſeyne,
His deidis deitit mair vertuuſly,
Than I can think in all ſtudy;
Haldand in all leill ſuthfaſtnes,
Set all he wrait nocht his prowes.

Winton then gives an account of the Cummins, and of the Bruces, and of the affairs of Scotland down to the year 1304, at which year, p. 680, he ſays,

The Archdekin in BRUCES buke, &c.

and quotes B. i. ver. 187, &c. Then in p. 682 he gives another extract from B. i. ver. 483, to B. ii. ver. 36, with ſlight omiſſions, additions, and alterations. After which, p. 686, he ſays,

Quhat eftir this the BRUCE ROBERT
In all his tyme did eftirwert,
The Archdene of *Abirdene*
In BRUCE's buke has gart be ſene,
Mair wyſlie tretit into wryte,
Than I can think in all my wyte.
Thairfore I will now thus lychtly
Ourpaſs att this tyme his ſtory.

Winton then, chap. 157, excuſes the lameneſs of his work, and recapitulates the years till David II.: chap 158 has the betraying of Wallace by Menteith, 1305; and the dedication of the new cathedral of St. Andrews, 1318; both very briefly told

told. Chap. 159 bears the birth of king David II. 1320, and the depoſition of Edward II. of England, 1326, by his reckoning. Chap. 160 gives the wedding of David II. 1328, and the death of Robert I. Chap. 161 begins the reign of David II. at length. Tho' Winton's work will not bear a total publication, it would be worth while to publiſh this latter part, from David II. till 1414, as forming with Barbour a chain of memoirs in Scotiſh verſe, for the hiſtory of Scotland, almoſt down to the commencement of our memoirs in Scotiſh proſe, in the hiſtory of Lindſay of Pittſcottie. The ſpace from 1414 till 1437, when Lindſay begins, might be ſupplied from Bellenden's tranſlation of Boethius, which varies from the original, and of which Lindſay's work was meant to be a continuation, as we learn from himſelf. This part of Winton and Bellenden would form two large octavo volumes.

This preface ſhall be cloſed with one little remark, to wit, that the name of THE BRUCE is given to this poem, as its genuine ancient name, as appears from the liſt of ancient Scotiſh poems in Wedderburn's Complaint of Scotland, 1549, and from the above paſſages of Winton *.

* It is worth obſervation that, tho' the edition of this work 1616 be the oldeſt diſcovered, yet there muſt have been at leaſt one more ancient: for Gordon, in his *Hiſtorie of Bruce*, a poem printed at Dort 1615, 4to. mentions this poem, as "the old printed book," in his preface; where he alſo ſpeaks of a MS. on vellum, containing a poetical life of Bruce by Peter Fenton, a monk of Melroſe, written in 1369; from which he borrows ſome incidents. It ended, as Gordon's, with the battle of Bannocburn. The MS. belonged to Donald Farquharſon.

ENNIUM SICUT SACROS VETUSTATE LUCOS ADOREMUS, IN QUIBUS GRANDIA ET ANTIQUA ROBORA NON TANTAM HABENT SPECIEM, QUANTAM RELIGIONEM.

QUINTILIAN.

THE BRUCE.

BUKE I.

ARGUMENT.

Proeme. — *Stait of Scotland at the deth of* ALEXANDER III.—*Storie of* DOUGLAS.—*The hiſtorie beginis with the cunand maid between* ROBERT DE BRUYSE, *afterward King, and Schir* JOHN CUMIN.—*Traitory of* CUMIN, *quha betrays* ROBERT *til* EDWARD I. *of England.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE I.

STORYSE to rede ar delitabill,
Suppoſe that thai be nought but fabill;
Than ſuld ſtoryſe that ſuthfaſt wer,
And thai war ſaid on gud maner,
Have doubill pleſance in herying.
The fyrſt pleſance is thair carping,
And the 'tothir thair ſuthfaſtnes,
That ſchewys the thing rycht as it was;
And ſuch thyngs that ar likand
Tyll manys herying ar pleſand.
Thairfor I wald fayne ſet my will,
Giff my wyt mycht ſuffice thairtill,
To put in wryt a ſuthfaſt ſtory
That it left ay furth in memory

Swa that na tyme of lenth it let,
Nor ger it haly be forget.
For auld ſtoryſe, that men redys,
Repraiſents to thaim the dedys
Of ſtalwart folk, that lywyt ar,
Rycht as thai than in preſence war.
And certes thai ſuld weill have pryſe
That in thair tyme war wyght and wyſe;
And led thair lyff in gret trawaill,
And oft, in hard ſtour of bataill,
Wan rycht gret price off chewalry,
And war woydyt off cowardy.
As was King ROBERT off Scotland,
That hardy was of hart and hand,
And gud Schyr JAMES OFF DOUGLAS,
That in hys tyme ſa worthy was,
That off hys price, and hys bounté,
Into far lands renownyt waſe he.
Off thaim I thynk this Buk to ma:
Now God gyff grace that I may ſwa
Tret it, and bryng it till endying,
That I ſay nought bot ſuthfaſt thing.

When ALEXANDER the King was deid,
That *Scotland* haid to ſteyr and leid,

Ver. 37. Alexander III. died 16 March 1286. Margaret his grand-daughter reigned till 1290: an inter-regnum followed, till 30 November 1292, when John Baliol was crowned; who was depoſed by Edward I. of England, in 1296. Another inter-regnum ſucceeded, till 27 March 1306, when Robert the Great, the hero of this poem, aſcended the throne.

The

The land ſax yer, and moyr perfay,
Ley deſolat after hys day.
Till that the Barnage at the laſt
Aſſemblyt thaim, and fayndyt faſt
To choyſe a king, thair land to ſter,
That off awnceſtry cumyn wer
Off kings, that aucht that roawtie,
And mayſt had rycht thair king to be.
Bot Enwy, that is ſa feloune,
Maid amang thaim great deſcenſeoun,
For ſum wald haiff the BALLEOLL king,
For he was cumyn off the dffſpryng
Off hyr that eldeſt ſyſtir was.
And othir ſum nyt all that caſe;
And ſaid that he thair king ſuld be
That war in als ner degre,
And cumyn war of the neiſt male,
And in branch collaterale:
Thai ſaid ſucceſſion of kyngrik
Was nocht to lawer feys lik;
For ther mycht ſucced na female,
Quhill foundyn mycht be ony male,
Thow that in hir ewyn deſcendand,
Thai bar all other wayis on hand;
For than the neyſt cumyn off the ſeid,
Man or woman, ſuld ſucceid.

Ver. 61, 62. *Sic* MS.—Editions read, with equal obſcurity,
That were in line even deſcendand;
They bear all otherwiſe in hand.

Be this reſoun that part thought hale,
That the Lord of *Anandyrdale*,
ROBERT the BRWYSE Erle off *Carryk*,
Oucht to ſucceid to the kynryk.
The Barownys thus war al diſcord,
That on na maner mycht accord:
Till at the laſt thai all concordyt,
That all thair ſpek ſuld be recordyt
Till Schyr EDUUARD off *Yngland* King,
And he ſuld ſwer that, bot fenyeyng,
He ſuld that arbyter diſclar,
Of thir twa that I tauld off ar,
Quhilk ſucceid to ſick a hycht,
And lat him ryng that had the rycht.
This ordynance thaim thocht the beſt,
For at that tyme was peſe and reſt

Ver. 68. David Earl of Huntingdon, grandſon of David I. was the ſource of the claimants, Baliol and Bruce. The former was grandſon of Margaret, eldeſt daughter of Earl David; the latter was ſon of Iſabella, the ſecond daughter. Sir David Dalrymple, to whoſe valuable labours on Scotiſh hiſtory theſe notes will often be indebted, has ſhewn that Baliol was undoubtedly the legal heir of the Scotiſh crown. Barbour, in ſpeaking of Bruce as the male heir only, oppoſes him to Dervorgil, the mother of Baliol, who was alive. Baliol was ſon of Dervorgil, daughter of Margaret, daughter of Earl David. Bruce was ſon of Iſabella. But it is clear that Margaret, and her daughter Dervorgil, and their deſcendants, muſt have enjoyed the crown before Iſabella, or any of her deſcendants. Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, competitor with John Baliol, was grandfather of our hero.

Betwyx *Scotland* and *Ynglande* bath,
And thai couth not perſawe the ſkaith,
That towart thaim was apperand;
For that as the King off *Ynglande*
Held ſwylk freyndſhip, and cumpany
To thair king, that was ſwa worthy,
Thai trowyt that he, as gud nyghbur,
And as freyndſome compoſitur,
Wald hawe jugyt in lawté.
Bot otherwayis all yheid the gle.

A! blynd folk full off all foly!
Haid ye unbethocht you enkerly,
Quhat perell to you mycht apper,
Ye had not wrocht on that maner.
Haid ye tane keip how at that King
Alwayes, forowtyn ſojournying,
Trawayllyt for to wyn ſenyhory,
And throw his mycht till occupy
Lands, that war till him marcheand,
As *Walis* was, and als *Ireland*;
That he put to ſwylk thrillage,
That thai, that war off hey perage,
Suld ryn on fute, as rebaldaill.
Quhan he wald our folk aſſaill
Durſt nane of *Walis* in bataill ride,
Nor yhet fra ewyn fell abyd,
Caſtell or wallyt toune within,
That he ne ſuld lyff and lymys tyne.

Into ſwilk thrillage thaim held he,
That he ourcome throw his powſté.
Ye mycht ſe he ſuld occupy
Throw ſlycht, that he ne mycht throw maiſtiry.
Had ye tane kep quhat was thrillage,
And had conſideryet hys uſage,
That grypyt ay, bot gayne gevyng,
Ye ſuld, forowtyn his demyng,
Haff choſyn yow a king, that mycht
Have haldyn veyle the land in rycht.
Walys enſample mycht have bein
To yow, had ye it forowſein,
That be othir will him chaſty,
And wyſe men ſayes he is happy.
For unfayr things may fall perfay,
Alſe weill to morn, as yhiſtirday.
Bot ye traiſtyet in lawté,
As ſympile folk, but malvyté,
And wyſt not quhat ſuld eftir tyd:
For in this warld that is ſa wyde,
Is nane determynat that ſall
Knaw things that ar to fall,
Bot God, that is off maiſt poweſté,
Reſewyt till his maieſté,
For to knaw, in his preſcience,
Off allryn tyme the mowence.

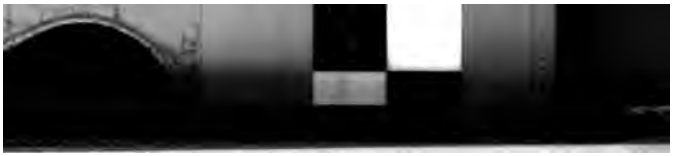
In this maner aſſentyt war
The Barowns, as I ſaid you ar.

And

And throch thair aller hale aſſent,
Meſſingers till hym thai ſent,
That was than in the haly land,
On *Saraceny's* warrayand.
And fra he wyſt quhat charge thai had,
He buſkyt hym, but mar abad,
And left purpos that he had tane;
And till *Ingland* agayne is gane.
And ſyne till *Scotland* word ſend he,
That thai ſuld mak ane aſſemblé,
And he in hy ſuld cum to do
In all things, as thai wrayt him to.
Bot he thocht weill, throuch thair debate,
That he ſuld ſlely fynd the gate
How that he all the ſenyhowry,
Throw his gret mycht, ſuld occupy.
And to ROBERT the BRWYCE ſaid he,
" Gyff yow will hald in cheyff off me,
" For evirmar, and thyne offſpryng,
" I ſall do ſwa yow ſall be king."
' Schyr,' ſaid he, ' ſa God me ſave,
' The kynryk I yharn I not to have,
' Bot gyff it fall off rycht to me;
' And gyff God will that it ſa be;
' I ſall als frely in all thing
' Hald it, as it affer to king.

Ver. 139. A miſtake. Edward was in England. He returned from the Holy Land in 1272, or eighteen years before this time.

' Or



'Or as myn eldrs forouch me
'Hald it in freyaſt rowaté.'
The tothir wreyth him, and ſwar
That he ſuld have it nivir mar:
And turnyt him in wreth away.
Bot Schyr IHON the BALLEOLL perfay
Aſſentyt till him, in all his will,
Quharthrouch fell eftir mickill ill.
He was king bot a little quhile,
And throuch gret ſutelté and ghyle,
For litill encheſone, or nane,
He was areſtyt ſyne and tane.
And degradyt ſyne was he
Off honour and off dignité.
Quhythir it was throuch wrang or rycht,
God wat it, that is maiſt off mycht.

Quhan Schyr EDOUARD, the mychty King,
Had on this wyſe done his likyng
Off JHONE the BALLEOLL, that ſwa ſone
Was all defawtyt and undone;
To *Scotland* went he than in hy,
And all the land gan occupy:
Sa hale that bath caſtell and toune
War intill his poſſeſſione,
Fra *Weik* anent *Orkenay*,
To *Mullyrſnwk* in *Gallaway*.
And ſtuffyt all with *Ingliſe* men;
Schyrreffys and bailyheys maid he thain,

Ver. 183. July 1296.

And

And allryn othir officers,
That for to gowern land affers,
He maid of *Inglis* nation.
That worthyt than ſa rych fellone,
And ſa wykkyt, and cowatouſe,
And ſwa hawtane, and diſpitouſe,
That *Scottsmen* mycht do nathing
That ever mycht pleyſe to thair liking.
Thair wyffs wald thai oft forly,
And thair dochtrys diſpituſly;
And gyff ony off thaim thairat war wrath,
Thai watyt hym wele with gret ſkaith.
For thai ſuld fynd ſone encheſone,
To put him to deſtructione.
And gyff that ony man thaim by
Had ony thing that was worthy,
As horſe, or hund, or othir thing,
That war pleſand to thair liking,
With rycht or wrang it have wald thai.
And gyff ony wald thai withſay,
Thai ſuld ſwa do, that thai ſuld tyne
Othir land, or lyff, or leyff in pine.

Ver. 195. Edward I. was a brave and warlike prince, yet had the innate cruelty of a ſavage; ſo that the maxim, that cowards are always cruel, will not bear to be reverſed. This cruelty was a part of his diſpoſition, not of his politics: for nothing can be more impolitic in a conqueror than cruelty; as the Roman empire, which ſtood upon clemency, and many other examples on both ſides, prove. Scotland might perhaps have remained annexed to England, if Edward had even had political clemency.

For

For thai dempt thaim eftir thair will,
Takand na kep to rycht, na ſkill.
A quhat thai dempt thaim felonly!
For gud knychts that war worthy,
For litill encheſowne, or than nane,
Thai hangyt be the nek-bane.
Als that folk, that evir was fre,
And in fredome wount for to be,
Throw thair gret myſchance, and foly,
War tretyt than ſa wykkytly,
That their fays thair jugis war;
Quhat wrechitnes may man have mar?

A! fredome is a nobill thing!
Fredome mayſe man to haiff liking;
Fredome all ſolace to man giffis:
He levys at eſe, that frely levys!
A noble hart may haiff nane eſe,
Na ellys nocht that may him pleſe,
Gyff fredome failyhe: for fre liking
Is yharnyt our all othir thing.
Na he, that ay haſe levyt fre,
May nocht knaw weill the propyrté,
The angyr, na the wrechyt dome,
That is cowplyt to foule thyrldome.
Bot gyff he had aſſayit it,
Than all perquer he ſuld it wyt;

Ver. 225. Our poet here gives into a moving digreſſion, in praiſe of liberty; and expoſes, in ſtriking colours, the miſeries of ſlavery.

And

And ſuld think fredome mar to pryſe,
Than all the gold in warld that is.
Thus contrar things evirmar,
Diſcoweryngs off the tothir ar.
And he that thryll is has not his;
All that he haſe enbandownyt is
Till hys lord, quhatevir he be,
Yheyt haſe he not ſa mekill fre
As fre wyll to leyve, or de,
That at hys hart hym draws to dre.
Than mayſe clerks queſtioun,
Quhen thai fall in diſputatioun,
That gyff man bad hys thryll oucht do,
And in the ſamyn tyme come hym to
His wyff, and aſkyt hym hyr det,
Quhithir he hys lords neid ſuld bet,
And pay fryſt that he owcht, and ſyne
Do furth hys lords commandyne;
Or leve onpayit hys wyff, and do
The things that commandyt is hym to.
I leve all the ſolutioun
Till thaim that ar off mar renoun.
Bot ſen thai mak ſic competying
Betwixt the detts off wedding,
And lords bidding till hys thrill,
Ye may weile ſe, thoucht nane you tell,
How hard a thing that thryldome is.
For men may weile ſe, that ar wyſe,
That wedding is the hardeſt band,
That ony man may tak on hand.

And

And thryldom is weill wer than deid,
For quhill a thryll his lyff may leid,
It mervys him, body and banys,
And dede anoyis him bot anys:
Schortly to ſay is nane can tell
The halle conditioun off a thryll.

This gat levyt thai, and in ſic thryllage
Bath pur, and thai off hey perage.
For off the lords ſum thai ſlew;
And ſum thai hangyt, and ſum thai drew:
And ſum thai put in preſoune,
Forowtyn cauſe, or encheſoune.
And amang others off DOUGLASE
Put in preſoune WILYAM waſe,
That off DOUGLASE waſe Lord and Syr.
Off him thai makyt a martyr;
Fra thai in preſoune him ſleuch,
His lands that fayr inewch,
Thai the Lord off *Clyffurd* gave.
He had a ſone, a litill knave,

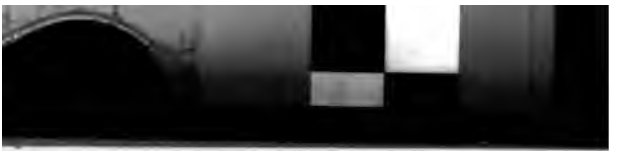
That

Ver. 281. There was no Earl of this great family till 1357. *Annals of Scotland*, II. 224. Barbour uſes *Syr* for *Lord*, being a contraction of *Seigneur*. Our application of *Sir* to knights only is of modern date: and anciently even prieſts had the *Sir*, a tranſlation of *Dominus*, implying either Lord or Maſter. The chiefs of Douglas were barons; and the title of *Sir* prefixt to their names, and to others by modern writers, following the ancient, is improper, becauſe that prefixture now belongs to knights only, whereas in ancient times even kings had it; *Schir Edward the nobil King*. Baron William

t was than bot a litill page;
ſyne he was off gret waſlage,
ſadyrs dede he wengyt ſua,
t in *Ingland*, I underta,
; nane off lyve that him ne dred;
he ſa fele off harnys ſched,
t nane that lyvys thaim can tell:
wondirly hard thing fell
him, or he till ſtate was brocht.
ir was nane aventur that mocht
ay his hart, na ger him let
do the thing that he wer on ſet;
he thocht ay entirly
do his deid awyſely.
hocht weill he wis worth na ſeyle,
t mycht of nane anoyis feyle;
als for till eſcheve gret things,
hard trewalys, and bargangings,
t ſuld ger his price dowblyt be.
airfor, in all his lyvetyme, he

am Douglas was the firſt nobleman who joined Wallace, 1297, in the heroic attempt to free his country, over- 1296 by Edward I. an attempt utterly ruined at Fal- July 1298: ſo that Wallace's progreſs was terminated welve-month, or ſo; and Henry's poem on him is but iſtory of two years, while this of Barbour embraces y-four. Wallace was taken, and beheaded, 1304—5; Villiam Douglas had deſerted him, Auguſt 1297, and d himſelf priſoner to Edward I. *Annals*, I. 249. Baron s Douglas, whoſe deeds grace this poem, was his ſon.

Was



Was in gret payn, and gret trewaill,
And nivir wald for myſcheiff faill,
Bot dryve the thing rycht to the end,
And tak the ure that God wald ſend.
His name was JAMES OF DOUGLAS:
And quhen he herd his fadyr was
Put in preſoune ſa fellounly,
And a his lands halyly
War gevyn to the CLYFFURD perfay,
He wyſt not quhat to do na ſay;
For he had natthing for to diſpend,
Na thair was nane that evir kend
Wald do ſa mekill for him, that he
Mycht ſufficiantly fundyn be.
Than wis he wondir will off wane,
And ſodanly in hart has tane,
That he wald trewail our the ſe,
And a quhile in *Paryſe* be,
And dre myſcheiff quhar nane him kend,
Till God ſum ſuccours till him ſend.
And as he thocht he did rycht ſua,
And ſone to *Paryſe* can he ga,
And levyt thair full ſympolly,
The quhair he glaid was and joly;
And till ſwylk thowteſnes he yeid,
As the courſe aſks off yowtheid.
And umquhill into rybbaldaill,
And that may mony tyme awaill,
For knawlage off mony ſtats,
May quhile awailye full mony gats.

As to the gud Erle off ARTAYIS
ROBERT, befell in his dayis.
For oft feynyeyng off rybbaldy
Awailyeit him, and that gretly.
And *Catone* ſayis us, in his wryt,
That to fenyhe foly quhile is wyt.
In *Paryſe* ner thre yer duellyt he;
And then come tythands our the ſe,
That his fadyr was done to ded.
Then wis he wa, and will of red;
And thocht that he wald hame agayne,
To luk gyff he, throw ony payn,
Mycht wyn agayn his heretage,
And his men out off all thryllage.
To *Saint Androws* he come in hy,
Quhar the Byſchop full curtaſly
Reſavyt him, and gert him wer
His knyvys forouch him to ſcher;
And cled him rycht honorabilly,
And gert ordayn quhar he ſuld ly.
A weile gret quhile thair dwellyt he;
All men lufyt him for his bounté;
For he was off full fayr effer,
Wyſe, curtaiſe, and deboner;
Larg, and luffand, als was he,
And our all things luffyt lawté.

Ver. 339. Two Roberts, Earls of Artois, are famous; R. I. 1237, R. II. 1250. It ſeems uncertain to which our author alludes.

Ver. 353. William of Lamberton.

Lawté to luff is gret wily,
Throuch lawté liffs men rycht wiſly;
With a wertu, and lawté,
A man may yeit ſufficyand be.
And but lawté may nane haiff pryſe,
Quhither he be wycht, or he be wyſe;
For quhar it failyeys, na wertu
May be off price, na off valu,
To mak a man ſa gud, that he
May ſymply callyt gud man be.

He was in all his deds lele,
For him dedeynyeit not to dele
With trechery, na with falſet.
His hart on hey honour wis ſet:
And him cuntentyt on ſic maner,
That all him luffyt that war him ner:
Bot he was not ſa fayr, that we
Suld ſpek gretly off his beauté;
In wyſage wis he ſum deill gray,
And had black har, as I hard ſay;
Bot off lymys he wis weill maid,
With banys gret, and ſchuldrys braid.
His body war weill maid, and lenye,
As thai that ſaw him ſaid to me.
Quhen he wis blyth he wis lufly,
And meyk, and ſweyt in cumpany.

Ver. 390. Does Mr. Home allude to this paſſage, in his admirable tragedy of Douglas?

——————mild with the mild,
But with the froward he was fierce as fire.

Bot

Bot quha in battaill mycht him ſe
Anothir cuntenance had he.
And in ſpek uliſpyt he ſum deill;
Bot that ſat him rycht wondre weill.
Till gud ECTOR of *Troy* mycht he
In mony things liknyt be:
ECTOR had blak har as he had,
And ſtark lymys, and rycht weill maid,
And ulyſpit alſua as did he,
And wis fulfillyt in leavté;
And wis curtaiſe, and wyſe, and wycht.
Bot off manheid, and mekill mycht,
Till ECTOR dar I nane comper,
Off all that evir in warldys wer.
For in hys tyme ſa wrocht he,
That he ſuld gretly luvyt be.

He duellyt thair, quhill on a tid,
The King EDUUARD, with mekill prid,
Come to *Strevillyne* with gret mengye,
For till hald thair ane eſſemble.
Thyddirwart went mony barowne,
Byſchop WYLYAME off LAMBYRTOUNE
Reid thyddyr als, and with him was
This Squyer IAMIS of DOWGLAS.
The Byſchop led him to the King,
And ſaid, "Scheyr, I to you bryng

Ver. 412. For the actions of this double and deſigning prelate, ſee *Annals of Scotland.*

" This child, that clemys your man to be,
" And prays you per cheryté,
" That ye reſave his homage
" And grants him his heretage."
' Quhat lands clemys he?' ſaid the King.
" Schyr, gyff that it be your liking,
" He clemys the lordſchip off *Douglas*,
" For lord thiroff hys faddyr was."
The King then wrethyt him entirly,
And ſaid, ' Schyr Byſchop, ſekyrly
' Gyff you wald kep ye fewté,
' Yow maid nane ſic ſpeking to me.
' His faddyr ay wis my fay feloune,
' And deyt thairfor in my preſoun,
' And wis agayne my Maieſté:
' Quharfor hys ayr I aucht to be.
' Ga purchis land quhar eir he may,
' For thairoff haffys he nane perfay;

Ver. 417. *Child* was a term for a *Damoiſeau*, or noble youth, before he was knighted. Whence *Horn Child*, an old Engliſh romance; and *Child Maurice*, a fine Scotiſh ballad. The later is ſometimes called *Gil Maurice*; and *Gil* has the ſame meaning, tho' now uſed for *child* in the Buchan dialect. *Gil* in proper names is Gothic, not Iriſh, as ſome imagine: *Gilimer*, *Gilbert*, &c. &c. are known Gothic names. So our Gillies, *filius Jeſu*; Gilchriſt, *filius Chriſti*; Gilbride, *filius Brigidæ*; and others. The Iriſh is full of Gothic words, becauſe the Danes and Norwegians ſettled in Ireland, and our highlands: but no Iriſh ever went to Scandinavia.

' The

'The CLYFFURD ſall thaim haiff, for he
'Ay lely has ſerwyt to me.'

The Byſchop hard him ſwa anſuer,
And durſt than ſpek till him na mar;
Bot fra hys preſence went in hy,
For he dred ſayr his felouny:
Swa that he na mar ſpak thairto.
The King did that he com to do;
And went till *Ingland* ſyn agayn,
With mony man of mekill mayn.

LORDINGS! QUHA LIKS FOR TILL HER,
THE ROMANYS NOW BEGYNYS HER,

Ver. 446. This word *Romanys* does not mean what we now term a *romance*, or fiction; but a narration of facts in *romance*, or the *vulgar tongue*. This uſe of the term is the genuine one, while we abuſe it. Decrees of councils, and other remains of the ninth and tenth centuries in France, ſhew that the Francic, or German, was the court language; while the common people ſpoke the *lingua Romana ruſtica*, or romance. When this laſt language had prevailed, as that of the greater number always does, and began to be written, it was long called *romance*, but laterly *French*. Such was alſo the caſe in Spain and Italy. See *Hiſt. de la langue Franc.* prefixed to the *Poeſies du Roi de Navarre*, Paris 1742. As tales were firſt written in romance, the name of the language paſſed to the ſubject. Barbour begins, ver. 8, &c. with telling us, that his narration is *ſuthfaſt*, or true: and the reader needs only peruſe *Dalrymple's Annals*, to ſee the veracity of moſt, if not all of it.

Off men that war in gret diſtreſs,
And aſſayit full gret hardynes,
Or thai mycht cum till thair entent;
Bot ſyne our Lord ſic grace thaim ſent,
That thai ſyne, throw thair gret walour,
Come till gret hycht, and till honour,
Magre thair foyis ivir ilk ane,
That war ſa fele, that ane till ane
Off thaim thai war weill a thouſand;
Bot quhar God holpys quhat may withſtand?
Botand we ſay the ſuthfaſtnes,
Thai war ſum tyme ev'n mar than les;
Bot God that maiſt is off all mycht,
Preſerwyt thaim in hys forſycht,
To weng the harme, and the contrer,
All that fele folk and pantener
Dyd till ſympill folk and worthy,
That couth not help thaimſelfs forthy.
Thai war lik to the *Machabeys*,
That, as men in the Bibell ſeys,
Throw thair gret worſchip and walour,
Faucht into mony ſtallwart ſtour,
For to delyvir thair countré
Fra folk that, throw iniquité,

Ver. 458. As being not only few, but diſcomfited, divided, diſpirited.

Ver. 462. The editions read:

To venge the harmes, and the contrares,
That they fell folk and oppreſſares.

Hald

Hald thaim and thairs in thrillage:
Thai wroucht ſua throw their waſſelage,
That, with few folk thai had victory
Off mychty Kings, as ſayis the ſtory,
And delyveryt thair land all fre;
Quharfor thair name ſuld lovyt be.

This Lord the BRWYSE I ſpak of ayr,
Saw all the kynryk ſwa forfayr,
And ſwa trawlyt the folk ſaw he,
That he thairoff had gret pité.
Bot quhat pité that e'er he had
Na cuntenance thairoff he maid,
Till on a tyme Schyr IHONE CUMIN,
As thai come ridand fra *Strewillyn*,
Said till hym, 'Schyr, will ye not ſe,
'How that gowernyt is thys countré?
'Thai ſla our folk, but encheſoune,
'And hald thys land agayne reſoune,
'And ye thairoff ſuld lord be;
'And gyff that ye will trow to me,
'Ye ſall ger mak thairoff king,
'And I ſall be in your helping:
'With thy ye giff me all the land,
'That ye haiff now intill your hand;
'And gyff that ye will not do ſua,
'Na ſwylk a ſtate upon you ta,

Ver. 483. John Cumin, of Badenoch, a branch of the powerful family of Cumin; as was the earl of Buchan at this time.

'All hale my land ſall yours be;
'And lat me ta the ſtate on me:
'And bring thys land out of thyrllage.
'For thair is nothir man, na page,
'In all thys land bot thai ſall be
'Fayn to mak thaimſelvys fre.'
The Lord the BRWISE hard hys carping,
And wend he ſpak bot ſuthfaſt thing.
And, for it likit till his will,
He gave his aſſent ſone thairtill:
And ſaid, "Sen ye will it be ſwa,
"I will blythly upon me ta
"The ſtate, for I wate that I have rycht;
"And rycht mayſe oft the feble wycht."

The Barownys than accordyt ar,
And that ilk nycht writyn war
Thair endenturs, and athyis maid,
To hald that thai forſpokyn haid.

Bot off all things wa worth treſoune!
For thair is nothir duk ne baroune,
Na erle na prynce, na king off mycht,
Thoch he be nivir ſa wyſe na wicht,
For wyt, worſchip, price, na renoun,
That ivir may wauch hym with treſoune.
Wis not all *Troy* with treſoune tane,
Quhen ten yers off the wer wis gane?
Thain ſlayn wis moné thouſand
Off thaim withowt, throw ſtrenth of hand;

As

As DARES in hys buk he wrate,
And DYTS that knew all thair ſtate,
Thai mycht not haiff beyn tane throw mycht,
Bot treſoune tuk them throw hyr flycht.
And ALEXANDIR the Conquerowr,
That conqueryt *Babylonys* tour,
And all this warld off lenth and breid,
In twal yher, throw his douchty deid,
Wis ſyne deſtroyit throw puſoune,
In hys awyne houſe, throw gret treſoune.
Bot or he deit hys land delt he;
To ſe hys dede wis gret pité.
JULUS CESAR als that wan
Bretane and *Fraunce*, as douchty man,
Affryk, *Arrabe*, *Egipt*, *Surry*,
And all *Europe* halyly,
And for hys worſchip and ualour
Off *Rome* wis fryſt maid Empirour;
Syne in hys capitole wis he,
Throw thaim off hys conſaill privé,
Slayne with puſoune, rycht to the ded;
And quhen he ſaw thair wis na rede,
Hys eyn with hys hand cloſit he,
For to dey with mar honeſté.

Ver. 539. *Surry* is *Syria*.

Ver. 545. for *puſoune*, the editions rightly red *bodkins*, that is daggers:

——————might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin. Shakſp. Hamlet.

Als

Als ARTHUR that, throw chevalry,
Made *Bretane* maiſtris and lady
Off twal kinricks that he wan;
And alſua, as a noble man,
He wan throw bataill *Fraunce* all fre,
And *Lucius Yber* wencuſyt he,
That thain off *Rome* wer Empirour;
Bot yeit, for all hys gret valour,
MODREYT hys ſyſtirs ſon hym ſlew.
And gud men als ma then inew,
Throw treſoune, and throw wikkitnes.
The BROICE bers thairoff witnes:
Sa fell off this conand making,
For the CUMIN raid to the King

Ver. 549. Our poet here, as uſual in his time, blends the moſt childiſh fables with hiſtory. This account of Arthur is borrowed from Geoffrey of Monmouth; and it appears from Winton that Barbour wrote a book on this ſubject. Arthur is now known to be a non-exiſtence, being a mere epithet given by the Welſh to Aurelius Ambroſius, *Art-uir*, 'The Great Man.' Gildas was cotemporary with the mock Arthur, 530, but knew nothing of him, tho' in his Epiſtle *(Gale Script. Angl.)* he mentions five kings of Britain in his time. Nennius, who wrote 858, ſays nothing of Arthur, the chapter concerning him being an addition after the words, *explicit opus Nennii*. In ſhort, till Geoffrey wrote, 1150, Arthur was unknown. *Arthur's Seat*, *Arthur's Round Table*, &c. are all names derived from the romances, and tournaments; and unknown, till the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Arthur was the Fingal, the Roland, of Wales; nay, of Britain, after Geoffrey's time.

Off

Off *Ingland*, and tald all this caſe;
Bot, I trow, not all as it was.

Bot the endentur till him gaf he,
That ſoune ſchawyt the iniquité:
Quharfor ſyne he tholyt ded,
Than he couth ſet thairfor na rede.
Quhen the King ſaw the endentur,
He wer angry out of meſur,
And ſwour that he ſuld wengeance ta
Off that BRWYSE, that preſumyt ſwa
Aganys him to brawle or ryſe,
Or to conſpyr on ſic a wyſe.
And to Schyr IHON CUMYN ſaid he
That he ſuld, for his lawté,
Be rewardyt, and that hely:
And he him thankit humyly.
Than thoucht he to have the leding
Off all *Scotland*, but gane ſaying,
Fra at the BRWYSE to ded war browcht.
Bot oft failyes the ful's thoucht:
And wiſe menys etling
Cumys not ay to that ending
That thai think it ſall cum to,
For God wate weill quhat is to do.
Off his etlyng rycht ſwa it fell,
As I ſall aftirwarts tell,
He tuk hys leve, and hame is went.
And the King a parlyament

Gert ſet thaireſtir haſtely;
And thydder ſomownys he in hy
The Barownys of his roalté.
And to the Lord the BRWYSE ſend he,
Bydding to cum to that gadryng.
And he that had na perſawyng
Off the treſoune, na the falſet,
Raid to the King but langir let.
And in *Lundon* him herberyd he,
The fyrſt day of thair aſſembly;
Syne on the morn to court he went.
The King ſat into parlyament,
And forouch hys cunſaill privé,
The Lord the BRWYSE thair callyt he,
And ſchawyt him the endentur,
He wis in full gret aventur
To hym hys lyff; bot God of mycht
Preſerwyt hym till hyer hycht,
That wald not that he ſwa war dede.
The King betaucht hym in that ſteid
The endentur, the ſeyle to ſe,
And aſkyt gyff it enſelyt he?
He lukyt the ſeyle entently,
And anſweryt till him humyly,
And ſayd, " How that I ſimpell be,
" My ſeyle is not all tyme with me;
" Ye have ane othir it to ber,
" Quarfor gyff that your wills wer,

Ver. 615. The editions read *throw that.*
Ver. 617. The ſame read *I have.*

" I aſk

" I aſk you reſpyt for to ſe
" This lettir, and thairwith awyſit be,
" Till to morn that ye be ſet:
" And then, forowtyn langer let,
" This lettir ſall I entyr heyr,
" Before all your cunſaill planer;
" And thairtill into borwch draw I
" Myn herytage all halily."
The King thoucht he was traiſt enewch,
Sen he in borwch hys lands drewch:
And let hym with the lettir paſſe,
Till entyr it, as forſpokin was.

THE END OF BUKE I.

THE

THE
BRUCE.

BUKE II.

ARGUMENT.

ROBERT *flees to Scotland, and kills* CUMIN *at Dumfreis.*—DOUGLAS *meits him neir Lochmaban, and thay becum ſiker freinds.*—ROBERT *is crounit at Scone—gangs to Perth, and challanges Schir* AYMER DE VALLANGE, *Wardan of Scotland, to battle—is refuſit, and ludges in Methven Park—is entrely defait be Schir* AYMER—*retraits to the Grampian Hills—gaes to Aberden, quhar the Quene, and uther ladeis meit him.—Praiſe of luve and women, enſampiled fra Theban ſtorie.—The Inglis advauncing, the King agane retraits ſuth-weſt to the Grampian hills.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE II.

THE BRWYSE went till hys innys ſwyth,
Bot wyt ye weile he wis full blyth,
That he had gottyn that reſpyt.
He callit his marſchall till him tyt,
And bad him luk on all maner;
That he ma till hys men gud cher;
For he wald in hys chambre be,
A weill gret quhile in priuaté,
With him a clerk forowtyn ma.
The marſchall till the hall gan ga,
And did hys Lordys comanding.
The Lord the BRWYSE, but mar letting,
Gert priuely bryng ſtedys twa,
He and the clerk forowtyn ma,
Lap on, forowtyn perſawing,
And day and nycht, but ſoiournying,
Thai raid; quhill, on the fyfte day,
Cumyn till *Louchmaban* ar thai.
Hys brodyr EDUUARD thai thair fand,
That thoucht ferly it tak on hand,

That thai come hame ſa priuely:
He tald hys brodyr halyly
How that he thair ſoucht was,
And how he chapyt wis throw caſe.
Sa fell it in the ſamyn tyd,
That at *Drumfroſe*, rycht thair beſide,
Schir IHONE the CUMYN, ſoiournyng maid,
The BRWYSE lap on, and thydir raid;
And thoucht forowtyn mar letting,
For to qwyt hym hys diſcouerying.
Thyddir he raid, but langar let,
And with Schyr IHONE the CUMYN met,
In the *Frers*, at the hye awter,
And ſchawyt him, with lauchand cher,
The endentur: ſyne with a knyff
Rycht in that ſted hym reft the lyff.
Schyr EDUUARD CUMYN als wis ſlayn,
And oddirs mony off mekill mayn.

Ver. 26. Dumfries, the celebrated *Caſtrum Puellarum* Dun, *mons*, *caſtellum*; Fre, *puella nobilis*: See the Gloſſari of Wachter, Verelius, &c. Edinburgh is erroneouſly thoug the *Caſtrum Puellarum*, as it was thought the *Caſt Alata*, tho' the later be Inverneſs. Nothing can more riſible than to ſee Iriſh etymologiſts tell us, that *D Edin*, the Iriſh name of Edinburgh, implies *Caſtra Alat* but, if they had ſeen Ptolemy, and known that Inver was the *Caſtra Alata*, doubtleſs they would have told that *Inverneſs* was Iriſh for *Caſtra Alata*.

Ver. 33. The church of Minorites, or Gray Friars.

Ver. 37. Sir Robert Cumin, not Sir Edward. But this, and other particulars concerning this affair, ſee Ann of Scotland, I. 291,

Not for this yeit ſum men ſayis,
That that debat fell othirwayis:
Bot quhatſaevyr maid the debate,
Thair throuch he deyt, weill I wat.
He myſdyd that gretly but wer,
That gave na gyrth to the awter.
Thairfor ſa hard myſcheiff hym fell,
That I've herd never in Romanys tell,
Off man ſa hard frayit as wis he,
That eftirwart com to ſic bounté.

Now agayne to the King ga we;
That on the morn, with hys barné,
Sat intill hys parleament;
And eftir the Lord the BRWYSE he ſent,
Rycht till his in with knychtys kene.
Quhen he oft tyme had callit been,
And hys men eſtir hym aſkit thai,
Thai ſaid that he, ſen yhyiſtirday,
Duelt in hys chambyr ythanly,
With a clark with him evirly.
Than knokyt thai at hys chambyr, thair,
And quhen thai hard nane mak anſuer,
Thai brak the dur, bot thai fand nocht,
The quheyir the chambre hale thai ſoucht.

Ver. 44. *Gyrth* is a ſanctuary in Icelandic. To give no gyrth, implies, 'to refuſe the place that privilege.'
Ver. 49. Edward of England.
Ver. 58. *Clericus*, a Clergyman? As ſuch alone could write, they were the uſual ſecretaries of the time.

Thai tauld the King than hale the caſe,
And how that he eſchepyt was.
He wis of hys eſchap ſary;
And ſwair in ire, full ſtalwartly,
That he ſuld drawyn and hangyt be.
He menauſyt as he thocht, bot he
Thoucht that ſuld paſe ane oythir way.
And quhen he, as ye hard me ſay,
Intill the kyrk Schyr IHONE haid ſlayn,
Till *Louchmabane* he went againe;
And gert men with hys lettres ryd,
To freynds upon ilk ſid,
That come to hym with thair mengye,
And hys men als aſſemblyt he:
And thocht that he wald mak hym king.
Our all the land thè word gan ſpryng,
That the BRWYSE the CUMYN had ſlayn;
And amang othyrs lettres ar gayn
To the Byſchop of *Androwſe* towne,
That tauld how ſlayn wis that baroune.
The lettre tauld him all the deid,
And he till hys men gert reid,
And ſythyn ſaid thaim ſekyrly,
'I hop THOMAS prophecy
'Off HERSILDOWNE, weryfyd be
'In hym; for ſwa our Lord help me!

Ver. 86. Thomas Rymour, of Ercildon, a famous poet in his time, 1276, and author of the Romance of Triſtram, now unfortunately loſt. He was already, 1304, celebrated as a prophet, as Orpheus, Linus, and other early poets.

'I haiff

'I haiff gret hop he ſall be King,
'And haiff this land all in leding.'

JAMES off DOWGLAS that ay quhar
Allways befor the Byſchops char,
Had weill hard all the lettre red,
And he tuk alſua full gud hed
To that the Byſchop had ſaid.
And quhen the burdys doun war laid,
Till chamyr went thai then in hy;
And JAMES of DOWGLAS priuely
Said to the Byſchop, 'Schyr, ye ſe
'How *Ingliſmen*, throw thair powſté,
'Dyſheryeys me off my land,
'And men has gert you undirſtand,
'Als that the Erle off *Carryk*
'Clamys to govern the kinryk:
'And, for yon man that he has ſlayn,
'All *Ingliſmen* ar hym agayn,
'And wald diſheryſe him blythly,
'The quethyr with hym duell wald I.
'Thairfor, Schyr, gyff it war your will,
'I wald tak with hym gud and ill:
'Throw hym I trow my land to wyn,
'Magre the CLYFFURD, and hys kyn.'
The Byſchop hard, and had pité,
And ſaid, "Swet ſon, ſa God help me!
"I wald blythly that yow war thair,
"Bot at I not reprowyt war.

Ver. 96. When the tables were removed.

" On thus maner weile wyrk ye may,
" You ſall tak Ferrand my palfray,
" And for thair is na horſe in this land
" Swa ſwycht, na yeit ſa weill at hand,
" Tak hym as off thine awyne he wid,
" As I had gevyn thairto na reid.
" And gyff hys yhemar oucht gruchys,
" Luk that yow tak hym magre his;
" Swa ſall I weill aſſonyeit be.
" Mychty God, for hys powſté,
" Graunt, that he that yow paſſe to,
" And yow in all tyme ſa weill to do,
" That ye yow fra your fays defend!"
He taucht hym ſilvir to deſpend,
And ſyne gaiff hym gud day,
And bad him paſe furth on his way,
For he ne wald ſpek till he war gane.
The DOWGLAS than hys way has tane
Rycht to the horſe, as he hym bad;
Bot he that hym in yhemſell had,
Than warnyt hym diſpitouſly;
Bot he that wreth hym encrely,
Fellyt him with a ſuordys dynt.
And ſyne, forowtyn langar ſtynt,
The horſe he ſadylt haſtely,
And lap on hym delybritly,

Ver. 130. Perhaps *raucht*, reached to him, held
him.

Ver. 139. That is, knocked him down with the b
his ſword, or with it undrawn.

And paſſyt furth but leve taking.
Der God, that is off Hevyn King!
Sauff him, and ſcheld hym fra hys fayes!
All hym alane the way he taes
Towart the towne of *Louchmabane*;
And, a litill fra *Aryk Stane*,
The BRWYSE with a gret rout he met,
That raid to *Scone* for to be ſet
In kings ſtole, and to be king.
And quhen DOWGLAS ſaw hys cumyng,
He raid, and hailſyt hym in hy,
And lowtyt hym full curtaſly;
And tauld hym haly all hys ſtate,
And quhat he was, and als how gat,
The CLYFFURD held hys heretage:
And that he come to mak homage
Till hym as till hys rychtwiſe King,
And at he boune wer, in all thing,

Ver. 150. Scone, the reſidence of our ancient kings. Towns of the ſame name are frequent in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. In the Saxon dialect of the Gothic, it is *Sheen*, the old name of Richmond. Both words imply *ſhining*, *ſplendid*.

The chief palace of our Pikiſh monarchs was at Forteviot, where Kenneth died 860, according to our old chronicles publiſhed by Innes, in that beſt work on our antiquities, his Critical Eſſay. Forteviot is ſouth of the river Ern, oppoſite to Dupplin. See Fordun, xiii. 23. It is a pity that the ſite and remains of the palace of Forteviot are not inveſtigated. Perhaps curious antiquities may be found buried there. A work on the hiſtory and antiquities of Perthſhire would be very acceptable.

To tak with hym the gud and ill.
And quhen the BRWYSE had herd hys will,
He reſawyt him in gret daynté,
And men, and armys, till hym gaff he.
He thoucht weile he ſuld be worthy,
For all hys eldrs war douchty.
Thus gat maid thai thair aquentance,
That nivir ſyne, for na kyn chance,
Depertyt quhill thai lyffand war;
Thair frendſchip woux ay mar and mar;
For he ſerwyt ay lelely,
And the toddyr full willfully,
That wis bath worthy, wycht, and wyſe,
Rewardyt him weile hys ſeruice.
The Lord the BRWYSE to *Glaſcow* raid,
And ſend about hym, quhill he haid
Off hys freynds a gret menyhe.
And ſyne to *Scone* in hy raid he,
And was maid king but langer let,
And in the kings ſtole wer ſet:

As

Ver. 175. According to Jocelin, in his Life of St. Kentegern, the old name of Glaſgow was *Cathures*. In the ſame production are ſeveral curious anecdotes concerning this city. The ſtory of the queen of Strath-Clyde's ring, and the ſalmon, which make part of the arms of Glaſgow, ſhews that even heraldry is indebted to the Lives of Saints, the chief erudition of the middle ages.

Ver. 180. The famous ſtone was ſent into England by Edward I. ſo that the *king's ſtool* here implies a regal chair. The Iriſh churchmen, old fathers of our hiſtory, (as all our prieſts came from Iona, or Icolmkill) fabled that this ſtone came

As in that tyme wis the maner.
Bot off thair noble gret affer,
Thair ſeruice, na thair roalté,
Ye ſall her na thing now for me;
Owtane that he off the barnage
That thyddir com, tok homage:
And ſyne went our all the land,
Frends, and frendſchip purcheſand,
To maynteyin that he had begunyn.
He wyſt, or all the land war wounyn,
He ſuld find full hard barganyng
With hym that wis off *Ingland* King:
For thair wis nane off lyff ſa fell,
Sa pantener, na ſa cruell.

And quhen to EDUUARD King was tauld,
How at the BRWYSE, that wis ſa bauld,
Had broucht the CUMYN till ending,
And how he ſyne had maid hym King,
Owt off hys wyt he went weill ner;
And callyt till hym Schyr AMER

The

came from Ireland. But I find no trace of ſuch a practice in Ireland; while in Sweden, Denmark, Norway, all the old kings were placed on a ſtone, in the midſt of a plain, and crowned in view of the people. Such ſtones were called *Moraſten*. See Olaus Magnus, Loccenius, Mallet, &c. &c.

Robert the Great (if ever king deſerved that title) was crowned 27 March 1306.

Ver. 200. Aymer de Vallange, Earl of Pembroke. The reader muſt not be ſurprized at this period to find nobles more frequently deſigned by their names than by their titles. Titles had only become hereditary in the eleventh century.

The WALLANG, that was wyſe and wycht,
And off hys hand a worthy knycht,
And bad hym men of armys ta,
And in hy till *Scotland* ga,
And byrn, and ſlay, and raiſe dragoun:
And hycht all *Fyfe* in waryſoune,
Till hym that mycht othir ta or ſla
ROBERT the BRWYSE, that was his ſa.
Schyr AMER did as he hym bad,
Gret chewalry with hym he had;
With hym was PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
And INGRAM the UMFRAWELL perfay,
That was bath wyſe and awerty,
And full of gret chewalry;
And off *Scotland* the maiſt party
Thai had intill thair cumpany.
For yheit then mekill off the land
Was intill *Ingliſmenys* hand.
Till *Perth* then went thai in a rout,
That then was wallyt all about

With

century. The firſt *Earls* were merely ſheriffs of counties: and the popular mouth was not yet accuſtomed to the innovation.

Ver. 205. I know not the meaning of *dragoun*: the editions ſeem rightly to read *dungeoun*, that is, *keeps* or forts to bridle the rebels.

Ver. 211. Of the Moubrays, a Norman race, there were powerful families both in England and Scotland. The name is ſtill common in the later country.

Ver. 212. Inghiram de Umfraville.

Ver. 219. A town noted in the old annals of war, and now

With feile towrs, rycht hy battulyt,
To defend gyff it wer aſſaylit.
Thairin dwellyt Schyr AMERY,
With all hys gret chewalry;
The King ROBERT wyſt he wer thair,
And quhat kyn chyftanys with him war,
And aſſemblyt all hys mengye;
He had feyle off full gret bounté,
Bot thair fayis wer mar than thai,
Be fifteen hundred, as I've hard ſay.
The quhere he had thair, at that ned,
Full feill that war douchty of deid;
And barownys that war bauld as bar.
Twa Erles alſua with hym war,
Off LENYVAX and ATHOLL war thai;
EDUUARD the BRWYSE was thair alſa,
THOMAS

now for the arts of peace. It ſeems to have been the *Victoria* of the Romans, according to Ptolemy's map. It is needleſs to inform the reader, that the *Bertha* of Hector Boyce never exiſted, but in that forger's brain. If Mr. Pennant had ſeen Innes's Eſſay, or at all known the character of Hector, he would not have ſtained his amiable pages with many an error from that fabuliſt.

Ver. 235—240. Theſe heroic friends of Bruce are Malcom, fifth Earl of *Leny-vax*, or Lennox, now part of Dunbartonſhire. John of Strathbogie, tenth Earl of Athol, a country noted as a grand diviſion of Scotland from early times: *(Deſcr. Albaniæ apud Innes)*. Edward the king's brother. Thomas Randel, afterward Earl of Moray. Hew Hay, brother of Gilbert Hay, of Errol; a family palpably of Norman extract, *de la Haye*, 'of the hedge,' in ſpite of Boyce's fables concerning it, and Douglas. Such families

ſtand

THOMAS RANDELL, and HEW DE LE HAY,
And Schyr DAUID the BERCLAY,
FRESALE, SUMMIRWILE, and INCHMERTYN;
IAMES of DOWGLAS thair wis ſyne,
That yheyet than wis bot litill of mycht:
And othir fele folk forſye in fycht,
Bot I cannot tell quhat thai hycht.
Thoucht thai war quheyn thai war worthy,
And full of gret chewalry.
And in bataill, in gud aray,
Befor Saint *Ihonyſtoun* com thai,
And bad Schyr AMERY iſch to fycht;
And he, that in the mekill mycht
Traiſtyt off thaim that wis hym by,
Bad hys men arme thaim haſtily.
Bot Schyr INGRAM THE UMFRAWILL
Thoucht it war all to gret perill
In playne bataill to thaim to ga,
Or quhill thai war arrayit ſa.
And till Schyr AMER ſaid he,
'Schyr, giff that ye will trow to me,
'Ye ſall not iſche thaim till aſſaile,
'Till thai ar purwayt in bataill;

ſtand in no need of fictions to adorn them. David Barclay, of Cairns in Fife. Alexander Freſal, (or Fraſer in modern ſpelling,) brother of Simon Fraſer, of Oliver-caſtle. Walter de Somerville, of Linton and Carnwath. David of Inchmartin. James Baron Douglas. See *Ann. of Scotl.* II. 2.

Ver. 247. Saint John's town is well known to be another name for Perth.

'For

'For thair ledar is wycht and wyſe,
'And off hys hand a noble knycht is;
'And he has in hys cumpany
'Mony a gud man, and worthy,
'That ſall be hard for till aſſay,
'Till thai ar in ſa gud aray.
'For it ſuld be full mekill mycht,
'That now ſuld put thaim to the flycht:
'For quhen folk ar weill arayit,
'And for the bataill weill purwait,
'With this that thai all gud men be,
'Thai ſall fer mar be awiſe,
'And weill mar for to dreid, than thai
'War ſet ſum dele out off aray.
'Thairfor ye mayſe ſay thaim till
'That thai may this nycht, and thai will,
'Gang herbery thaim, and ſlep and reſt;
'And at to morn but langar leſt
'Ye ſall iſch furth to the bataill,
'And fecht with thaim, but gyff thai faile.
'Sa till thair herbery went ſall thai,
'And ſum ſall went to the forray,
'And thai that duellis at the logyng,
'Sen thai cum owt off trewelling,
'Sall in ſchort tyme unarmyt be.
'Then on owr beſt maner may we,
'With all owr fayr chewalry,
'Ryd towart thaim rycht hardyly;
'And thai that wenys to reſt all nycht
'Quhen thai ſe us arayit to fycht,

'Cumand

'Cumand on thaim ſa ſudanly,
'Thai ſall aſſiriyit gretumly.
'And or thai cumyn in bataill be,
'We ſall ſpeid us ſwa gat that we
'Sall be all redy till aſſembill.
'Sum man for eryneſt will trymbill,
'Quhen he aſſayit is ſudanly,
'That with awiſement is douchty.'

As he awyſit now have thai done;
And till thaim utouth ſend thai ſone,
And bad thaim herbery thaim that nycht,
And on the morn cum to the fycht.
Quhen thai ſaw thai mycht no mar,
Towart *Meffayn* then gan thai far;
And in the woud thaim logyt thai:
The thrid pert went to the forray;
And the lave ſone unarmyt war,
And ſkalyt to loge thaim her and ther.

Schyr AMER then, but mar abaid,
With all the folk he with him haid,
Iſchyt in forcely to the fycht,
And raid intill a randoun rycht,

Ver. 304. *Meffayn*, the vulgar pronunciation of *Methven*. The *th*, ſo familiar to the Goths, Saxons, Icelanders, Greeks, as to form but one letter, is apt to be corrupted by ſome nations into *d*. But the Ruſſians corrupt it to *f*, ſaying *Feodor* for *Theodor*; as the Engliſh change *gh* to *f*, in *laugh*. Methven is a village between Tibber-moor and Almond-river, not far from Perth, on the north-weſt.

The

The ſtrawcht way towart *Meſſen*.
The KING, that wis unarmyt then,
Saw thaim çum ſwa enforcely,
Then till hys men gan hely cry,
" Till armys ſwyth, and makys you yar!
" Her at our hand our fayis ar!"
And thai did ſwa in full gret hy;
And on thair horſe lap haſtily.
The KING diſplayit hys baner,
Quhen that hys folk aſſemblyt wer,
And ſaid, " Lordings, now may ye ſe
" That yone folk all, throw ſutelté,
" Schapis thaim to do with ſlycht,
" That at thai drede to do with mycht.
" Now I perſawe he that will trow
" His ſa, it ſall hym ſum tyme row.
" And noucht for this, thoucht thai be fele,
" God may rycht weill our werds dele;

Ver. 320. The banner of Scotland, as may be ſuppoſed; the lion with a treſſure of ſpear-heads, facetiouſly called *fleurs de lis*, tho' uſed by William the Lion, A. D. 1165, as appears from his ſeal, while the *fleur de lis* is only known in the time of Philip the Hardy, king of France, A. D. 1270, and was taken from the gold coins of Florence, with that flower; in imitation of which *florins* were coined in France, after a long ceſſation of gold coinage. See *Le Blanc, Monnoyes de France*, &c. It appears, from Sir George Mackenzie's book on heraldry, that Bruce's own arms were an *Orle*, ſo called from *Orula*, 'a little border;' and is a treſſure within a ſhield, the field appearing in the middle.

Ver. 322. This ſpeech is not devoid of ſoldierly eloquence.

" For

" For multitud mayſe na victory;
" As men has red in mony ſtory,
" That few folk has oft wencuſyt ma.
" Trow we that we ſall do rycht ſua.
" Ye are ilkan wycht and worthy,
" And full of gret chewalry;
" And wate rycht weill quhat honour is.
" Wyrk yhe then apon ſwylk wyſe,
" That your honour be ſawyt ay.
" And a thing will I to you ſay,
" That he that deis for hys cuntré
" Sall herbryit intill hewyn be."

Quhen this wis ſaid thai ſaw cumand
Thair fayis ridand, ner at the hand,
Arayit rycht awiſely,
Willfull to do chewalry.
On aythir ſyd thus war thai yhar,
And till aſſemble all redy war.
Thai ſtrawcht thair ſpers, on aythir ſyd,
And ſwa ruydly gan ſamyn ryd,
That ſpers at ſo fruſchyt war,
And feyle men dede, and woundyt ſar,
The blud owt at thair byrnys breſt.
For the beſt, and the worthieſt,
That wilfull war to wyn honour,
Plungyt in the ſtalwart ſtour,
And routs ruyd about thaim dang.
Men mycht haiff ſeyn into that thrang

Knyc

Knychts that wycht and hardy war,
Undyr horſe feyt deſpulyt thair;
Sum woundyt, and ſum all ded,
The greſe woux off the blud all rede.
And thai that held on horſe in hy
Swappyt owt ſwerds ſturdyly;
And ſwa fell ſtrakys gave and tuk,
That all the reuk about thaim quouk.
The BRUYSE's folk full hardely
Schawyt thair gret chewalry:
And he hymſelff, atour the lave,
Sa hard and ſa hewy dints gave,
That quhar he come thai maid hym way.
Hys folk thaim put in hard aſſay,
To ſtynt thair fais mekill mycht,
That then ſo fayr had off the fycht,
That thai wan feild ay mar and mar:
The KINGS ſmall folk ner wencuſyt ar.
And quhen the KING hys folk has ſene
Begyn to faile, for proper tene,
Hys aſſenyhe gan he cry,
And in the ſtour ſa hardyly

Ver. 378. The *enſenyie*, or *aſſenyie*, is the word of war. It was generally the name of the leader, as *A Bruce! A Bruce! Douglas!* &c. Sometimes that of the chief's reſidence, or of a noted victory gained by his anceſtors. The grand word of France, when the *oriflamme*, or royal banner, was diſplayed, was *Saint Dennis!* of England, *Saint George!* I know not if *Saint Andrew* was ever uſed in Scotland.

He ruſchyt, that all the ſemble ſchuk:
He all till hewyt that he ourtuk;
And dang on thaim quhill he mycht drey.
And till hys folk he cryt hey,
"On thaim! On thaim! Thai feble faſt!
"This bargane nevir may langar laſt!"
And with that word ſa willfully
He dang on, and ſa hardely,
That quha had ſene hym in that fycht
Suld hald hym for a douchty knycht.
Bot thoucht he wis ſtout and hardy,
And othyrs als off hys cumpany,
Thair mycht na worſchip thair awailye;
For thair ſmall folk begouth to failye,
And fled all ſkalyt her and thar.
Bot the gude at enchauſyt war,
Off ire abide, and held the ſtour
To conquyr thaim endles honour.

And quhen Schyr AMER has ſene
The ſmáll folk fle all bedene;
And ſa few abid to fycht;
He releyt to hym mony a knycht,
And in the ſtour ſa hardyly,
He ruſchyt with hys chewalry,

Ver. 384. The king, as appears from the ſequel, o uſes theſe words to encourage his men, for the foe was from drooping.

Th

That he ruſchyt his fayis ilkane.
Schyr THOMAS RANDELL thair wis tane,
That then wis a young bacheler;
And Schyr ALEXANDIR FRASEYR;
And Schyr DAVID the BREKLAY,
INCHMERTYNE, and HEW DE LE HAY,
And SOMIRWEIL, and othyr ma;
And the KING hymſelff alſua,
Was ſet untill full hard aſſay,
Throw Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
That raid till hym full hardyly,
And hynt hys rengye, and ſyne gane cry,
"Help! help! I have the new maid King!"
With that come gyrdand, in a lyng,
CRYSTALL of SEYTOUN, quhen he ſwa
Saw the KING ſeſyt with hys fa,
And to PHILIP ſic rout he raucht,
That thocht he wis off mekill maucht,
He gert hym galay diſyly,
And haid till erd gaue fullyly.
Ne war he hynt hym by hys ſted
Then off hys hand the brydill yhed;

Ver. 405. Randel, to ſecure his life, 'turned Engliſhman,' as the phraſe of the times was; that is, he for a time acceded to the Engliſh intereſt. But he ſoon after returned to his duty, as the ſequel will ſhew.

Ver. 418. Chriſtopher Seton, of Seton, anceſtor of the Duke of Gordon, Earl of Winton, Earl of Dunfermlin, and Vicount Kingſton. *Annals*, II. 2.

And the KING hys eſſenye gan cry,
Releyt hys men that war hym by,
That war ſa few that thai na mycht
Endur the forſe mar off the fycht.
Thai prikyt then out off the preſe;
And the KING that angry was,
For he hys men ſaw fle hym fra,
Said then, "Lordings, ſen it is ſwa
"That wre runnys again us her,
"Gud is we paſs off ther daunger,
"Till God us ſend eftſone hys grace;
"And yeyt man fall, giff thai will chace,
"Quyt thaim combat ſum dele we ſall."
To this word thai aſſentyt all,
And fra thaim walopyt owyr mar;
Thair ſayis alſua wery war,
That off thaim all thai chaſeyt nane:
Bot with priſoners, that thai had tane,
Rycht to the towne thai held thair way,
Rycht glaid and joyfull off thair pray.

That nycht thai lay all in the toun,
Ther was nane off ſa gret renoun,

Ver. 426. The king's preſence of mind and courage here very conſpicuous. Inſtead of concealing himſelf, deſponding, he proclaims who he is; and endeavours to r and protect his ſcattered band.

Ver. 434. Editions read *weir*; perhaps *ure*.

: ſa hardy off thaim all,
urſt herbery without the wall.
thai ſar the gayne cumyng
ıyr ROBERT, the douchty King.
the King off *Ingland* ſone,
rate haly as thai haid done;
wis blyth off that tything,
: diſpyte bad draw and hing
priſoners, thoucht thai war ma.
ıyr AMER did not ſwa;
ı bath land and lyff gaiff he,
: the BRWYSE ſewté,
ve the King off *Ingland*,
hym for to hald the land:
rray the BRWYSE as thair ſa.
ıs RANDELL was ane off tha,
r hys lyff become thair man.
yrs, that war takyn than,
ıi ranſowmyt, ſum thai ſlew,
ı thai hangyt, and ſum thai drew.

is maner ROBERT was
WYSE, that mekill murning mayſe
men that war ſlayne and tane.
was als ſa will off wane,
: trowyt in nane ſckyrly,
thaim off hys cumpany:

53. Randel, as after ſeen, became very faithful to iends, to whom gratitude attached him.

That war ſa few that thai mycht be
Five hunder ner off all mengye.
Hys brodyr alwayis was hym by,
Schyr EDUUARD, that was ſa hardy;
And with hym was a bauld baroun,
Schyr WILYAM THE BOROUNDOUN;
The ERLE of ATHOLE als was thair.
Bot ay ſyn thai diſcomfyt war,
The ERLE off the LENEUAX wis away,
And was put to full hard aſſay,
Or he met with the KING agayn:
Bot allways, as a man of mayn,
He maynteinyt him full manfully.
The KING had in hys cumpany
JAMES alſua of DOWGLAS,
That wycht, wyſe, and worthy was;
Schyr GILBERT DE LE HAY alſua;
Schyr NELE CAMBELL, and othyrs ma,
That I thair namys can not ſay,
As utelauys went mony day;

Ver. 479. This name of Borundon does not, I be occur in any other monuments of our hiſtory. Perha was a foreigner, a Fleming.

Ver. 491. Niel Campbell, predeceſſor of the noble l of Argyle. This name, Niel, is latinized *Nigellus* b barbarous writers of the time; but is really the Scan vian *Nial*, which paſſed to Ireland and Scotland witl Danes. The great houſe of Campbell is of Normar tract: and the highland ſenachies, ſo utterly fabulo moſt other genealogies, allow this.

Dr

Dreand in the *Month* thair payne;
Eyte fleſch, and drank water ſyne.
He durſt not to the planys ga,
For all the cummownys went hym fra;
That for thair liff war full fayn
To paſs to the *Inglis* pes agayn:
Sa fayrs ay cummounly;
In cummownys may nane affy:
Bot he that may thair warrand be.
Sa fur thai then with hym, for he
Thaim fra thair fais mycht nocht warrand:
Thai turnyt to the tothyr hand.
Bot threldome, that men gert thaim fele,
Gert thaim ay yarne that he fur wele.

Thus in the hyllis levyt he,
Till the maiſt pert off hys menye
Wer rewyn, and rent, na ſchoyne thai had,
Bot as thai thaim off hydys mad.

Ver. 494. Editions read,

Dreeing in the mountains payne.

The *Month*, or *Mounth*, is a term in our old writers for two great chains of mountains; one in Caithneſs, *Mons Mound dividit Cathaneſiam per medium:* Deſcr. Albaniæ, apud Innes, ſcript. cir. 1180: the other the famous Grampian chain, reaching from the top of Lochlomond into Aberdeenſhire. The later is here meant; the *Month* is the *Mons Grampius* of Tacitus. The name ſeems from *Gram*, Icelandic, 'a warrior;' hence all warlike works are called *Grams Dikes*, from that twenty miles north of London, even to the north of Scotland.

Thairfor thai went till *Abyrdeyne*,
Quhair NELE the BRWYSE come, and the QUI
And othyr ladyis fayr, and farand,
Ilkane for luff off thair huſband;
That for leyle luff, and loawté,
Wald pertenerys off thair paynys be.
Thai cheſyt tyttar with thaim to ta
Angyr, and payn; na be thaim fra.
For luff is off ſa mekill mycht,
That it all paynys maks licht.
And mony tyme maſe tender wycht
Of ſwilk ſtrenthtes, and ſwilk mycht,
That thai may mekill paynys endur,
And forſakis nane auentur
That euer may fall, withthy that thai
Thairthrow ſuccur thair luffys may.

Men redys when *Thebes* wis tane,
And King ARISTAS men war ſlane,

Ver. 512. Aberdeen, the *Divana* of Ptolemy, the *Aberden* of Icelandic writers. Scotiſh names in *Aber* are culouſly ſuppoſed Welch; but they abound in Germ and there is an *Aberden* in the duchy of Bremen, *Aber* in Livonia, &c. &c. The word Aber, or Ober, in Ger implies *over, beyond, upon*. See Wachter.

Ver. 513. Niel de Bruce, ſecond brother to the K The Queen ſo known for her misfortunes was Eliza daughter of Aymer de Burgh, Earl of Ulſter, ſecond w King Robert. His firſt was Iſabella, daughter of Do Earl of Mar. *Annals*.—King Robert at this time was thirty-two, being born 11 July 1274.

Ver. 528. See this ſtory in the laſt book of the Theb Statius.

T

That aſſailyt the cite,
That the women off hys cuntré
Come for to fech hym hame agayne,
Quhen thai hard all hys folk was ſlayne.
Quhar the King CAMPANEUS,
Throw the help of MENESTEUS,
That come per caſe rydand tharby,
With three hunder in cumpany,
That throw the King's prayer aſſailyt,
That yeit to tak the toune had failyeit.
Then war the wiffys thyrland the wall
With pikks, quhar the aſſailyers all
Entryt, and dyſtroyit the tour,
And ſlew the peipill but retour.
Syn quhen the Duk hys way wis gayne;
And all the Kings men war ſlayne;
The wiffs had him till hys cuntré,
Quhar was na man leiffand bot he.

In women mekill cumfort lyis;
And gret ſolace on mony wiſe.
Sa fell yt her for thair cumyng
Reioſyt rycht gretumly the KING;
The quheyr ilk nycht hymſel wys wouk,
And hys reſt upon dayis touk.

A gud quhile ther he ſoiournyt then,
And eſyt wondir weill hys men;
Till that the *Inglis* men herd ſay
That he thair with hys mengye lay,

All

All at eſe. And ſykerly
Aſſemblyt thai thair oft in hy;
And ther him trowit to ſurpriſe.
Bot he, that in hys deid wis wyſe,
Wyſt thai aſſemblyt war, and quhar;
And wyſt that thai ſa mony war,
That he mycht not agayne thaim fycht.
Hys men on hy he gert be dycht,
And buſkyt, off the toune to ryd:
The ladyis raid rycht by hys ſyd.
Than to the hill thai raid thar way,
Quhar gret defaut of mete had thai.
Bot worthy JAMES off DOWGLAS,
Ay trewailland and beſy was,
For to purches the ladyis mete;
And it on mony wiſe wald get.
For quhile he veneſoun thaim brocht:
And with hys hands quhiles he wrocht
Gynnys, to tak gedds and ſalmonys,
Trowts, elys, and als menownys.
And quhill thai went to the forray;
And ſwa thair purcheſyng maid thai:
Ilk man treweillyt for to get
And pourcheſs thaim that thai mycht ete.
Bot off all that evir thai war,
Thar wis not ane amang thaim thar,

Ver. 576. *Gedds*, a ſmall fiſh rather larger than minnc
elys, eels; *menownys*, a ſmall freſh-water fiſh, calle
Scotland *minnons*, in England *menons*.

T

That to the Ladyis profyt was
Mar than JAMYS off DOWGLAS.
And the King oft cumfort was,
Throw hys wyt, and hys beſynes.
On this maner thaim gouernyt thai
Till thai come to the hed of *Tay*.

THE END OF BUKE II.

THE

THE
BRUCE

BUKE III.

ARGUMENT.

The King cumyng be Loch Tay to Lorn, the Lord of LORN, *nevew of* CUMIN, *aſſembles the men of Lorn and Argyle to aſſail him. — The King retraits — but kills thrie faes quha attack him. To ſolace his men, he tells the ſtorie of Rome and* HANNIBAL. *— The Erle of* ATHOLE *gangs with the Quene and Ladeis to Kildrumy. — The King ſayls ouir Loch Lomond — meits his frend the Erle of* LEVENAX *— ſayls be the ile of Bute to Kintyre, and is weil receivit be* ANGUS *of Ilay — proceids to the ile of Rachrin, quhar he remanes hale wyntir.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE III.

THE Lord of LORN wenyt tharby,
That wis capitale ennymy
To the KING, for hys Emy's ſak,
IOHN COMYN. And thocht for to tak
Wengeance, upon cruell maner,
Quhen he the KING wyſt wis ſa ner.

Ver. 1. 'Alexander of Argyle, Lord of Lorn, had married the aunt of Comyn,' ſays Sir D. Dalrymple, *Annals*, II. 6. for this Fordun, XII. 2. is quoted. But I cannot find the paſſage; and it is clear from Barbour, that Alexander, Lord of Argyle, was the father of John, Lord of Lorn, here mentioned. See Book X. Theſe Lords of Argyle, Lorn, Roſs, and the Iles, were all Norwegians, as are the chief families in theſe countries at this day: nor can they be regarded as really ſubject to Scotland, till the ſixteenth century. Rymer, in his Fœdera, VIII. 415, 527, has publiſhed an alliance between Henry IV. and the Lord of the Iles, 1408. The great Mac Donalds were of direct Norwegian race; and the *Mac* is by no means a mark of the contrary, being an uſual abbreviation among their ſubjects for *ſon of*; and doubtful if not from the Norwegian *Magd, filiui vel filia*. Our *Macbeth* is called *Magbeth* by Icelandic writers.

He

He aſſemblyt hys men in hy,
And had intill hys cumpany
The barownys off *Argyle* alſua;
Thai war a thouſand weill or ma:
And come for to ſuppriſe the KING,
That weill wis war off thair cumyng.
Bot all to few with him he had,
The quheyir he bauldly thaim abaid;
And weill oft, at thair fryſt metyng,
War layd at erd, but recoveryng:
The KINGS folk full weill thaim bar,
And ſlew, and fellyt, and woundyt ſar.
Bot the folk off the tothyr party
Fawcht with axys ſa fellyly,
For thai on fute war evir ilk ane,
That that ſeile off the horſs has ſlayne;
And till ſum gaiff thai wounds wid.
JAMES off DOWGLAS was hurt that tyd;
And als Schyr GILBERT DE LE HAY.
The KING hys men ſaw in affray,
And hys enſonye can he cry;
And amang thaim rycht hardyly
He raid, that he thaim ruſchyt all,
And ſele of thaim thar gert he fall.
Bot quhen he ſaw thai war ſa feill,
And ſaw thaim ſwa gret dynts deill,

Ver. 20. The pol-ax, an old Norwegian weapon. Bartholin, &c. The Lochaber ax is the *lang-bard* uſed war, as the *hal-bard* in the halls of princes.

He dred to tyne hys folk, for thy
Hys men till hym he gan rely,
And ſaid, 'Lordyngs, foly it war
'Tyll us for till aſſembill mar,
'For thai fele off our horſe has ſlayn;
'And gyff ye fecht with thaim agayn
'We ſall tyne off our ſmall mengye,
'And ourſelffs ſall in perill be.
'Tharfor me thynk maiſt awenand
'To withdraw us, us defendand,
'Till we come out off thair danger,
'For our ſtrenth at our hand is ner.'

Than thai withdrew thaim halely;
Bot that wis not full cowartly,
For ſamyn intill a ſop held thai,
And the King him abandonyt ay
To defend behind hys mengye.
And throw hys worſchip ſa wroucht he,
That he reſkewyt all the flears,
And ſtyntyt ſwa-gat the chaſſars,
That nane durſt owt off bataill chaſe,
For alwayis at thair hand he was.
Sa weile defendyt he hys men,
That quhaſaevir had ſeyne hym then
Prowe ſa worthely waſſelage,
And turn ſa oft ſythis the wiſage,
He ſuld ſay he awcht weill to be
A King of a gret rowaté.

Quhen that the Lord of LORN ſaw
Hys men ſtand off hym ane ſik aw,
That thai durſt not folow the chaſs,
Rycht angry in hys hart he was;
And for wondyr that he ſuld ſwa
Stot thaim, hym ane but ma,
He ſaid, "Methink, MARTHOKYS ſon,
"Rycht as GOLMAKMORN was wone
"To haiff fra hym all hys mengye:
"Rycht ſwa all hys fra us has he."

He ſet enſample thus mydlike,
The quheyir he mycht, mar manerlik,

Lyknyt

Ver. 67. This curious paſſage in the edition of Glaſgow, 1737, 12mo, p. 35, ſtands thus:

He ſaid, Methink Martheokes ſon,
Right as Gowmakmorn was won
To have from Fyngal his menzie:
Right ſo from us all his hes he.

It appears to me that the tranſcriber of this MS. not knowing *Fyngal*, has by miſtake put *hym all*; for the paſſage is not ſenſe as it ſtands in the text. Martheok's ſon ſeems the perſon to whom Lorn ſpeaks. Gol Mak Morn is Gaul ſon of Morni, ſo famous in Iriſh tradition.

The paſſage alſo ſtands as in this note in the Edinburgh edition, 1616, 8vo, the earlieſt known, and in all the others which the editor has ſeen.

Ver. 71. Barbour having no prophetic view of Oſſian, and little ſuſpecting that Scotland would in the eighteenth century produce a Geoffrey of Monmouth, has here ſpoken with great contempt of the compariſon uſed by Lorn.

Mr. Pennant, III. 14, mentions, that a brotch which Bruce

Lyknyt hym to GAUDIFER DE LARYSS,
Quhen that the mychty Duk BETYSS
Aſſailyeit in *Gadyrrs* the forrayours.
And quhen the King thaim maid recours,
Duk BETYSS tuk on hym the flycht,
That wald ne mar abid to fycht.
Bot gud GAUDIFER the worthy
Abandonyt hym ſo worthyly,
For hys reſkew all the fleiers,
And for to ſtonay the chaſſers,
That ALEXANDER to erth he bar;
And alſua did he THOLIMAR,
And gud CONEUS alſua,
DANKLINE alſua, and othyr ma.
Bot at the laſt thar flayne he wis:
In that failyeit the liklynes.

For the KING, full chewalruſly,
Defendyt all hys cumpany,
And wis ſet in full gret danger;
And yeit eſchapyt haile and fer.

For twa broythirs wer in that land,
That war the hardieſt off hand

Bruce loſt on this occaſion was long preſerved in the Mac Dougal family. A watch, ſaid to have belonged to Robert Bruce, is now in the King's poſſeſſion. See an account of it in the Archæologia. From the beſt authority, that of a Profeſſor in the Univerſity of Glaſgow, the public is informed that this watch was made by a pedlar and engraver of Glaſgow, about fifteen years ago.

That war intill all that cuntré:
And thai hav ſworn, iff thai mycht ſe
The BRWYSE, quhar thai mycht hym ourta,
That thai ſuld dey, or then hym ſla.
Thair ſurname was *Makyne Droſſer*;
That is alſo mekill to ſay her
As the *Durwarth ſonnys* perfay.
Off thair cowyne the thrid had thai;
That wis rycht ſtout, ill, and feloun.
Quhen thai the KING of gret renoun
Saw ſua behind hys mengie rid,
And ſaw hym torne ſa mony tid,
Thai abaid till that he was
Entryt in ane narrow place,
Betwyx a louch ſyd and a bra;
That wis ſa ſtract, I underta,
That he mycht not weill turn hys ſted.
Than with a will till hym thai yede;
And ane hym by the bridill hynt:
Bot he raucht till hym ſic a dynt,
That arme and ſchuldyr flaw hym fra.
With that ane oythir gan hym ta
By the lege, and hys hand gan ſchute
Betwix the ſterap, and hys fute:
And quhen the KING feld thar hys hand,
In hys ſterapys ſtythly gan he ſtand,
And ſtrak with ſpurs the ſtede in hy,
And he lanſyt furth delyvirly.

Ver. 109. *Louch*, the old Saxon *lub*, a lake. See Dict. Sax. Goth. Hence our *loch*.

he tothyr failyeit fete,
forthy his hand wis yeit
ıe ſterap, magre his.
d with full gret hy with this
ll the bra ſyd he yeid,
t behynd hym on hys ſted:
ıG wis then in full gret preſs,
eythir he thocht as he that wes
s dedys awiſé,
ane owtrageouſs bounté.
e hym that behynd hym waſs,
re hys will hym gan he raſs
nd hym, thoch he had ſwoṙn,
ıym ewyn hym beforn.
h the ſuerd ſik dynt hym gave,
the heid till the harnys clave:
hit doun off blud all rede,
at ſtound feld off dede.
ı the KING in full gret hy,
the toythir wigoruſly,
eftir hys ſterap drew,
the fyrſt ſtrak he hym ſlew.
wiſs hym delyverit he
ıe felloun fayis thre.

Qhen

6. It muſt be remarked, that Barbour here makes l *three* men; other *three*, book v.; other *three*, *five*, book vi.; *fourteen*, ibid. There is a ſhocking ity in theſe events: Alfred, and *Henri Quatre*,

Qhen thai off *Lorne* has ſene the KING
Set in hymſelff ſa gret helping,
And defendyt hym ſa manlely;
Wis nane amang thaim ſa hardy
That durſt aſſailye hym mar in fycht:
Sa dred thai for hys mekill mycht.
There was a Baroun MAKNAUCHTAN,
That in hys hart gret kep has tane
To the KINGS chewalry,
And preſyt hym in hert gretly.
And to the Lord off LORNE ſaid he,
'Sekyrly now may ye ſe
'Betane the ſtarkeſt pundelayn,
'That ewyr your lyff tyme ye ſaw tane.
'For yone knycht, throw hys douchty deid,
'And throw hys outrageous manheid,
'Has fellyt intill litill tyd
'Thre men of mekill mycht and prid:
'And ſtonayit all owr mengye ſa,
'That eſtir hym dar na man ga;
'And tournys ſa mony tyme hys ſtede,
'That ſemys off us he had na dred.'

never met with ſuch. The repetition of *three* would
nauſeous in a romance, in hiſtory it is impoſſible and f
If the reader looks on all theſe tales as fabulous, he has
ſon on his ſide.

Ver. 153. The Mac Naughtans were powerful in Cov

Ver. 159, 160. Editions read,

Betane the ſtarkeſt pondelayne
That in your lifetime ye ſaw ane.

Then gane the Lord of LORNE ſay,
"It ſemys it likis the perfay,
"That he ſlayis yon gat our mengye."
'Schyr,' ſaid he, 'ſa our Lord me ſe!
'To ſauff your preſence it not ſwa,
'Bot quhythir he be freynd or fa,
'That wynnys pryſs off chewalry,
'Men ſuld ſpek tharoff lelyly.
'And ſekyrly, in all my tyme,
'Iſe hard nevir, in ſang na ryme,
'Tell off a man that ſwa ſmertly
'Eſchewyt ſwa gret chewalry.'

Sic ſpeking off the KING thai maid:
And he eftyr hys mengye raid;
And intill ſaufté thaim led,
Quhar he hys fayis na thing dred.
And thai off *Lorne* agayn ar gayn,
Menand the ſcaith that thai haiff tayn.

The KING that nycht hys wachis ſet,
And gert ordayne that thai mycht et;
And bad conford to thaim tak,
And at thair mychts mery mak.
'For diſconford,' as then ſaid he,
'Is the werſt thing that may be.
'For throw mekill diſconforting
'Men fallis oft into diſparyng.
'And fra a man diſparyt be,
'Then trowly utterly wencuſyt is he.

'And fra the hart be diſcumfyt,
'The body is not worth a mit.
'Tharfor,' he ſaid, 'atour all thing,
'Kepys yow fra diſparyng:
'And thynk thouch we now harmys fele,
'That God may yeit releve us weill.
'Men redys off mony men that war
'Fer hardar ſtad then we yhet ar,
'And ſyne our Lord ſic grace thaim lent,
'That thai come weill till thair intent.

'For *Rome* quhiles ſa hard was ſtad,
'Quhen HANNIBALL thaim wencuſyt had,
'That off ryngs with rich ſtaynys,
'That war off knychts fyngyrs taneys,
'He ſend thre bollis to *Cartage*.
'And ſyne to *Rome* tuk hys woage,
'Thar to diſtroye the cité all;
'And thai within, bath gret and ſmall,
'Had fled, quhen thai ſaw hys cumyng,
'Had not bene SCIPIO the king;
'That or thai fled wald thaim haiff ſlayn,
'And ſwa gat turnyt he thaim agayn.
'Syne for to defend the cité,
'Bath ſerwands and threllis mad he fre;
'And maid thaim knychts evir ilkane.
'And ſyne has off the templis tane

Ver. 220. A *threll* is a ſlave. *Thral, ſervus*, Icela: It is a common term in that curious work *Iſlands Lan mabok*, Hafn. 1774, 4to.

'

rmys, that thair eldrys bar,
ıe of wictory offerayt thar.
ıhen thai armyt war, and dycht,
talwart karlis war and wycht,
w that thai war fre alſua,
thocht that thai had leuir ta
:de, na lat the toune be tane.
ith comowne aſſent, as ane,
ſchyt off the toune to fycht,
HANYBALL hys mekill mycht
ȝ thaim arayit was.
row mycht of Godds grace,
t ſa hard, and hewyly,
har wis nane ſa hardy
lurſt into that place abid;
:d thaim intill hy to rid:
pairt to thair parlyownys,
ıthyr pairt went in the toune is.
ıyne thus lettyt the fechtyn:
it twiſs thareftir ſyne.
HANIBALL ſaw this ferly,
ıll hys gret chewalry,
: the toune, and held hys way;
ne wis put to ſik aſſay,
r the power off that cité,
ıys lyff and hys land tynt he.

hyr quheyne, that ſo worthily
ſic a king, and ſa mychty,

'Ye

'Ye may weill enſampill ſe,
'That na man ſuld diſparyt be:
'Na lat hys hart be wencuſyt all,
'For na myſcheiff that euir may fall.
'For nane wate, in how litill ſpace,
'That God umquhile will ſend grace.
'Had thai fled, and thair wayis gane,
'Thair fayis ſwith the toune had tane.
'Tharfor men that werrayand war,
'Suld ſet thair etlyng euir mar
'To ſtand agayne thair fayis mycht,
'Umquhile with ſtrenth, and quhile with ſlycht,
'And ay thynk to cum to purpos:
'And giff that thaim war ſet in choſs,
'To dey, or to leyff cowartly,
'Thai ſuld evar dey chewalruſly.'

Thus gat thaim cunfort the KING;
And, to cunfort thaim, gan in bryng
Auld ſtorys off men that war
Set intill hard aſſayis ſer;
And that fortoune cuntraryit faſt,
And come to purpoſs at the laſt.
Tharfor he ſaid, that thai that wald
Thair harts undiſcumfyt hald
Suld ay thynk ententely to bryng
All thair enpreſs to gud endyng.
As quhile did CESAR the worthy,
That traweillyt ay ſe beſyly,

With

With all hys mycht, folowing to mak
To end the purpoſs that he wald tak;
That hym thocht he had doyne rycht nocht
Ay quhill to do hym levyt ocht:
Forthy gret things eſchewyt he,
As men may in hys ſtory ſe.
Men may ſe be hys ythen will,
And it ſuld als accord to ſkill,
That quha taiſs purpos ſekyrly,
And followis it ſyne ententily,
Forowt fayntin, or yheit faynding,
With-thy it be conabill thing,
Bot he the mar be unhappy,
He ſall eſchew it in party.
And haiff he lyff, dayis weill mar ſall,
That he ſall eſchew it all.
For this ſuld nane haff diſparing
For till eſchew a full gret thing:
For giff it fall he tharoff failye,
The fawt may be in hys trawailé.

He prechyt thaim on this maner,
And fenyeit to mak better cher,
Than he had mattir to be fer:
For hys cauſs yeid fra ill to wer.
Thai war ay in ſa hard trawaill,
Till the ladyis began to fayle,

Ver. 281, 282. A tranſlation of
Nil actum reputans, ſi quid ſupereſſet agendum.

That

That mycht the trawaill drey na mar,
Sa did othyrs als that thar war.
The Erle IHONE wis ane off tha,
Off ATHOLE, that quhen he ſaw ſua
The KING be diſcumfyt twiſs,
And ſa feile folk agayne him ryſs;
And lyff in ſic trawaill and dout,
Hys hart begane to faile all out.
And to the KING, apon a day,
He ſaid, " Gyff I durſt to yow ſay,
" We lyff into ſa mekill dreid,
" And haffs oftſyſs off met ſik ned,
" And is ay in ſic trawailling,
" With cauld, and hungir, and waking,
" That I am ſad off myſelwyn ſa,
" That I count not my liff a ſtra.
" Thyr angrys may I ne mar drey,
" For thoucht me tharfor worthit dey,
" I mon ſoiourne, quharewyr it be,
" Wepys me tharfor per cheryté."
The KING ſaw that he ſa wis failyt,
And that he ik wis ſor trawaillyt.
He ſaid, " Schyr Erle, we ſall ſone ſe,
" And ordayne how it beſt may be.
" Quharewyr ye be, owr Lord yow ſend
" Grace, fra your fayis yow to defend."
With that in hy to hym callyt he
Thaim, that till hym war maiſt priué:
Then amang thaim thai thocht it beſt
And ordanyt for the liklyeſt,

That

Queyne, and the erle alſua,
adyis, in hy ſuld ga,
LE the BRUYSS, to *Kildromy*.
n thocht thai mycht ſekyrly
r, quhill thai war wictaillit weill:
talwart wer the caſtell,
ith ſtrenth war hard to get,
it tharin wer men and mete.
rdanyt thai did in hy,
yne, and all hyr cumpany,
iair horſs, and furth thai far.
ht haiff ſene, quha had bene thar,
ikyng the ladyis gret,
thair face with ters wet:
:hts, for thair luffs ſak,
and wep, and murnyng mak:
it thair luffs, at thair partyng.
G umbethocht hym off a thing;
ra thynce on fute wald ga,
on fute bath weill and wa.
na horſſinen with hym haiff;
ys horſs all haile he gaiff

. See a curious deſcription of Kildrumy-caſtle, rdiner's valuable *Antiquities and Scenery of the tland*. The ſtyle of the building is of the twelfth i century. It ſtands about thirty miles weſt of n the country anciently called *Mar*, and was the Earls of Mar. Iſabella, Robert's firſt wife, was Donald, Earl of Mar: and Chriſtian, ſiſter of mother of Regent Mar, ſlain at Dupplin 1332.

To

To the ladyis, that myſtir had.
The Queyne furth on her way is rade,
And ſawffly come to the caſtell,
Quhar hyr folk war reſawyt weill;
And eſyt weill with meyt and drynk.
Bot mycht nane eyſs let hyr to think
On the KING, that wis ſa ſar ſtad,
That bot Twa Hundir with him had.
The quheyir thaim weill cumfortyt he ay:
God help hym, that all mychts may!

The Queyne duelt thus in *Kildromy:*
And the KING, and hys cumpany,
That war twa hundir, and na ma,
Fra thai had ſend thair horſs thaim fra,
Wandryt emang the hey muntanys.
Quhar he, and hys, oft tholyt paynys;
For it wis to the wintir ner;
And ſa feile fayis about him wer,
That all the cuntré thaim werrayit;
Sa hard anoy thaim then aſſayit,
Off hungir, cauld, with ſchowrs ſnell,
That nane that levys can weill it tell.

The KING ſaw how hys folk wis ſtad,
And quhat anoyis that thai had,
And ſaw wyntir wis cumand ner,
And that he mycht on na wyſs der
In the hillys, the cauld lying,
Na the lang nychts waking.

He thocht he to *Kyntyr* wald ga,
And ſa lang ſoiowrnyng thar ma,
Till wyntir weddyr war away:
And then he thocht, but mar delay,
Into the manland till arywe,
And till the end hys werds dryw.
And for *Kyntyr* lyis in the ſe,
Schyr NELE CAMBEL befor ſend he,
For to get hym nawyn and meite;
And certane tyme till hym he ſete,
Quhen he ſuld meite hym at the ſe.
Schyr NELE CAMBEL, with hys mengye,
Went hys way, but mar letting,
And left hys brothyr with the KING.
And in twalf dayis ſua trawaillyt he,
That he gat ſchyppyne gud plenté,
And wictalis in gret aboundance;
Sa maid he nobill chewiſance.
For hys ſib men wynnyt tharby,
That helpyt him full wilfully.

The KING, eftir that he wis gane,
To *Lowchlomond* the way has tane,
And come thar on the thrid day:
Bot thar about na bait fand thai,
That mycht thaim our the watir ber;
Than war thai wa on gret maner.
For it wis fer about to ga;
And thai war into dout alſua,

Ver. 385. Kintyre, the ſouthern cherſoneſe of Argyle.

To

To meyt thair fayis that ſpred war wyd.
Tharfor, endlang the louch ſide,
Sa beſyly thai ſocht, and faſt,
Tyll IAMYS of DOWGLAS, at the laſt,
Fand a litill ſonkyn bate,
And to the land it drew ful hate.
Bot it ſa litill wis, that it
Mycht our the wattir bot threſum flyt.
Thai ſend tharoff word to the KING,
That wis joyfull off that fynding;
And fyrſt into the bate is gane,
With hym DOWGLAS. The thred wis ane
That rowyt thaim our deliverly,
And ſet thaim on the land all dry.
And rowyt ſa oft ſyſs, to and fra,
Fechand ay our twa, and twa,
That in a nycht, and in a day,
Cummyn owt our the louch ar thai.
For ſum of thaim couth ſwome full weill,
And on hys back ber a fardele.
Swa with ſwymmyng, and with rowyng,
Thai brocht thaim our, and all thair thing.

The KING, the quhiles, meryly
Red to thaim, that war hym by,
Romanys off worthi FERAMBRACE,
That worthily ourcummyn was,

Th

Ver. 437. I know no Engliſh romance of this name there is a French one, *Le Roman de Fierabras le Geant*, neve, 1478, fol. Cat. Bib. Reg. Gall. Tom. II. N° 142

Throw the rycht douchty OLYWER,
And how the Duk *Peris* wer
Aſſegyt intill *Egrymor*,
Quhar King LAWYNE lay thaim befor,
With ma thouſands then I can ſay.
And bot elewyn within war thai,
And a woman: that war ſa ſtad,
That thai na mete tharwithin had,
Bot as thai fra thair fayis wan.
Yheyte ſa contenyt thai thaim than,
That thai the tour held manlily,
Tyll that RYCHARD off *Normindy*,
Magre his fayis, warnyt the King,
That wis joyfull off this tything:
For he wend thai had all bene ſlayne.
Tharfor he turnyt in hy agayne,
And wan *Mantrybill*, and paſſit *Flagot*,
And ſyne LAWYNE, and all his ſlot,
Diſpituſly

This romance has been modernized, and is ſtill a popular book upon the Pont Neuf at Paris, A copy now lies before me, under the title of *Conqueſtes du Grand Charlemagne, Roi de France. Avec les faits heroiques des douze Pairs, et du Grand Fierabras*, &c. *A Troyes, chez Jean Ant. Garnier*; no date, but printed about 1750, 8vo. pp. 175.

The title of Fierabras, like that of many other romances, is improperly given: only fourteen chapters of ſeventy-ſeven relating to Fierabras. It is the ſtory of the eleven Paladins and Florippa, impriſoned in the tower of Aigremont, by Baland (here called Lawyne) king of the Saracens. The ſtory perfectly agrees with Barbour's account; only, ver. 440, for *Duk Peris*, we ſhould read, *Duks of Paris*.

Ver. 455. An old Scotiſh Tale called *The Brig of the*

Diſpituſly diſcumfyt he:
And deleuiryt hys men all fre.
And wan the *naylis*, and the *ſper*,
And the *crown*, that Ihus couth ber;
And off the *croece* a gret party
He wain throw hys chewalry.

The gud KING, upon this maner,
Comfort thaim that war hym ner;
And maid thaim gamyn and ſolace,
Tyll that hys folk all paſſyt was.
Quhen thai wer paſſit the wattir brad,
Suppoſs thai fele of ffayis had,
Thai maid thaim mery, and war blyth;
Not forthy full fele ſyth,
Thai had full gret defaut off mete,
And tharfor veneſoun to get
In twa partyſs ar thai gayne.
The KING hymſelff wis intill ane;
And Schyr JAMES off DOWGLAS
Into the tothyr party was.
Then to the hycht thai held thair way,
And huntyt lang quhill off the day;
And ſocht ſchawys, and ſets ſet;
Bot thai gat litill for till ete.

Mantribil, is mentioned in Wedderburn's Complayn Scotland, 1549, 12mo.

Ver. 460. Ihus is Jeſus.

Ver. 479. *Schawys*, the thickeſt groves in hollow the wood, where deer are moſt apt to be found.—*Sets*, or ſnares.

Then hapnyt at that tyme per caſs,
That the Erle of the LENEUAX was
Amang the hillis, ner tharby;
And quhen he hard ſa blaw and cry,
He had wondir quhat it my be,
And on ſic maner ſpyrit he,
That knew that it wes the KING:
And then, forowtyn mar duelling,
With all thaim off hys cumpany,
He went rycht till the KING in hy.
Sa blyth and ſa joyfull, that he
Mycht on na maner blyther be,
For he the KING wend had bene ded,
And he wes alſua will off red,
That he durſt not reſt into na place.
Na ſen the KING diſcumfyt was
At *Meffan*, he herd newir thing
That euir wis certane off the KING.
Tharfor into full gret daynté,
The KING full humyly hayliſt he,
And he hym welcumyt rycht blythly,
And aſkyt hym full tendyrly.
And all the lords, that war thar,
Rycht joyfull off thair meting war,
And kyſſyt hym in gret daynté;
It wis gret pite for till ſe
How thai for joy, and pite gret,
Quhen that thai with thair ſalows met,

Ver. 507. *Gret* is *wepyd*.

That thai wend had bene dede, forthy
Thai welcumyt hym mar hartfully.
And he for pité gret agayne,
That neuir off meting was ſa fayne.

Thoch I ſay that thai gret ſothly,
It wis na greting propyrly,
For I trow traiſtly that gretying
Cumys to men for myſliking.
And that nane may but angry gret,
Bot it be wemen, that can wet
Thair chekys quheneuir thai liſt with ters,
The quheyir weill oft thaim nathing ders.
Bot I wate weill, but leſyng,
Quhat euir men ſay of ſic greting,
That mekill joy, or yheit peté,
May ger men ſua amowyt be,
That wattir fra the hart will ryſs,
And weyt the eyne on ſic a wyſs,
That is lik to be greting,
Thoch it be not ſua in all thing.
For quhen men grets enkrely,
The hart is ſorowfull or angry.
Bot for pité I trow gretyng,
Be na thing bot ane opynnyng
Off hart, that ſchawis the tendirnes
Off rewth that in it cloſyt is.

The barownys apon this maner,
Throw Godd's grace, aſſemblyt wer,

The

;rle had mete, and that plenté,
rith glaid hart it thaim gaiff he.
ıai eyt it with full gud will,
oucht na othyr ſalſs thartill
ꝑetyt, that oft men takys,
cht weill ſcowryt war thair ſtomakys.
:it, and drank, ſic as thai had;
ll our Lord ſyne lowyng maid,
ıankyt hym, with full gud cher,
hai war mete on that maner.
ING than at thaim ſperyt yarne,
hai, ſen he thaim ſeyne, had farne;
ıai full petwyſly gan tell
ırs that thaim befell;
ret anoyis, and powerté.
ING tharat had gret pité.
uld thaim petwiſly agayne
ɔy, the trawaill, and the payne,
e had tholyt, ſen he thaim ſaw:
ıne amang thaim, hey na law,
e ne had pité and pleſance,
that he herd mak remembrance
: perellys that paſſyt war.
ıhen men oucht at liking ar,
off paynys paſſyt by,
:o herying petiuſly,
rehearſs thair auld diſeſe,
ıaim oftſyſs cumfort, and eſe:

Ver. 561. Et hæc meminiſſe juvabit.

Withthy tharto ſolow na blame,
Diſhonour, wikytnes, na ſchame.

After the mete ſone raiſs the KING,
Quhen he had lewyt hys ſperyng,
And buſkyt hym, with hys mengye,
And went on hy towart the ſe.
Quhar Schyr NELE CAMBEL thaim mete,
Bath with ſchippis, and with meyte;
Saylys, ayrs, and othyr thing,
That wis ſpedfull to thair paſſyng.

Then ſchippyt thai, forowtyn mar,
Sum went till ſter, and ſum till ar,
And rowyt be the ile of *But*.
Men mycht ſe mony frely fute
About the coſt, thar lukand,
As thai on ayrs raiſs rowand;
And nevys that ſtallwart war and ſquar,
That wont to ſpayn gret ſpers war,
Swa ſpaynyt ars, that men mycht ſe
Full oft the hyde leve on the tre.
For all war doand, knycht and knave,
Wis nane that euir diſport mycht have
Fra ſterying, and fra rowyng,
To furthyr thaim off thair fleting.

Bot in the ſamyn tyme at thai
War in ſchippyng, as ye hard me ſay,

The Erle off the LENNUAX was,
I cannot tell yow throw quhat caſs,
Lewyt behynd with his galay,
Till the KING wis fer on hys way.
Quhen that thai off his cuntré
Wyſt that ſo duelt behynd wis he,
Be ſe with ſchippys thai hym ſoucht;
And he that ſaw that he wis nocht
Off pith to fecht with theſe traytours,
And that he had na ner ſocours,
Then the KINGS flote; forthy
He ſped him efter thaim on hy.
Bot the tratours him followit ſua,
That thai weill ner hym gan ourta.
For all the mycht that he mycht do,
Ay ner, and ner, thai come him to.
And quhen he ſaw thai war ſa ner,
That he mycht weill thair manauce her,
And ſaw thaim, ner and ner, cum ay,
Then tyll hys mengye gan he ſay,
'Bot giff we fynd ſum ſutelté,
'Ourtane all ſone ſall we be.
'Tharfor I rede, but mar letting,
'That, owtakyn owr armyng,
'We caſt our all thing in the ſe:
'And fra our ſchip ſwa lychtyt be,
'We ſall ſwa row, and ſpeid us ſua,
'That we ſall weill eſchaip thaim fra;
'With that thai ſall mak duelling
'Apon the ſe, to tak our thing;

'And we ſall row but reſting ay,
'Till we eſchapyt be away.'
As he deuiſit thai have done;
And thair ſchip thai lychtyt ſone:
And rowyt ſyne, with all thair mycht,
And ſche, that ſwa wis maid tycht,
Rakyt ſlydand throw the ſe.
And quhen thair fayis gan thaim ſe,
Forowth thaim alwayis, mar and mar,
The things that thar fletand war
Thai tuk; and turnyt ſyne agayne,
And be that thai leſyt all thair payne.

Quhen that the Erle on this maner,
And hys mengye, eſchapyt wer,
Eftir the KING he gan hym hy,
That then, with all hys cumpany,
Into *Kyntyr* arywyt was.
The Erle tauld hym all hys caſs,
How he wis chaſyt on the ſe,
With thaim that ſuld hys awyn be;
And how he had bene tane, but dout,
Na war it that he warpyt owt
All that he had, hym lycht to ma:
And ſwa eſchapyt thaim fra.
" Schyr Erle," ſaid the KING, " perfay,
" Syn yow eſchapyt is away,
" Off the tynſell is na plenyeing;
" Bot I will ſay the weile a thing,

" That

" That thar will fall the gret foly
" To paſs oft fra my cumpany.
" For feleſyſs, quhen thow art away,
" Thow art ſet in till hard aſſay.
" Tharfor me thynk beſt to thee
" To hald yow alwayis ner by me."
' Schyr,' ſaid the Erle, ' it ſall be ſwa.
' I ſall na wiſs paſs fer yow fra,
' Till God giff grace we be off mycht
' Agayne our fayis to hald our flycht.'

And ANGUSS off *Ile* that tyme wis ſyr,
And lord, and ledar of *Kyntyr*.
The KING rycht weill reſawyt he;
And undertuk hys man to be:
And hym, and hys, on mony wiſs,
He abandownyt till hys ſervice.
And, for mar ſekyrnes, gaiff hym ſyne
Hys caſtell off *Donabardyne*,
To duell tharin, at hys lyking.
Full gretumly thankyt hym the KING;
And reſawyt hys ſeruice.
Not forthy, on mony wiſs,
He wis dredand for treſoun ay.
And tharefor, as Ik hard men ſay,
He traiſtyt in nane ſekyrly,
Till that he knew hym uterly:

Ver. 659. Angus chief of the ile of Ilay.

Bot

Bot into *Rawchryne*, nocht forthy,
Thai arywyt ilk ane ſawffly;
Blyth, and glaid, that thai war ſua
Eſchapyt the hidwyſs wawys fra.
In *Rauchryne* thai arywyt ar,
And to the land thai went but mar,
Armyt apon thair beſt maner.
Quhen the folk, that thar wonand wer,
Saw men of armys in thair cuntré,
Aryve into ſic quantité,
Thai fled on hy, with thar catell,
Towart a rycht ſtalwart caſtell,
That in the land wis ner tharby.
Men mycht her wemen hely cry,
And ſle with cataill her and thar.
Bot the KING's folk, that war
Deliuer off fute, thaim gan ourhy;
And thaim areſtyt heſtely,
And broucht thaim to the KING agayne,
Swa that nane off thaim all wis ſlayne.
Than with thaim tretyt ſwa the KING,
That thai, to fullfill hys yarnyng,
Become hys men euirilkane:
And has hym trewly undertane
That thai and thairs, loud and ſtill,
Suld be in all thing at hys will.
And, quhill him likit thar to leynd,
Euir ilk day thai ſuld hym ſeynd
Wictalis for thre hundir men:
And thai as lord ſuld him ken.

Bot

Bot at thair poſſeſſiouns ſuld be,
For all hys men thair awyn fre.

The cunnand on this wyſs wis maid.
And on the morn, but langir baid,
Off all *Rauchrine* bath man and page
Knelyt, and maid the KING homage;
And tharwith ſwour hym fewté,
To ſerve hym ay in lawté.
And held him rycht weill cunnand:
For quhill he duelt into the land,
Thai fand meit till hys cumpany;
And ſerwyt hym full humely.

THE END OF BUKE III.

THE

THE

BRUCE:

BUKE IV.

ARGUMENT.

The Quene and ladeis are tane priſoneirs be the Inglis.—Kildrumy alſua tane.—King EDWARD I. *advauncing to quell the Scotis, deis at Brugh on Sand.—Enſampil af feynds' prophecies fra Flemiſh ſtorie.—*DOUGLAS *paſſes fra Rauchryn to Arran —and after him the* KING, *quha ſends a ſpy to Carrick.—The* KING'S *hoſteſs prophecies his ſucceſs.—Digreſſioun on Aſtrologie and Necromancie.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE IV.

IN *Rauchryne* leve we now the KING
In reſt, forowtyn barganyng;
And off hys fayis a quhile ſpek we,
That, throw thair mycht and thair powſté,
Maid ſic a perſecutioune,
Sa hard, ſa ſtrait, and ſa feloune,
In thaim that till hym luffand wer
Or kyn, or freynd, or ony maner;
That at till her is gret pité.
For thai ſparyt off na degre
Thaim, that thai trowit hys freynd wer,
Nothyr off the kyrk, na ſeculer.
For off *Glaſkow* Byſchop ROBERT,
And MAKIS off *Man* thai ſtythly ſparyt,

Ver. 13. Robert Wiſhart biſhop of Glaſgow from 1272 to 1317, celebrated for his patriotiſm. See Keith's Catalogue of Scotiſh Biſhops. Marcus biſhop of the Iles, 1275 to 1303. *Ibid.* where it is ſaid that he died in 1303, upon no authority; and Barbour here affords proof that he was alive in 1306.

Bath in fetrys and in preſoune;
And worthy CRYSTOLL off SEYTOUNE,
Into *Loudon* betreſyt was,
Throw a diſcipill off Judas;
MAKNAB, a fals tratour, that ay
Wes off hys duelling, nycht and day;
Quhom to he maid gud cumpany.
It wes fer wer than tratoury
For to betryſs ſic a perſoune,
So nobill, and off ſic renoune.
Bot tharof had he na pité,
In hell condampnyt mot he be!
For quhen he hym betryſyt had,
The *Ingliſs* men rycht with hym rad
In hy, in *Ingland* to the King,
That gert draw hym, and hede, and hing,
Forowtyn peté, or mercy.
It wes gret ſorow ſekyrly,
That ſo worthy perſoune as he
Suld on ſic maner hangyt be.
Thus gat endyt his worthynes.
And off CRAUFURD als Schyr RANALD wes,
And Schyr BRUCE als the BLAIR
Hangyt intill a berne in *Ar*.

The QUEYNE, and als Dam MAIORY,
Hyr dochtyr, that ſyne worthyly
Wis coupillyt into Godds band
With WALTIR STEWART off *Scotland*;

That

Ver. 17. *Lochdoun*: edit.

That wald on na wyfs langar ly
In caſtell off *Kyldromy*,
To byd a ſege, ar rydin raith
With knychts and ſquyers bath,
Throw *Roſs*, rycht to the gyrth of *Tayne*.
Bot that trawaill thai maid in wayne.
For thai of *Roſs*, that wald not ber
For thaim na blayme, na yeit danger,
Out off the gyrth hame all has tayne,
And ſyne thaim euirilkane
Rycht intill *Ingland*, to the King,
That gert draw all the men, and hing;
And put the Ladyis in preſoune,
Sum intill caſtell, ſum in dungeoun.

It wes gret pité for till her
The folk be troublyt on this maner.
That tyme wes in *Kyldromy*,
With men, that mycht war and hardy,
Schyr NELE the BRUCE: and I wate weill
That thar the erle wis off ADHEILL,
In the caſtell, weill wictalyt ay,
And mete and fuell gan puruay;
And enforcyt the caſtell ſwa,
That thaim thocht na ſtrenth mycht it ta.

Ver. 47. The *gyrth*, or ſanctuary, of St. Duthac at Tain, whence the earl of Roſs took the Queen Elizabeth, daughter of Aymer de Burgh earl of Ulſter, and Marjory the king's daughter by his former wife Iſabella, and delivered them up to the Engliſh.

And quhen it to the King wis tauld
Off *Ingland*, how thai ſchup till hauld
That caſtell; he wes all angry;
And callyt his ſone till hym on hy
The eldeſt and aperand ayr;
A young bacheler, and ſtark, and fayr,
Schyr EDUUARD callyt off *Carnauerane*,
That wes the ſterkaſt man off ane,
That men mycht in ony cuntré;
Prynce of *Walys* that tyme wes he.
And he gert als call erlys twa,
GLOSYSTYR and HARFURD war tha;
And bad thaim wend into *Scotland*,
And ſet a ſege, with ſtalwart hand,
To the caſtell off *Kyldromy*.
And all the halders halyly
He bad diſtroy, forowtyn ranſoun,
Or bryng thaim till hym in preſoune.

Quhen thai the cummaundment had tane,
Thai aſſemblyt ane oſt onane,
And to the caſtell went in hy;
And it aſſegyt wigoruſly.
And mony tyme full hard aſſaylyt;
Bot for to tak it yeit thai failyt.
For thai within war rycht worthy;
And thaim defendyt douchtely;
And ruſchyt thair ffayis off agayne,
Sum beſt, ſum woundyt, ſum als ſlayne.
And mony tymys iſche thai wald,
And bargane at the barraiſs hald;

And

ound thair fayis oft and ſla.
ly thai them contenyt ſwa,
hai withoute diſparyt war,
ioucht till *Ingland* for till far:
ai ſa ſtyth ſaw the caſtell,
ith that it was warnyſt weill;
w the men defend thaim ſwa,
hai nane hop had thaim to ta.

ie had thai done all that ſeſoune,
: ne had bene fals treſoune.
ar with thaim wis a tratour,
lourdane, a loſyngeour,
ARNE to name, maid the treſoune,
not for quhat encheſone;
ham with he maid that conwyn:
thai ſaid, that war within,
k a cultir hate glowand,
yeit wis in a fir brynnand,
vent hym to the mekill hall,
then with corn wis fyllyt all;
eych up in a mow it did,
full lang wis nocht thar hid.
ien ſayis oft that fyr, na pride,
ſcouering may na man hide.
ie pomp oft the prid furth ſchaws,
is the gret boiſt that it blawis.
ar may na man ſa cowyr
w, or rek ſall it diſcowyr.
l it her, for fyr all cler
throw the thak burd gan apper,

Fyrſt as a ſterne, ſyne as a mone,
And weill bradder thareftir ſone,
The fyr out ſyne in bleſs braſt;
And the rek raiſs rycht wondre faſt.
The fyr our all the caſtell ſpred,
That mycht na force of man it red.
Than thai within drew to the wall,
That at that tyme was bataillit all,
Within, rycht as it wer withoute.
That bataillyne, withowtyn dout,
Sawyt thair lywys, for it brak
Bleſs that thaim wald ourtak.
And quhen the fayis the myſcheiff ſaw,
Till armys went thai in a thraw;
And aſſaylyt the caſtell faſt,
Quhar thai durſt come for fyrs blaſt.
Bot thai within myſtir had,
Sa gret defence, and worthy mad,
That thai full oft thair fayis ruflyt,
For thai na kyn perall refuſyt.
Thai trawaillyt for to ſauff thair lyffs:
Bot werd, that till the end ay drywis
The warlds things, ſua thaim trawaillyt,
That thai on twa halfys war aſſailyt.
In with fyr, that thaim ſwa broilyit;
And utouth with folk, that thaim ſwa toilyit,
That thai brynt magre thaim the yat,
Yat for the fyre, that wis ſwa hate,
Thai durſt not entyr ſwa in hy.
Tharfor thar folk thai gan rely,

And

And went to reſt, for it wis nycht;
Till on the morn, that day wis lycht,
At ſic myſcheiff, as ye her ſay,
War thar within the quethyr ay
Thai thaim defendyt douchtely,
And contenyt thaim ſa manlily,
That or day, throw mekill payn,
Thai had muryt up thair yat agayn.

Bot on the morn, quhen day wes lycht,
And ſone wes ryſſyn, ſchynand brycht,
Thai withowt, in hale bataill,
Come purwayt, redy till aſſaill.
Bot thai within, that ſwa war ſtad,
That thai victaill, na fewell had,
Quharwith thai mycht the caſtell hald,
Tretyt fyrſt, and ſyne thaim yauld
To be intill the Kings will.
Bot that ay to *Scotts men* wis ill;
As ſone eftyr weill wis knawin,
For thai war hangyt all and drawyn.

Quhen this cunnand thus tretyt wes,
And affermyt with ſekyrnes,
Thai tuk thaim off the caſtell ſone.
And intill ſchort tyme has done,
That all a quartir off *Snawdoun*,
Rycht till the erd thai tummyllyt doun.

Syne

Ver. 181. The royal palace at Stirling was called *Snawdoun*;

Syne towart *Ingland* went thair way.
Bot quhen the King EDUUARD hard ſay
How weill the BRUCE held *Kildromy*,
Agayne hys ſon ſa ſtalwartly;
He gadryt gret chewalry,
And towart *Scotland* went in hy.

And as intill *Northummyrland*
He wis, with hys gret rowt, rydand,
A ſeknes tuk hym in the way,
And put hym to ſa hard aſſay,
That he mycht nocht ga, na ryd:
Hym worthit, magre hys, abid
Intill an hamillet tharby,
A litill town, and unworthy.
With gret payne thyddir thai hym broucht,
He wis ſa ſtad, that he ne mocht
Hys aynd bot with gret paynys draw;
Na ſpek bot giff it war weill law.
The quheyr he bad thai ſuld hym ſay
Quhat town wes that, that he in lay.

doun; and near it was an eminence termed Arthur's Round Table. The fame of Arthur in books of chivalry gave riſe to ſuch names in the middle ages. One of the Heralds of Scotland is termed Snowdun Herald to this day.

Ver. 189. King Edward was obliged by ſickneſs to remain in Northumberland and Cumberland, the ſummer and autumn 1306; and he was at Lanercoſt all the winter 1306-7. See this proved from Rymer's Fœdera in the *Annals of Scotland*, Vol. II. p. 5. He died at Burgh on the Sand, 7 July 1307; and his death is unchronologically here narrated by Barbour.

'Schyr,'

thai ſaid, 'Burch in the Sand
allis this toun, intill this land.'
ıai it *Burch*, als!" ſaid he;
)p is now fordone to me.
wend neuir to thoile the payne
:id, till I, throw mekill mayn,
Burch of Jeruſalem had tane,
ff wend I thar ſuld be gayne.
rch I wyſt weill I ſuld de:
was noythir wys, na ſle,
thyr *Burch* kep to ta.
may I nowyſs forthyr ga."

pleynyeit he off hys foly,
ad mater ſekyrly:
hé to wyt certanté
, at nane may certan be.

quheyr men ſaid he cheſyt had
t, that hym anſuer maid,
ıgs that he wald inquer.
fulyt, forowtyn wer,
aiff throuch till that creatur.
ndys ar off ſic natur,
ıai to mankind has inwy;
ıi wate weill, and wittly,
ıai that weill ar liffand her,
'n the ſege, quharoff thai wer
yt throwch thair mekill prid.
throw oft tymys will betid,

That

That quhen feyndys diſtrenyeit ar,
For till aper, and mak anſwar,
Throw force off conjuratioun,
That thai ſa fals ar and feloun,
That thai mak ay thair anſuering,
Into dowbill undirſtanding,
To diſſaiff thaim, that will thaim trow.
Inſample will I ſet her now
Off a wer, as I herd tell,
Betwix *Fraunce* and the *Flemyngs* fell.

The Erle FERANDS modyr was
Nygramanſour; and Sathanas
Sche raſyt; and hym aſkyt ſyn,
Quhat ſuld worth off the fychtyn
Betwix the *Fraunce* King and hyr ſone?
And he, as all tyme he wes wone,
Into diſſayt maid hys anſuer;
And ſaid till hyr thir thre werſs her.
" *Rex ruet in bello, tumulique carebit honore,*
" FERRANDUS, Comitiſſa, *tuus, mea cara Mi-*
" *nerva,*
" *Pariſiis veniet, magna comitante caterva.*"

Ver. 241. Jane, daughter of Baldwin IX. earl of Flanders, married Ferrand prince of Portugal, who thus became earl of Flanders. He took arms againſt Philip Auguſtus king of France; and the emperor Otho IV. aſſiſting him, in 1214 was fought the famous battle of Bourines, in which the emperor and earl were defeated, and the later carried captive to Paris and confined in the Louvre.

This

This wis the ſpek he maid, perfay;
And is in *Inglis* toung to ſay,
" The King ſall fall in the fechting,
" And ſall faile honour off erding;
" And thy FERAND, Mynerve my der,
" Sall rycht to *Paryſs* went, but wer;
" Folowand hym gret cumpany
" Off nobill men, and off worthy."
This is the ſentence off this ſaw,
That the Latyn gan her ſchaw.
He callyt hyr hys der Minerwe,
For Minerwe ay wis wont ſerwe
Hym, till ſche leſſyt at hys diuiſs;
And for ſche maid the ſamyn ſeruice,
Hys Minerwe hyr callyt he:
And als, throw hyr ſutelté.
He callyt hyr der, hyr tyll diſſaiff,
That ſche the tyttar ſuld conſaiff
Off hys ſpek the undyrſtanding,
That maſt pleſyt till hyr liking.

This dowbill ſpek ſwa hyr diſſawyt,
That throw hyr foly the ded reſſawit;
For ſche wis off hyr anſuer blyth,
And till hyr ſone ſche tauld it ſwith.
And bad hym till the bataill ſped,
For he ſuld victory haiff bot dred.
And he, that herd hyr ſermonyng,
Sped hym in hy to the fechting;

Quhar

Quhar he diſcomfyt wis, and ſchent;
And takin, and to *Paryſs* ſent.
Bot in the fechting not forthy
The King, throw hys chewalry,
Wis laid at the erd, and lawit bath;
Bot his men helpyt hym weill rath.

And quhen FERANDS modyr herd
How hyr ſone in the bataill ferd;
And at he ſwa wis diſcomfyt;
Sche raſyt the ill ſpyryt als tyt.
And aſkyt quhy he gabyt had
Off the anſuer that he hyr mad?
And he ſaid he had ſaith ſuth all;
" I ſaid the, that the King ſuld fall
" In the bataill; and ſay did he.
" And failyed erding, as men may ſe.
" And I ſaid that thy ſon ſuld ga
" To *Paryſs*, and he did richt ſwa;
" Followand ſic a mengye,
" That neuir, in his lyfftyme, he
" Had ſic a mengye in leding.
" Now ſeis yow I mad na gabbing."
The wyff conſuſyt wis perfay;
And durſt na mar than till hym ſay.

Thus gat, throw dowbill undyrſtanding,
That bargane come till ſic ending,
That the ta part diſſawyt was.
Rycht ſa gat fell that in thys caſs:

At

ſalem trowyt he
ı in the *Burch* to be;
ethyr at *Burch into the Sand*
ıt rycht in hys awn land.

quhen he to the dede wis ner,
k that at *Kyldromy* wer
vith priſoners that thai had tane,
ıe to the King are gane.
· to comfort hym thai tauld
ai the caſtell to thaim yauld:
w thai till hys will war brocht,
off that quhateuir he thocht;
ıyt quhat men ſuld off thaim do.
ıkyt he angryly thaim to,
grynnand, "hyngs and drawys."
is wondir of ſic ſawis,
ę, that to the dede wis ner,
ſuer apon ſic maner;
yn menyng and mercy.
ıycht he traiſt on hym to cry,
ıthfaſtly demys all thing
ff mercy for hys cryng,
n that, throw hys felony,
: poynt had na mercy?

men hys maundment has done:
: deyt thareftir ſone:
ne wes eftir brocht till berynes.
ıe ſyne King eftir wes.

To the King ROBERT agayne ga we,
That in *Rauchryne*, with hys mengye,
Lay till wintir ner wis gane;
And off that ile hys mete has tane.
JAMYS of DOWGLAS wis angry.
That thai langir ſuld ydill ly.
And to Schyr ROBERT BOID ſaid he,
" The pure folk off thys countré
" Ar chargyt apon gret maner,
" Off us, that ydill lyis her.
" And Ik her ſay, that in *Arane*,
" Intill a ſtyth caſtell off ſtane,
" Ar *Inglijs* men, that with ſtrang hand
" Haldys the Lordſchip off the land.
" Ga we thyddyr; and weill may fall
" Amang thaim in ſum thing we ſall."
Schyr ROBERT ſaid, ' I grant thartill.
' Till her mar ly war litill ſkill:
' Tharfor till *Aran* paſs will we,
' For I knaw rycht weill the cuntré,
' And the caſtell rycht ſwa knaw I.
' We ſall come thar ſa priwily,
' That thai ſall haiff na perſawyng,
' Na yheit wittyng off owr cummyng.
' And we ſall ner enbuſchyt be,
' Quhar we thar outecome may ſe.
' Sa ſall it on na manir fall,
' Bot ſcaith thaim on ſum wyſs we ſall.

With

With that thai buſkyt thaim anane:
And at the KING thair leiff has tane,
And went thaim furth ſyne on thair way.
Into *Kyntyr* ſone cummyn ar thai:
Syne rowyt alwayis by the land,
Till that the nycht wis ner on hand,
Than till *Arane* thai went thar way,
And ſawfly thar arywyt thai.
And in a glen thair galay drewch,
And ſyne it halyt weill inewch;
Thair takyll, airs, and thair ſter,
Thai hyde all on the ſamyn maner.
And held thair way rycht in the nycht,
Swa that or day wis dawyn lycht,
Thai war enbuſchyt the caſtell ner,
Armyt apon the bèſt maner.
And thoucht thai wate war, and wery,
And for lang faſtyng all hungry,
Thai thocht till hald thaim all prevé,
Till that thai weill thair poynt mycht ſe.

Schyr IHON the HASTINGS, at that tid,
With knychts off full mekill prid,
And ſquyers, and yemanry,
And that a weill gret cumpany,
Was in the caſtell of *Brathwik*.
And oftſyſs quhen it wald hym lik,
He went till huntyng with his menye.
And ſwa the land abandownyt he,

That

That durſt nane warne to do hys will.
He was into the caſtell ſtill,
The tyme that JAMES off DOWGLAS,
As Ik haiff tauld, enbuſchit was.

Sa hapnyt that tyme, throw chance,
That with wictalis and purweyance,
And with clething, and with armyng,
The day befor, in the ewynnyng,
The under wardane ariuyt was,
With thre bats, weill ner the place
Quhar that the folk I ſpak off ar
Preuily enbuſchyt war.
Syne fra the bats ſaw thai ga
Off *Inglis men* threty and ma,
Chargit all with ſyndry things;
Sum bar wyne, and ſum armyngs,
The remanent all chargyt wer
With things off ſyndry maner.
And othyr ſyndry yeid thaim by,
As thai war maiſtyrs, ydilly.
Thai that enbuſchyt war, that ſaw
All forowtyn dreid or aw,
Thair enbuſchy on thaim thai brak;
And ſlew all that thai mycht ourtak.
The cry raiſs hidwyſly, and hey:
For thai, that dredand war to dey,
Rycht as beſts gan rar and cry.
Thai ſlew thaim forowtyn mercy;

Swa

Swa that, into the ſamyn ſted,
Weill ner forty ther war dede.

Quhen thai, that in the caſtell war,
Hard the folk ſa cry and rar,
Thai iſcheyt furth to the fechting.
Bot quhen the DOWGLAS ſaw thair cummyng,
Hys men till hym he gan rely;
And went till meit thaim haſtyly.
And quhen thai off the caſtell ſaw
Hym cum on thaim, forowtyn aw,
Thai fled, forowtyn mar debate.
And thai thaim folowyt to the yate;
And ſlew off thaim, as thai in paſt;
Bot thai thair yate barryt faſt,
That thai mycht do at thaim na mar;
Tharfor thai left thaim ilkane thar,
And, turnyt to the ſe agayne,
Quhar that the men war forowth ſlayn;
And quhen thai, that war in the bats,
Saw thair cummyng; and ſaw how gats,
Thai had diſcumfyt thair menye,
In hy thai put thaim to the ſe,
And rowyt faſt with all thair mayne:
Bot the wynd wis thaim agayne,
That ſwa hey gert the land-bryſs ryſs,
That thai moucht weld the ſe nawyſs.
Than thai durſt not cum to the land,
Bot hald thaim thar ſa lang hobland,

That off the thre bats drownyt twa.
And quhen DOWGLAS ſaw it was ſwa,
He tuk armyng, and cleything,
Wictalis, wyne, and othyr thing,
That thai fand thar: and held thair way
Rycht glaid and joyfull off thair pray.

Quhen thus JAMES off DOWGLAS,
And hys men, throw Godd's grace,
War relewyt with armyng,
And with wictall, and clething,
Syne till a ſtrenth thai held thair way;
And thaim full manly gouernyt ay.

Till on the tend day, that the KING,
With all that war in hys ledyng,
Arywyt into that countré,
With threty ſmall galayis and thre.
The KING arywyt in *Arane*;
And ſyne to the land is gane,
And in a toune tuk hys herbery.
And ſperyt ſyne ſpeceally,
Gyff ony man couth tell tithand
Off ony ſtrang men in that land.
" Yhis," ſaid a woman, " Schyr, perfay,
" Off ſtrang men I kan yow ſay,
" That are cummyn in this countré,
" And ſchort quhile ſyne, throw thair bounté,
" Thai haiff diſcomfyt owr wardane,
" And mony off hys men has ſlayne.

" And

" And till a ſtalwart place herby
" Repars all thair cumpany."
' Dame,' ſaid the KING, ' wald you me wiſs,
' To that place quhar thair repair is,
' I ſall reward ye but leſing:
' For thai ar all off my duelling,
' And I rycht blythly wald thaim ſe,
' And ſwa trow I, that thai wald me.'
" Yhis," ſaid ſche, " Schyr, I will blythly
" Ga with yow and your cumpany,
" Till that I ſchaw you thair repair."
' That is inewch, my ſyſtir fayr;
' Now ga we forthwart,' ſaid the KING.
Than went thai furth, but mar letting,
Folowand hyr, as ſche thaim led;
Till at the laſt ſche ſchaw't a ſted
To the KING, in a wode glen,
And ſaid, " Schyr, her I ſaw the men,
" That yhe ſper eftir, mak logyng:
" Her I trow be thair reparyng."

The KING then blew his horn in hy;
And gert the men that war hym by,
Hald thaim ſtill, and all prewé;
And ſyne agayne his horn blew he.
JAMIS off DOWGLAS herd hym blaw,
And at the laſt alſone gan knaw.
And ſaid, " Sothly yon is the KING:
" I knaw lang quhill ſyne hys blawing."

The thred tyme tharwithall he blew,
And then Schyr ROBERT BOID it knew;
And ſaid "Yon is the KING, but dreid,
"Ga we furth till hym bettir ſpeid."

Than went thai till the KING in hy,
And hym inclynyt curtaſly;
And blythly welcummyt thaim the KING,
And wis joyfull off thair meting.
And kiſſit thaim; and ſperyt ſyne
How thai had farne in thair huntyn?
And thai hym tauld all but leſing:
Syne lowyt thai God off thair meting.
Syne with the KING till hys herbery
Went bath joyfull and joly.

The KING apon the tothyr day
Gan till hys priwé menye ſay,
"Ye knaw all weill, and ye may ſe,
"How we ar owt off owr cuntré
"Banyſt, throw *Ingliſs menys* mycht.
"And that, that ſuld be ours off rycht,
"Throw thair maſtyrs thai occupy;
"And wald alſua, forowtyne mercy,
"Giff thai haid mycht, deſtroy us all.
"Bot God forbid it ſuld ſa fall
"Till us, as thai mak manaſſyng!
"For than war thar na recowering.
"And mankind bidds us that we
"To procur wengeance beſy be.

"For

" For ye may ſe we haiff THRE things
" That maks us oft moneſtings
" For to be worthy, wyſs, and wycht,
" And till anoy thaim at our mycht.
" ANE is our lyffs ſawſté,
" That on na wyſs ſuld ſawſt be,
" Giff thai had us at thair liking.
" The TOTHYR that makys eggyng,
" Is that thai our poſſeſſioune
" Halds ſtrenthly, agayn reſoune.
" The THRID is the joy that we abid,
" Gyff that it happyn, as weill may tid,
" That we wyn victour, and maiſtry
" Till ourcum thair felony.
" Tharfor we ſuld our harts raiſs,
" Swa that na myſcheyff us abaiſs;
" And ſchaip alwayis to that ending
" That bers in it menſk, and lowing.
" And tharfor, lordings, gyff ye ſe
" Amang you, giff that it ſpeidfull be,
" I will ſend a man in *Carrik*,
" To ſpy and ſpeir our kynrik,
" How it is led, and freynd and fa.
" And giff he ſeis we land may ta,
" On *Turnberys Inuke* he may
" Mak a fyr, on a certane day,
" That mak takynnyng till us, that we
" May thar arywe in ſawſté.
" And giff he ſeis we may not ſwa;
" Luk on na wyſs the fyr he ma.

" Swa may we tharthrow haiff wittring
" Off our paſſage, or our duelling."

To this ſpek all aſſentyt ar.
And than the KING, withowtyn mar,
Callyt ane, that wes hym prewé,
And off *Carrik* hys countré.
And chargyt hym in les and mar,
As ye hard me diwiſs it ar.
And ſet hym certain day to ma
The fyr, giff he ſaw it war ſwa
That thai had poſſibilité
To maynteyne the wer in that countré.

And he, that wis rycht weill in will
His lord's yharnyng to fullfill,
As he that worthy wis, and leile,
And couth rycht weill ſecrets conſeill;
Sake wis boune intill all thing
For to fullfill hys cummanding.
And ſaid he ſuld do ſa wiſely,
That na repruff ſuld eftir ly.
Syne at the KING hys leiff has tane;
And furth apon hys way is gane.

Now gais the meſſynger hys way,
That hat CUTBERT, as I herd ſay.
In *Carrik* ſone arywyt he,
And paſſyt throw all the countré.

Bot

Bot he fand few tharin, perfay,
That gud wald off hys maiſtir ſay:
For fele of thaim durſt not for dreid;
And othyr ſum rycht into deid
War fayis to the nobill KING,
That rewyt ſyne thair bargaynyng.
Baith hey and law, the land wis then
All occupyt with *Ingliſſmen*;
And diſpytyt, at-our all thing,
ROBERT the BRUCE the douchty KING.
Carrik wis giffyn then halyly
To Schyr HENRY Lord the PERSY;
That in *Turnberyis* caſtell then
Was, with weill ner three hundir men.
And dawntyt ſa gat all the land,
That all wis till hym obeyſand.

Thus CUTBERT ſaw thair felony:
And ſaw the folk ſa halyly
Be worthyn *Ingliſi*, baith rich and pur,
That he to nane durſt hym diſcur.
Bot thoucht to leve the fyr unmaid:
Syne till hys maiſter went but baid,
And all thair cowyne till hym gan tell,
That wis ſa angry and ſa fell.

The

Ver. 606. By *being become Engliſh* our poet only implies that they were attached to the Engliſh cauſe.

Ver. 609, 610. The expreſſions are inaccurate, but do

The KING, that intill *Arane* lay,
Quhen that cummyn wis the day,
That he ſet till hys meſſenger,
As Ik dewiſyt you lang er,
Eftyr the fyr he lukyt faſt.
And, als ſone as the none was paſt,
Hym thocht weill he ſaw a fyr,
Be *Turnbery* byrnand weill ſchyr;
And till hys menye it gan ſchaw:
Ilk man thocht weill that he it ſaw.
Then with blyth hart the folk gan cry,
'Gud KING! ſpeid you deliuerly,
'Swa that we ſone in the ewynnyng
'Aryve, forowtyn perſaywing.'
"I grant," ſaid he, "now mak you yar.
"God furthyr us intill our far!"

Then in ſchort tyme men mycht thaim ſe
Schute all thair galayis to the ſe,
And ber to ſe baith ayr and ſter,
And othyr things that myſtir wer.
And as the KING apon the ſand
Was gangand up and down, bidand
Till that hys menye redye war,
Hys oft come rycht till hym thar.
And quhen that ſche hym halyſt had,
A priwé ſpek till hym ſche made;

not mean that Cuthbert went to the king, but only that he intended to go, as appears from the ſequel.

And

And ſaid, " Takis gud kep till my ſaw,
" For or ye paſs I ſall you ſchaw,
" Off your fortoun a gret party.
" Bot our all ſpecially
" A wyttring her I ſall yow ma,
" Quhat end that your purpoſs ſall ta.
" For in this land is nane trewly
" Wate things to cum ſa weill as I.
" Ye paſs now furth on your wiage,
" To wenge the harme, and the owtrage,
" That *Ingliſſmen* has to yow done;
" Bot yow wat not quhat kyne forton
" Ye mon drey in your werraying.
" Bot wyt ye weill, withoutyn leſing,
" That fra ye now haiff takyn land,
" Nane ſa mychty, na ſa ſtrenthtlie of hand,
" Sall ger yow paſs owt of your countré
" Till all to yow abandownyt be.
" Within ſchort tyme ye ſall be KING,
" And haiff the land to your liking,
" And ourcum your fayis all.
" Bot fele anoyis thole ye ſall,
" Or that your purpoſs end haiff tane;
" Bot ye ſall thaim ourdryve ilkane.
" And, that ye trow this ſekyrly,
" My twa ſonnys with yow ſall I
" Send to tak part of your trawaill;
" For I wate weill thai ſall not faill
" To be rewardyt weill at rycht,
" Quhen ye ar heyit to your mycht."

The

The KING, that herd all hyr carping,
Thankyt hyr in mekill thing,
For ſche cumfort hym ſum deill,
The quheyir he trow that not full weill
Hyr ſpek, for he had gret ferly
How ſche ſuld wyt it ſekyrly.
As it was wondirfull perfay
How ony manys ſcience may
Knaw things that ar to cum,
Determynabilly, all or ſum.
Bot giff that he inſpyrit war
Off hym, that all thing euirmar
Seyis in hys preſens.
As was DAUID, and JEREMY,
SAMUELL, JOELL, and YSAI,
That at, throw his haly grace, gan tell
Fele things that eftir fell.
Bot the prophets ſa thyn ar ſawyn,
That nane in erd now is knawyn.

Bot fele folk ar ſa curyouſs,
And to wyt things cowatouſs,

Ver. 668. Robert may perhaps have uſed a ſtratagem in this buſineſs, to encourage his adherents; for as he had all the proweſs of an ancient hero, ſo he had all the wiſdom, and art, and conſummate policy. This old woman may have been to him as Egeria to Numa, or the white hind to Sertorius.

Ver. 687. Our poet here goes into a digreſſion, very ſenſible for the time, on aſtrology, and thence paſſes to necromancy, ver. 747.

That

That thai, throw thair gret clergy,
Or ellys throw thair dewilry,
On thir twa maners maks ſanding
Off things to cum to haiff knawing.
Ane off thaim is aſtrologi,
Quhar clerkys, that ar witty,
May knaw conjounctions off planets,
And quheyir that thair courſs thaim ſetts,
In ſoft ſegs, or in angry;
And off the hewyn all halyly
How that the diſpoſitioun
Suld apon things wyrk hyr doun;
On regiones, or on climats,
That wyrkys not ay quhar agats,
Bot ſum quhar leſs, and ſum quhar mar,
Eftyr as thair bemys ſtrekyt ar,
Othir all ewyn, or on wry.
Bot me thinks it war gud maiſtry
Till ony aſtrolog to ſay
This ſall fall her, and on this day.
For thoucht a man hys lyff haly
Studyt ſwa in aſtrology,
That on ſternys hys hewid he brak,
The wyſs man ſayis he ſuld not mak
All hys lyff certane, dayis thre;
And yheit ſuld he ay doute quhill he
Saw how that it come till endyng;
Than is that na certane demyng.
Or giff the men, that will ſtudy
In the craft off aſtrology,

Knaw

Knaw all menys natioun,
And knew the conſtellatioun
That kynd lik maners gifs thai till,
For to inclyne to gud or ill;
How that thai throw ſcience of clergi,
Or throw ſlycht off aſtrology,
Couth tell quhat kyn perill appers,
To thaim that haldys kynd lik maners;
I trow that thai ſuld faile to ſay
The things that thaim happyn may.
For quhethir ſa men inclynit be
To vertue, or to mawyté,
He mycht rycht weill refrenye hys will,
Othir throw nurtur, or throw ſkill:
And to the contrar turne hym all.
And men has mony tyme ſene fall
That men kyndly till ill will gewyn,
Throw thair gret wit away has drewyn
Thair ill; and worthin off gret renoun
Magre the conſtellatioun.
As ARISTOTILL, giff as men redys,
He had folowyt hys kyndly deds,
He had bene fals and cowatouſs;
Bot hys wyt maid hym vertuouſs.
And ſen men may on this kyn wyſs
Wyrk agayne that courſs, that is
Pryncipaill cauſs off thair demyng,
Methink thair deyme na certane thing.

Nygromancy

Nygromancy the othyr is,
That kennys men on ſyndry wyſs,
Throw ſtalwart conjourationys,
And throw exortiyationys,
To ger ſpyrits to thaim apper,
And giff anſuers on ſer maner.
As quhylum did the Phitones,
That quhen SAUL abayſyt wes
Off the *Phelyſtynys'* mycht,
Rayſyt, throw hyr mekill ſlycht,
SAMUEL's ſpyrite als tite,
Or in hys ſted the iwill ſpyrite,
That gaiff rycht graith anſuer hyr to.
Bot off hyrſelff rycht nocht wyſt ſche.
And man is into dreding ay
Off things that he has herd ſay;
Namly off things to cum quhill he
Knaw off the end the certanté.
And ſen thai ar in ſic wenyng,
Forowtyne certanté off wytting,
Methink quha ſayis he knawis things
To cum, he makys gret gabbings.

Bot quheythir ſche that tauld the KING
How hys purpoſs ſuld tak ending,
Wenyt, or wyſt it uttirly,
It fell eftir all halyly
As ſche ſaid. For ſyne KING was he;
And off full mekill renounné.

THE END OF BUKE IV.

THE

THE BRUCE.

BUKE V.

ARGUMENT.

The KING *arrives in Carric; and with four hundred men beginnis the deliveraunce of his kingrik fra the Inglis garriſouns.—Schir* HENRY *de* PERSY *flees.—*DOUGLAS *be ſtratagem taks his awin caſtel in Douglaſdale.—Schir* AYMER *de* VALLANGE *ſends* UMFRAVILLE *till quell the* KING. — UMFRAVILLE *bribis three of the* KING'S *men to murder him, bot he kills the traitours.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE V.

THIS wis in ver, quhen winter tid,
With hys blaſts hydwyſs to bide,
Was ourdrywyn: and birds ſmale,
As turtule and the nychtyngale,
Begouth rycht ſariolly to ſyng;
And for to mak in thair ſingyng
Swete nots, and ſownys ſer,
And melodys pleſand to her.
And trees begouth to ma
Burgeans, and brych blomys alſua,
To wyn the helying off thair hewid,
That wykkyt wyntir had thaim rewid.
And all greſſys begouth to ſpryng.
Into that tyme the nobill KING,
With hys flote, and a few mengye,
THRE HUNDIR I trow thai mycht be,

Ver. 1. Spring, 1307. *Ver* is Icelandic as well as Latin for ſpring. The deſcription is pretty.

Is to the ſe, oute off *Arane*,
A litill forouth ewyn gane.

Thai rowyt faſt, with all thair mycht,
Till that apon thaim fell the nycht,
That woux myrk apon gret maner,
Swa that thai wyſt not quhar thai wer.
For thai na nedill had, na ſtane;
Bot rowyt alwayis intill ane,
Styrand all tyme apon the fyr,
That thai ſaw brynand lycht and ſchyr.

It was bot auentur thaim led:
And thai in ſchort tyme ſa thaim ſped,
That at the fyr arywyt thai;
And went to land bot mar delay.
And CUTBERT, that has ſene the fyr,
Wis full off angyr, and off ire;
For he durſt not do it away;
And wis alſua dowtand ay
Thai hys lord ſuld paſs to ſe,
Tharfor thair cummyn waytit he:
And met thaim at thair arywing.
He wis weile ſone broucht to the KING,
That ſperyt at hym how he had done.
And he with ſar hart tauld hym ſone,
How that he fand nane weill lyffand,
Bot all war fayis, that he fand.
And that the Lord the PERSY,
With ner thre hundir in cumpany,

V

Was in the caſtell thar beſid,
Fullfellyt off diſpyt and prid.
Bot ma than twa parts off hys rowt
War herberyt in the toune without;
" And diſpytyt yow mar, Schir KING,
" Than men may diſpyt ony thing."
Than ſaid the KING, in full gret ire,
' Tratour, quhy maid yow than the fyr?'
" A! Schyr," ſaid he, " ſa God me ſe!
" The fyr wis newyr maid for me.
" Na, or the nycht, I wyſt it not;
" Bot fra I wyſt it weill I thocht
" That ye, and haly your mengye,
" In hy ſuld put yow to the ſe.
" Forthy I cum to mete yow her,
" To tell perills that may apper."

The KING wes off hys ſpek angry,
And aſkyt hys priwé men, in hy,
Quhat at thaim thocht wes beſt to do.
Schyr EDUUARD fryſt anſueryt tharto,
Hys brodyr that wis ſwa hardy,
And ſaid; " I ſay yow ſekyrly

" Thar

Ver. 45. The caſtle of Turnberry in Carrick, the patrimonial country of Bruce, whoſe anceſtors were earls of Carrick; and who thence expected to find the people there more attached to him, than thoſe of any other part of Scotland.

Ver. 65. Prince Edward's character will appear to the reader, from the account of his actions in Ireland detailed in

" Thar ſall na perill, that may be,
" Dryve me eftſonys to the ſe.
" Myne auentur her tak will I,
" Quhethir it be esfull or angry."
' Brodyr,' he ſaid, ' ſen yow will ſua,
' It is gud that we ſamyn ta,
' Diſſeſe or eſe, or payne or play,
' Eftyr as God will us purway.
' And ſen men ſay that the PERSY
' Myne heritage will occupy;
' And hys menye ſa ner us lyis,
' That us diſpyts mony wyſs;
' Ga we, and wenge ſum off the diſpyt.
' And that may we haiff done als tite;
' For thai ly traiſtly, but dreding
' Off us, or off owr her cummyng.
' And thouch we ſleping ſlew thaim all,
' Repruff tharof na man ſall.
' For werrayour na forſs ſuld ma,
' Quheythir he mycht ourcum his ſa
' Throw ſtrenth, or throw ſutelté;
' Bot that gud faiſh ay haldyn be.'

Quhen this wis ſaid thai went thair way;
And to the toune ſone cummyn ar thai,
Sa priwily, but noyiſs making,
That nane perſawyt thair cummyng.

this poem, to have been bold to exceſs, and untempered by the prudence which ſhines in that of his brother the king.

Ver. 87. *Dolus an virtus, quis in hoſte requirit.*

Thai

Thai ſkalyt throw the towne in hy;
And brak up durs ſturdely,
And ſlew all that thai mycht ourtak;
And thai, that na defence moucht mak,
Full petowſly gan rar and cry;
And thai ſlew thaim diſpitowſly.
As thai that war in full gud will
To wenge the angyr, and the ill,
That thai, and thairs, had thaim wrocht;
With ſa feloun will thaim ſoucht,
That thai ſlew thaim euir ilkane,
Owtane MAKDOWELL hym allane,
That eſchapyt, throw gret ſlycht,
And throw the myrknes off the nycht.

In the caſtell the Lord the PERSY
Hard weill the noyis, and the cry:
Sa did the men, that within wer,
And full effraytly gat thair ger.
Bot off thaim wis nane ſa hardy,
That euir iſchyt fourth to the cry.
In ſic effray thai baid that nycht,
Till on the morn, that day wes lycht;
And than ſeſyt into party
The noyis, the ſlawchtyr, and the cry.

The KING gert be depertyt then
All hale the reſſ amang the men,
And duellyt all ſtill thar dayis thre.
Sic hanſell to that folk gaiff he,

Rycht in the fyrſt beginnyng,
Newlings at hys arywyng.

Quhen that the KING, and hys folk, war
Arywyt, as I tauld yow ar,
A quhill in *Karryk* leyndyt he,
To ſe quha freynde, or fa, wald be,
Bot he fand litill tendyrneſs.
And nocht forthy the puple wes
Inclynyt till hym in party;
Bot *Ingliſs men* ſa angrely
Led thaim with daunger, and with aw,
That thai na freyndſchip durſt hym ſchaw.
Bot a lady off that cuntré,
That wis till hym in ner degre
Off coſynage, wis wondir blyth
Off hys arywyng; alſwyth
Sped hyr till hym, in full gret hy,
With fourty men in cumpany:
And betaucht thaim all to the KING,
Till help hym in hys werraying.
And he reſawyt thaim in daynté,
And hyr full gretly thankyt he;
And ſperyt tythands off the QUEYNE,
And off hys freynds all bedene,
That he had left in that countré,
Quhen that he put hym to the ſe.
And ſche hym tauld, ſichand full ſar,
How that hys brothyr takyn war

In

In the caſtell off *Kyldrony*,
And deſtroyit ſa welanyſly:
And the Erle of ATHALL alſua.
And how the QUEYNE, and othyr ma,
That till hys party wer heldand,
War tane, and led in *Ingland*,
And put in feloun priſoune.
And how that CRISTOLE off SETOUN
Was ſlayn, gretand ſche tauld the KING,
That ſorowfull wes off that tithing.
And ſaid, quhen he had thocht a thraw,
Thir words, that I ſall yow ſchaw.
"Allace," he ſaid, "for luff off me,
"And for thair mekill lawté,
"Thaiſe nobill men, and thaiſe worthy,
"Ar deſtroyit ſa welanyſly!
"Bot and I leyff in lege powyſté,
"Thar deid rycht weill ſall wengyt be.
"The King the quheyr off *Ingland*
"Thocht that the kynryk off *Scotland*
"Was to litill to thaim, and me,
"Tharfor he will it myn all be.
"Bot off gud CRISTOLE off SETOUN,
"That was off ſa nobill renoun,
"That he ſuld dey war gret pité,
"Bot quhar worſchip myt prowyt be.

Ver. 151. The earl of Athole was executed as a traitor at London. See *Annals*, ii. 14.

Ver. 156. Sir Chriſtopher Seton, who had married the king's ſiſter, was executed at Dumfries. *Ibid.*

The King ſichand thus maid hys mayn;
And the lady hyr leyff has tayne:
And went hyr hame till hyr wennyng.
And fele ſyſs comfort the KING
Bath with ſiluer, and with mete,
Sic as ſche in the land mycht get.

And he oft ryot all the land,
And maid all hys that euir he fand;
And ſyne drew hym till the hycht,
To ſtynt bettir hys fayis mycht.

In all that tyme wis the PERSY,
With a full ſympill cumpany,
In *Turnberyſs* caſtell lyand,
For the King ROBERT ſwa dredand,
That he durſt not iſch furth to fayr
Fra thence to the caſtell off *Ayr*,
That wis then full off *Ingliſmen*;
Bot lay lurkand as in a den.
Till the men off *Northummyrland*
Suld cum armyt, and with ſtrang hand
Conwoy hym till hys cuntré,
For hys ſaynd till thaim ſend he.
And thai in hy aſſemblyt then,
Paſſand, I weyne, a thouſand men;
And aſkyt awiſement thaim amang,
Quheythir that thai ſuld duell or gang,

Bot thai war ſkowurand wondir ſar,
Sa far into *Scotland* for to far.
For a knycht, Schyr GAWTER the LELE,
Said it wis all to gret perill
Sa ner thir ſodjourys to ga.
This ſpek diſcomfort thaim ſwa,
That thai had left all thair wyage,
Na war a knycht off gret corage,
That Schyr ROGER off SAINT IHON hycht,
That thaim comfort with all hys mycht.
And ſik words to thaim gan ſay,
That thai all ſamyn held thair way
Till *Turnbery*, quhar the PERSY
Lap on, and went with thaim in hy
In *Ingland* hys caſtell till,
Forowtyne diſtrowblyne or ill.

Now in *Ingland* is the PERSY,
Quhar I trow he a quhill ſall ly,
Or that he ſchap hym for to fayr
To werray *Carryk* ony mar.
For he wyſt he had na rycht;
And als he dreid the KINGS mycht,
That in *Carryk* wes trawailland,
In the maiſt ſtrenth off the land.

Quhar JAMYS off DOWGLAS, on a day,
Come to the KYNG, and gan hym ſay,
"Schyr, with your leve, I wald ga ſe
"How that thai do in my cuntré;

"And

" And quhow my men demanyt ar.
" For it annoyis me wondir ſar
" That the CLYFFURD, ſa peſabylly,
" Brukys and haldys the ſenyowry,
" That ſuld be myne with all kyn rycht.
" Bot quhill I lyff, and may haiff mycht
" To lede a yowman, or a ſwayne,
" He ſall not bruk it but bargayne."
The KING ſaid, ' Certs I cannot ſe
' How that yow yhet may ſekyr be
' Into that countré for to far,
' Quhar *Ingliſs men* ſa mychty ar;
' And yow wate nocht quha is thy freynd.'
He ſaid, " Schyr, nedways I will wend,
" And tak the auentur God will gyff,
" Quithyr it be to dey or lyff."
The KING ſaid, ' Sen it is ſwa,
' That you ſic yarnyng has to ga,
' Yow ſall paſs furth with my blyſſing.
' And giff the hapnys ony thing
' That anoyis or ſcaithfull be,
' I pray ye ſped ye ſone to me;
' And tak we ſamyn quhateuir may fall.'
" I grante," he ſaid: and tharwithall
He lowtyt; and hys leve has tane.
And towart hys cuntré is he gane.

Now takys JAMES hys wiage
Towart *Dowglas*, hys heritage,

With

With twa yemen, forowtyn ma;
That wis a ſimple ſtuff to ta,
A land or a caſtell to wyn.
The quheyr he yarnyt to begyn
To bring purpoſs till ending;
For gud help is in gud begynnyng.
For gud begynnyng, and hardy,
Giff it be folowit wittily,
May ger oftſyſs unlikly thing
Cum to full conabill ending.
Swa did it her; bot he wis wyſs,
And ſaw he mycht, on na kyn wyſs,
Werray hys fa with ewyn mycht,
Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with ſlycht.
And in *Dowglaſdale*, hys cuntré,
Apon an ęwynnyng entryt he.
And then a man wennyt tharby,
That was off freynds weill mychty,
And rych of moble, and off cateill;
And had bene till hys fadyr leill;
And till hymſelff, in hys youthed,
He haid done mony a thankfull deid.
THOM DICSON wis hys name perfay.
Till hym he ſend; and gan hym pray
That he wald cum all allenarly,
For to ſpek with hym priuely.
And he bot daunger till hym gais;
Bot fra he tauld hym quhat he wais,
He gret for joy, and for pité,
And hym rycht till hys houſs had he.

Quhar

Quhar in a chambre priuely
He held hym, and hys cumpany,
That nane had off hym perſawing.
Off mete, and drink, and othyr thing,
That mycht thaim eyſs, thai had plenté.
Sa wroucht he throw ſutelté,
That all the lele men off that land,
That with hys fadyr war duelland,
This gud man gert cum, ane and ane,
And mak hym manrent euir ilkane,
And he hymſelff fyrſt homage maid.
DOWGLAS in hart gret glaidſchip haid,
That the gud men off hys cuntré
Wald ſwagate till hym bounden be.
He ſperyt the conwyne off the land,
And quha the caſtell had in hand.
And thai hym tauld all halyly;
And ſyne amang thaim priuily
Thai ordanyt, that he ſtill ſuld be
In hiddillis, and in priweté,
Till Palme Sonday, that wis ner hand,
The thrid day eftyr folowand.
For than the folk off that cuntré
Aſſemblyt at the kyrk wald be,
And thai, that in the caſtell wer,
Wald als be thar thair palmys to ber;
As folk that had na dred of ill;
For thai thocht all wis at thair will.
Than ſuld he cum with hys twa men,
Bot, for that men ſuld not hym ken,

He ſuld a mantill haiff auld and bar,
And a flaill, as he a threſcher war.
*Un*dir the mantill not forthy
He ſuld be armyt priuely.
And quhen the men off hys cuntré,
That ſuld all boune befor hym be,
Hys enſonye mycht her hym cry,
Then ſuld, thai full enforcely,
Rycht in the myddys the kirk, aſſaill
The *Ingliſmen* with hard bataill,
Swa that nane mycht eſchaip tharfra;
For tharthrouch trowyt thai to ta
The caſtell, that beſid wis ner.
And quhen thys, that I tell yow her,
Was deuiſyt, and undirtane,
Ilk ane till hys houſs hame is gane;
And held this ſpek in priuity,
Till the day off thair aſſembly.

The folk apon the ſermoun day
Held to Sayint Brids kyrk thair way;

Ver. 317. The cloſe veſt with ſleeves, and mantle or cloke over it, in the Spaniſh faſhion, were long the dreſs of the men in Scotland, poor as well as rich. See *Peblis to the Play*, and other old Scotiſh poems.

Ver. 323. The *enſigny* was the word of war, generally the name of the leader.

Ver. 336. The Iriſh Saint Brigit was much revered in Scotland: and one of the earlieſt churches in the country was dedicated to her. See the *Chronicon Pictorum* in Innes's Eſſay.

Palm-ſunday was the 19th of March, in 1307.

And

And thai that in the caſtell war
Iſchyt owt, bath les and mar,
And went thair palmys for to ber;
Owtane a cuk and a porter.

JAMES off DOWGLAS off thair cummyng,
And quhat thai war, had witting.
And ſped hym till the kyrk in hy;
Bot or he come, to haſtily
Ane off hys cryt, DOWGLAS! DOWGLAS!
THOMAS DICKSON, that nerreſt was
Till thaim that war off the caſtell,
That war all innouth the chancell,
Quhen he DOWGLAS! ſwa hey herd cry,
Drew owt hys ſwerd; and fellely
Ruſchyt amang thaim to and fra;
Bot ane or twa, forowtyn ma,
Then in hy war left lyand,
Quhill DOWGLAS come rycht at hand.
And then enforcyt on thaim the cry;
Bot thai the chanſell ſturdely
Held, and thaim defendyt wele,
Till off thair men wis ſlayne ſum dell.
Bot the DOWGLAS ſwa weill hym bar,
That all the men, that with hym war,
Had comfort off hys weill doying;
And he hym ſparyt na kyn thing,
Bot prowyt ſa hys force in fycht,
That throw hys worſchip, and hys mycht,

Hys

Hys men ſa keynly helpyt than,
That thai the chanſell on thaim wan.
Than dang thai on ſa hardely,
That in ſchort tyme men mycht ſe ly
The twa part dede, or than deand.
The lave war ſeſyt ſone in hand.
Swa that off threty levyt nane,
That thai ne war ſlayne ilkan, or tane.

JAMES off DOWGLAS, quhen this wis done,
The priſoners has he tane alſone;
And, with thaim off hys cumpany,
Towart the caſtell went in hy,
Or noyiſs, or cry, ſuld ryſs.
And for he wald thaim ſone ſurpryſs,
That lewyt in the caſtell war,
Thai war but twa forowtyn mar,
Fyve men, or ſex, befor ſend he,
That ſand all opyn the entré.
And entryt, and the porter tuk
Rycht at the yate, and ſyne the cuk.
With that DOWGLAS come to the yate,
And entryt in, forowtyn debate;
And fand the mete all redy grathit,
With burdys ſet, and clathis layit.
The yhatts then he gert ſper,
And ſat, and eyt all at layſer.
Syne all the guds turſſyt thai,
That thaim thocht thai mycht haiff away.

And

And manly wapnys, and armyng,
Siluer, and treſour, and clethyng;
Wyctallis, that mycht nocht turſyt be,
On this maner deſtroyit he;
All the wictallis owten ſalt,
Als quheyt, and flour, and meill, and malt,
In the wyne ſellar gert he bring;
And ſamyn on the flur all flyng.
And the priſoners that he had tane
Rycht tharin gert he heid ilkane;
Syne off he townnys the heids outſtrak;
A foule mellé thar gane he mak.
For meill, and malt, and blud, and wyne,
Ran all togeddyr in a mellyne,
That wes unſemly for to ſe.
Tharfor the men off that countré
For ſwa fele thar mellyt wer,
Caſlyt it the *Dowglas Lardner*.
Syne tuk he ſalt, as I hard tell,
And ded horſs, and ſorded the well.
And brynt all, outakyn ſtane;
And is forth, with hys mengye, gayne
Till hys reſett; for hym thocht weill,
Giff he had haldyn the caſtell,
It had bene aſſegyt raith;
And that hym thocht to mekill waith.
For he ne had hop off reſkewyng.
And it is to peralous thing

Ver. 403. He daſhed off the tops of the tuns of wine.

In

In caſtell aſſegyt to be,
Quhar want is off thir things thre,
Victaill, or men with thair armyng,
Or than gud hop off reſcuyng.
And for he dred thir things ſuld faile,
He cheſyt furthwart to trawaill,
Quhar he mycht at hys larges be;
And ſwa dryve furth hys deſtané.

On this wyſe wis the caſtell tan,
And ſlayne that war tharin ilkane.
The DOWGLAS ſyne all hys menye
Gert in ſer placis depertyt be;
For men ſuld wyt quhar thai war,
That yeid depertyt her and thar.
Thaim that war wowndyt gert he ly
Intill hiddillis, all priuely;
And gert gud leches till thaim bring,
Quhill that thai war intill heling.
And hymſelff, with a few menye,
Quhile ane, quhile twa, and quhile thre,
And umquhill all hym allane,
In hiddilis throw the land is gane.
Sa dred he *Ingliſs mennhys* mycht,
That he durſt not weile cum in ſycht.
For thai war that tyme all weldand
As maiſt lords, our all the land.

Bot tythands, that ſcals ſone,
Off this deid that DOWGLAS has done,

Come to the CLIFFURD his ere, in hy,
That for his tynſaill was ſary;
And menyt hys men that thai had ſlayne.
And ſyne has to purpoſs tane,
To big the caſtell up agayne.
Tharfor, as man of mekill mayne,
He aſſemblyt gret cumpany,
And till *Dowglas* he went in hy.
And biggyt up the caſtell ſwyth;
And maid it rycht ſtalwart and ſtyth;
And put tharin wictallis, and men.
Ane off the THYRWALLYS then
He left behind hym capitane,
And ſyne till *Ingland* went agayne.

Into *Carryk* yis the KING,
With a full ſymple gadryng;
He paſſyt not TWA HUNDER men.
Bot Schyr EDUUARD, hys brodyr, then
Wes in *Galloway*, weill ner hym by,
With hym ane othyr cumpany,
That held the ſtrenthis off the land.
For thai durſt not yeit tak on hand
Till ourrid the land planly.
For off WALENCE Schyr AMERY
Was intill *Edynburgh* lyand,
That yeit was wardane off the land,

Ver. 463. The eaſtern woods and wilds of Carrick were long the refuge of our hero.

Undirneyth

Undirneyth the *Inglis* King.
And quhen he herd off the cummyng
Off King ROBERT, and hys mengye,
Into *Carryk*; and how that he
Haid ſlayne off the PERSYS men;
Hys cunſaill he aſſemblyt then.
And, with aſſent off hys cunſaill,
He ſent till *Ar*, hym till aſſaill,
Schyr INGRAME BELL, that wis hardy,
And with him a gret cumpany.

And quhen Schyr INGRAME cummyn wis thar,
Hym thocht not ſpeidfull for till far,
Till aſſaile hym into the hycht.
Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with ſlycht;
And lay ſtill in the caſtaill than,
Till he gat ſperyng that a man
Off *Carrik*, that wes ſley and wycht,
And a man als off mekill mycht,
As off the men off that countré
Was to the King ROBERT maiſt priué.
And he that wis his ſib man ner,
And quhen he wald, forowtyn danger,
Mycht to the KINGS preſence ga.
Thar quheyr he, and hys ſonnys twa,
War wonnand ſtill in the cuntré,
For thai wald not perſawyit be,
That thai war ſpeciall to the KING,
Thai maid hym mony tyme warnyng,

Quhen that thai hys tynſaill mycht ſe.
Forthy in thaim affyit he.
Hys name can I not tell perfay.
Bot Ik haiff herd ſyndry men ſay
That he wis the maiſt dowtit man
That in *Carrik* lewyt than.

And quhen Schyr INGRAME gat witting
Forſuth this wis na gabbing,
Eftyr hym in hy he ſent;
And he come at hys cummandment.
Schyr INGRAME, that wis ſley and wiſs,
Tretyt with hym than on ſic wyſs,
That he maid ſekyr undirtaking
By treſoune for to ſlay the KING.
And he ſuld haiff for hys ſeruice,
Giff he fullfillyt thair diuice,
Weill fourty pounds worth off land
Till hym, and till hys ayrs ay laſtand.

The treſoune thus is undirtane;
And he hame till hys houſs is gane,
And wattyt opportunité
For to fullfill hys mawyté.

In gret perill than was the KING,
That off this treſoune wyſt na thing.
For he, that he traiſted maiſt of ane,
Hys dede falſly has undertane:

And

And nane may betreyſs tyttar than he
That man in trowis leawté.
The KING in hym traiſtyt: forthy
He had fullfillyt hys felouny,
Ne war the KING, throw Godds grace,
Gate hale witting off hys purchyace;
And how, and for how mekill land,
He tuk hys ſlauchtyr apon hand.

I wate not quha the warnyng maid;
Bot on all tyme ſic hap he had,
That quhen men ſchup thaim to be baiſs,
He gate witting tharoff alwayis.
And mony tyme, as I herd ſay,
Throw wemen, that he wyth wald play,
That wald tell all that thai mycht her.
And ſwa mycht happyn that it fell her.

Bot quhow that euir it fell, perdé,
I trow he ſall the warrer be.
Not forthy, the tratour ay
Had in hys thocht, bath night and day,
How he mycht beſt bring till ending
Hys treſounabill undertaking.

Ver. 542. Robert was, like Henry IV. of France, of an amorous complection, but even this his prudence turned to his intereſt, whereas Henry's would have ruined his affairs, if he had not been much indebted to fortune. Cæſar is alſo ſaid to have uſed Cupid's bow as a political machine.

Till he unbethinkand hym, at the laſt,
Intill hys hart gan undercaſt,
That the KING had in cuſtome ay
For to ryſs arly ilk day,
And paſs weill far from hys menye,
Quhen he wald paſs to the prewé,
And ſek a cowert hym allane;
Or at the maiſt with hym ane.
Thar thocht he, with hys ſonnys twa,
For to ſurpryſs the KING, and ſla.
And ſyne went to the wod thair way;
Bot yheit off purpoſs failit thai.
And not forthy thai come all thre
In a cowert, that wis priwé,
Quhar the KING oft wis wont to ga,
Hys priwé nedys for to ma.

Thair hid thai thaim till hys cummyng.
And the KING, into the mornyng,
Raiſs quhen that hys liking wes,
And rycht towart that cowert gais,
Quhar liand war the tratours three,
For to do thar hys priueté.
To treſoun tuk he than na heid:
Bot he was wont, quhareuir he yeid,
Hys ſwerd about hys hals to ber;
And that awaillyt hym gretlé ther.

For

Ver. 575. The long two-handed ſword was uſually hung round the neck, as its length forbad any other mode. In battle

For had not God all thing weldand
Sic help intill hys awyne hand,
He had bene dede, withowtyn dreid.
A chamber page thar with hym yeid.
And ſwa, forowtyn falowis ma,
Towart the cowert gan he ga.

Now bot God help the nobill KING,
He is nerhand till hys ending.
For that cowert, that he yeid till,
Wes on the tothyr ſid a hill,
That nane off hys men mycht it ſe.
Thydderwart went hys page and he.
And he cummyn wes in the ſchaw,
He ſaw the thre cum all on raw
Agaynis hym, full ſturdely:
Than till hys boy he ſaid in hy,
" Yon men will ſlay us, and thai may.
" Quhat wapyn has yow?" ' Ha Schyr, perfay,
' I haiff bot a bow, and a wyr.'
" Giff me thaim ſmertly bath." ' A! Schyr,
' How gate will you that I do?'
" Stand on fer and behald us to.
" Giff yow ſeis me abowyn be,
" Yow ſall haiff wappynys gret plenté:
" And giff I dey withdraw yow ſone."
With thir words, forowtyn hone,

battle the ſhield was generally ſuſpended from the neck, that both hands might be uſed in offence.

Ver. 595. A *wyr* is an arrow.

He tite the bow owt off hys hand,
For the tratours wer ner cummand.
The fadyr had a ſwerd bot mar;
The tothyr bath ſwerd and hand ax bar;
The thred a ſwerd had and a ſper.
The King perſawyt, be thair affer,
That all wes as men had hym tauld.
" Traitour," he ſaid, " yow has me ſauld.
" Cum na forthyr; bot hald thee thar.
" I will you cum na farthyr mar.'
' A! Schyr, unbethink yow,' ſaid he,
' How ner that I ſuld to yow be.
' Quha ſuld cum ner yow bot I?'
The KING ſaid, " I will ſekerly
" That yow, at thys tyme, cum not ner;
" Yow may ſay quhat yow will on fer."
Bot he, with fals words flechand,
Was with hys twa ſonnys cummand.
Quhen the KING ſaw he wald not let,
Bot ay come on ſenyeand falſet,
He taiſſyt the wyir, and let it fley,
And hyt the fadyr in the ey,
Till it rycht in the harnys ran,
And he bakwart fell doun rycht than.
The brodyr, that the hand ax bar,
Swa ſaw hys fadyr liand thar,
A gyrd rycht to the King couth he maik,
And with the ax hym ourſtraik.
Bot he, that had hys ſwerd on hycht,
Roucht hym ſic rout, in randoun rycht,

That

That he the hede till the harnyſs claiff,
And dede doun till the erd hym draiff.
The tothyr brodyr, that bar the ſper,
Saw hys brodyr fallin ther,
And with the ſper, as angry man,
With a raiſs till the KING he ran.
Bot the KING, that hym dred ſumthing,
Waytyt the ſper in the cummyng,
And with a wyſk the hed off ſtrak;
And or the tothyr had toyme to tak
Hys ſwerd, the King ſic ſwak him gaiff,
That he the hede till the harnys claiff.

He ruſchyt doun off blud all reid,
And quhen the KING ſaw thai war deid,
All thre lyand, he wepit his brand.
With that hys boy come faſt rynnand,
And ſaid, 'Our Lord mot lowyt be,
'That grauntyt yow mycht and powſté
'To fell the felny, and the prid,
'Off thir thre in ſwa litill tid.'
The KING ſaid, "Sa our Lord me ſe,
"Thai had bene worthy men all thre;
"Had thai not bene full off treſoun:
"Bot that maid thair confuſioun."

THE END OF BUKE V.

THE

THE

BRUCE.

BUKE VI.

ARGUMENT.

The KING *alane be nicht diſconfits twa hundred Galwegians, and kills fourtein.—The poet feiling the miraculous hew of this tale, the onlie ſik in his wark, gies a like enſampil fra Theban ſtorie.—Prais of worſhip or curage.* — DUGLAS *kills* THIRLWALL.—*Schir* AYMER *de* VALLANGE, *and* JOHN *of* LORN, *advaunce again the King, quha retraits, but kills five of* LORN's *men.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE VI.

THE KING is went till hys lodgyng.
And off this deid ſone come tythyng
Till Schyr INGRAME the UMFRAWILL,
That thocht with ſutelté, and with gyle,
Haid all failyeit in that place.
Tharfor anoyit ſwa he was,
That he agayne to *Lothyane*
Till Schyr AMER hys gate has tane.
And till hym tauld all hale the caſs
That tharoff all for wondryt waſs,
How ony man ſa ſodanly
Mycht do ſo gret chewalry,
As did the KING, that tyme allane
Wengeance off thre tratours has tane,
And ſaid, " Certs I may weill ſe
" That it is all certanté
" That Hewyn helpys hardy men:
" As be this deid we may ken.
" War he not outrageouſs hardy
" He had not unabaſytly

" Sa ſmertly ſene hys awantage.
" I drede that hys gret waſſalage,
" And hys trawaill may bring till end
" That at men quhile full litill wend.

Sic ſpeking maid he off the KING.
Quha ay, forowtyn ſojournyng,
Trawaillyt in *Carrik*, her and thar,
His men fra hym ſa ſcalit war,
To purches thair neceſſeté;
And als the countré for to ſe;
That thai left not with hym ſexty.
And quhen the *Gallowaiſs* wyſt ſuthli
That he wis with ſa few mengye,
Thai maid a priwé aſſemblé
Off weill twa hundir men, and ma,
And ſlewth-hunds with thaim gan ta:
For thai thocht hym for to ſurpriſs;
And giff he fled on ony wyſs,
To folow hym with the hunds ſwa,
That he ſuld not eſchaip thaim fra.

Thai ſchup thaim, in an ewynning,
To ſurpryſs ſedanly the KING.
And till hym held thai ſtraucht thair way.
Bot he, that had hys wachis ay
On ilk ſid, off thair cummyng,
Lang or thai come, had wytting:
And how fele that thai mycht be.
Tharfor he thocht, with hys mengye,

To

ıdraw hym out off the place,
nycht weill fallyn was.
· the nycht he thocht that thai
ıt haiff ſicht to hald the way,
ɜ war paſſyt, with hys menye.
he thocht rycht ſwa did he.
ɜnt hym down till a morraſs,
wattyr that rynnand was;
the bog he fand a place
trait; that weill twa bow-drawcht was
wattyr, thai paſſyt haid.
, " Her may ye mak abaid,
reſt yow all a quhill, and ly.
ga wach all priuely,
Ik her oucht off thair cummyng;
giff I may her ony thing
ger warn you, ſa that we
y at our awantage be.

KING now takys hys gate to ga;
th hym tuk he ſergeands twa.
hyr GILBERT DE LE HAY left he
or to reſt with hys menye.

he wattyr he come in hy,
nyt full entently
herd oucht off thair cummyng:
ɜit mocht he her na thing.
g the wattyr than yeid he
hyr ſid gret quanteté,

And

And ſaw the brayis hey ſtandand,
The wattyr how throw ſlik rynnand:
And fand na furd that men mycht paſs,
Bot quhar hymſelwys paſſit was.
And ſwa ſtrait wes the upcummyng,
That twa men mycht not ſamyn thring,
Na on na maner preſs thaim ſwa,
That thai togyddir mycht lang to ga.

And quhen he a langir quhill had bene thar,
He herknyt, and herd as it war
A hund's queſtionyng on fer,
That ay come till hym ner and ner.
He ſtude ſtill, for till herkyn mar,
And ay the langer he wis thar,
He herd it ner and ner cummand;
Bot he thocht he thar ſtill wald ſtand,
Till that he herd mar takynnyng.
Than, for a hund's queſtiounyng,
He wald not wakyn hys menye.
Tharfor he wald abid, and ſe
Quhat folk thai war; and quhethir thai
Held towart hym the rycht way;
Or paſſyt ane othyr way fer by.
The moyne wis ſchynand clerly;
Sa lang he ſtude, that he mycht her
The noyis off thaim that cummand wer.

Ver. 87. A hound's *queſting* is the eager yell he utters, when in *queſt* of his prey.

Then

Then hys twa men in hy ſend he
To warne, and wakyn hys menye.
And thai ar furth thair wayis gane;
And he left than all hym allane.
And ſwa ſtude he herknand,
Till that he ſaw cum at hys hand
The hale rout, intill full gret hy.
Than he unbethocht hym haſtily
Giff he held towart hys menye,
That, or he mycht reparyt be,
Thai ſuld be paſſit the furd ilkane.
And than behuffyt he choſs ane
Off thir twa, othyr to fley or dey.
Bot hys hart, that wes ſtout and hey,
Conſaillyt hym hym allane to bid,
And kep thaim at the furds ſid;
And defend weill the upcummyng;
Sen he wes warnyſt off armyng,
That he thair arowys hurt not dreid.
And giff he war off gret manheid,
He mycht ſtunay thaim euirlkane,
Sen thai ne mycht cum bot ane and ane.
And did rycht as hys hart hym bad.
Strang outrageouſs curage he had,
Quhen he ſa ſtoutly, him allane,
For litill ſtrenth off erd, has tane
To fecht with twa hunder and ma!
Tharwith he to the furd gan ga.

And thai, apon the tothyr party,
That ſaw hym ſtand thar anyrly,
Thrangand intill the wattyr rad,
For off hym littill dout thai had;
And raid till hym, in full gret hy.
He ſmate the fyrſt ſa wygoruſly
With hys ſper, that rycht ſcharp ſchar,
Till he doun till the erd hym bar.
The lave come then, intill a randoun,
Bot hys horſs, that wes born down,
Combryt thaim the upgang to ta.
And quhen the KING ſaw it wis ſwa,
He ſtekyt the horſs, and he gan flyng,
And ſyne fell at the upcummyng.

The laiff with that come with a ſchout;
And he, that ſtalwart wes and ſtout,
Met thaim rycht ſtoutly at the bra;
And ſa gud payment gan thaim ma,
That fyveſum in the furd he ſlew.
The lave then ſumdele thaim withdrew,
That dred hys ſtrakys wondre ſar,
For he in na thing thaim forbar.

Then ſaid ane, "Certs we ar to blame,
"Quhat ſall we ſay quhen we cum hame,
"Quhen a man fechts agayne us all?
"Quha wyſt euir men ſa foully fall
"As we, giff that we thus gat leve?"
With that all haile a ſchout thai geve;

And

And cryit, "On hym! he may not laſt!"
With that thai preſſyt hym ſa faſt,
That had he not the better bene,
He had bene dede withowtyn wen.
Bot he ſa gret defence gan mak,
That quhar he hyt ewyn a ſtrak,
Thar mycht na thing agayn ſtand.
In litill ſpace he left liand
Sa fele, that the upcummyn wes then
Dyttyt with ſlayn horſs and men.
Swa that hys ſayis, for that ſtopping,
Mycht not cum to the upcummyng.

A! der God! quha had then bene by,
And ſene how he, ſa hardyly,
Addreſſyt hym againe thaim all,
I wate weill that thai ſuld hym call
The beſt that levyt in hys day.
And giff I the ſuth ſall ſay,
I herd neuir in na tyme gane
Ane ſtynt ſa mony hym allane.

Suth is quhen to ETHIOCLES
Fra hys brodyr POLNICES
Was

Ver. 179. The author, ſenſible that the ſtory he has juſt told has more the air of fable than any other incident of his work, attempts to vindicate it, by giving us a ſimilar exploit of Tydeus, from the Thebais of Statius, lib. ii. Statius was a favourite poet both with our author and with Chaucer, who, in his Houſe of Fame, puts Statius before Homer.

Was ſend THEDEUS in meſſage,
To aſk haly the heritage
Off *Thebes* till hald for a yer.
For thai twynis off a byrth wer,
Thai ſtrave, for ayther king wald be;
Bot the barnage off thair countré
Gert thaim aſſent on this maner,
That the tane ſuld be king a yer;
And then the toythir, and hys menye,
Suld not be fundyn in the toune,
Quhill the fyrſt brodyr regnand wer.
Syne ſuld the tothyr regne a yer;
And then the fyrſt leve the land,
Quhill the tothyr war regnand.
Thus ay a yer ſuld regne the tane;
The tothyr a yer fra that war gane.

To aſk halding off this aſſent
Wis THEDEUS to *Thebes* ſent.
And ſwa ſpak for POLNICES,
That off *Thebes* ETHIOCLES
Bad hys conſtabill with hym ta
Men armyt weill, and furth ga,

A better apology would have been that the panoply of a knight gave him vaſt advantage over a multitude ſlightly armed. When an army of French peaſants aroſe againſt the nobles, it is well known how few knights defeated them.

Ver. 190. This line rimes not, except by ſounding the final *e*. Editions read better:

Suld not be found in that countrie.

To

To met THEDEUS in the way,
And ſlay hym but langer delay.

The conſtabill hys way is gane,
And nine and fourty with hym tane,
Swa that he with thaim maid fyfty.
Intill the ewennyng, priuely,
Thai ſet enbuſchement in the way,
Quhar THEDEUS behowyt away
Betwix ane hey crag and the ſe.
And he, that off thair mawyté
Wyſt na thing, hys way has tane,
And towart gret bargane is gane.
And as he raid into the nycht,
Sa ſaw he, with the monys lycht,
Schynnyng off ſcheldys gret plenté;
And had wondre quhat it mycht be.
With that all hale thai gaiff a cry,
And he, that hard ſa ſuddanly
Sic noyis, ſum dele affrayit was.
Bot in ſchort tyme he till hym taes
His ſpyryts, full hardely;
For hys gentill hart, and worthy,
Aſſuryt hym into that nede.
Then with the ſpurs he ſtrak the ſted,
And ruſchyt in amang thaim all.
The fyrſt he met he gert hym fall;
And ſyne hys ſwerd he ſwappyt out,
And roucht about hym mony rout,

And ſlew ſex-ſum full ſone, and ma;
Than under hym hys horſs thai ſlaw.
And he fell; but he ſmertly raiſs,
And ſtrykand rowen about hym maiſs;
And ſlew off thaim a quantité.
Bot wowndyt wondre ſar was he.

With that a litill rod he fand,
Up towart the crag ſtrekand;
Thyddir went he, in full gret hy,
Defendand hym full douchtely,
Till in the crag he clam ſumdell;
And fand a place encloſyt weill,
Quhar nane bot ane mycht hym aſſaill.
Thar ſtud he, and gaiff thaim bataill;
And thai aſſaylyt euir ilkane;
And oft fell, quhen that he ſlew ane,
As he doun to the erd wald dryve,
He wald ber doun weill four or fyve.
Thar ſtud he, and defendyt ſwa,
Till he had ſlayne thaim half, and ma.
A gret ſtane then by hym ſaw he,
That throw gret a mawyté,
Wes lowſyt redy for to fall.
And quhen he ſaw thaim cummand all,
He tumblyt doun on thaim the ſtane;
And aucht men thar with it has ſlayne,
And ſwa ſtonayit the remanand,
That thai war weill ner retreand.

Then

Then wald he priſone hald na mar,
Bot on thaim ran with ſuerd all bar.
And hewyt, and ſlew, with all hys mayn,
Till he has nine and fourty ſlayn.

The conſtabill ſyne gan he ta,
And gert hym ſwer, that he ſuld ga
Till King ETHEOCLES, and tell
The awentur that thaim befell.
THEDEUS bar hym douchtyly
That hym allane ourcome fyfty.

Ye, that this redys, cheyſs ye,
Quhethyr that mar ſuld pryſit be
The KING, that, with awiſement,
Undirtuk ſic hardyment
As for to ſtynt, hym ane, bot fer,
The folk that twa hunder wer;
Or THEDEUS that ſuddanly,
For thai had raiſſyt on hym the cry,
Throw hardyment that he had tane,
Wane fyfty men all hym allane.
Thai did thair deid baith on the nycht;
And faucht bath with the mone lycht.
Bot the KING diſcomfyt ma;
And THEDEUS then ma gan ſla.
Now demys quhethyr mar lowing
Suld THEDEUS haiff, or the KING.

In this manner, that Ik haiff tauld,
The KING, that ſtout wis and bauld,
Wis fechtand on the furd's ſyd,
Giffand and takand rowts reid.
Till he ſic martyrdom thar has maid,
That he the furd all ſtoppyt haid,
That nane off thaim mycht till hym rid;
Thaim thocht than foly for to byd;
And halely the flycht gan ta,
And went hamwarts quhar thai come fra.
For the KINGS men, with the cry,
Walknyt full affrayitly,
And come to ſek the lord thair KING.
The *Galloway-men* hard thair cummyng;
And fled, and durſt abid na mar.
The KINGS men, that dredand war
For thair lord, full ſpedyly
Come to the furd; and ſone in hy
Thai fand the KING ſyttand allane,
That off hys baſſynet has tane,
To awent hym, for he wis hate.
Then ſperyt thai at hym off his ſtate;
And he tauld thaim all haill the caſs,
Howgate that he aſſailyt was;
And how that God hym helpyt ſwa,
That he eſchapit hale thaim fra.

Then lukyt thai how fele war ded,
And thai fand lyand in that ſted
Fourtene,

Fourtene, that war ſlayne with hys hand.
Then louyt thai God faſt, all weildand,
That thai thair lord fand hale and fer.
And ſaid thaim byrd on na maner
Dred thair fayis, ſen thair chyftane
Wis off ſic hart, and off ſic mayne,
That he for thaim had undertane
With ſwa fele for to fecht allane.

Sic words ſpak thai off the KING.
And for hys hey undertaking
Ferlyit, and yarnyt hym for to ſe,
That with hym ay wes wont to be.

A! quhat worſchip is perfyt thing!
For it mayſs men till haiff loving,
Giff it be folowit ythenly.
Bot pryce off worſchip not forthy
Is hard to wyn. For gret trewaill,
Oft to defend, and oft aſſaill,
And to be in thair deds wyſs,
Gers men off worſchip wyn the pryſs.
And may na man haiff worthyhed,
Bot he haiff wyt to ſter hys deid;
And ſe, quhat is to leve or ta.
Worſchip extremyteys has twa.
Fule-hardyment the formoſt is,
And the tothyr is cowartyſs.
And thai ar bath for to forſak.
Fule-hardyment all will undertak,

Als weill things to leve as ta.
And cowardyſs dois nathing ſwa;
Bot utterly forſakis all.
Bot that war wondir for to fall,
Na war faute off diſcretioun.
For this has worſchip ſic renoun,
That it is mene betwixt thais twa,
And takys that is till underta;
And levys that is to leve. For it
Has ſa gret warniſhing off wyt,
That it all perills weile gan ſe,
And all awantage that may be.
I wald till hardyment hald haly,
With this away war foly;
For hardyment with foly is wice.
Bot hardyment that mellyt is
With wyt, is worſchip; ay perdé,
For, bot wyt, worſchip may not be.

This nobill KING, that we off red,
Mellyt all tyme with wyt manheid.
That may men by this mellé ſe;
Hys wyt ſchawyt hym the ſtrait entré
Off the furd, and the uſchyng alſua,
That, as hym thocht, wis hard to ta
Apon a man, that war worthy.
Tharfor hys hardyment haſtily
Thocht it mycht be weill undretane,
Sen at anys mycht aſſaill bot ane.

Thus hardyment gouernyt with wyt,
That he all tyme wald ſamyn knyt,
Gert hym off worſchip haiff the pryce;
And oft ourcum hys ennymyis.

The KING in *Carrik* duellyt ay ſtill:
Hys men aſſemblyt faſt hym till,
That in the land war trewailland,
Quhen thai off this deid herd tithand.
For thai thair ure wald with hym ta,
Gyff that he eft war aſſaylyt ſwa.

Bot yeit the JAMES off DOWGLAS
In *Dowglaſdaile* trawailland was,
Or ellys weill ner hand tharby,
In hyddillys ſumdeill priuely.
For he wald ſe hys gouerning,
That had the caſtell in keping.
And gert mak mony juperty,
To ſe quhethyr he wald iſche blythly.
And quhen he perſawyt that he
Wald blythly iſche with hys menye;
He maid a gadring priuely
Off thaim that war on hys party;
That war ſa fele, that thai durſt fycht
With THYRWALL, and all the mycht
Off thaim that in the caſtell war.
He ſchupe in the nycht to far
To *Sandylands:* and ner tharby
He hym enbuſchyt priuely,

And

And ſend a few a trane to ma;
That ſone in the mornyng gan ga,
And tuk catell, that wis the caſtell by,
And ſyne withdrew thaim haſtily
Towart thaim that enbuſchit war.
Than THYRWALL, forowtyn mar,
Gert arme hys men, forowtyn baid;
And iſchyt with all the men he haid:
And folowyt faſt eftir the cry.
He wis armyt at poynt clenly,
Owtyn hys hede was bar:
Than, with the men that with hym war,
The catell folowit he gud ſpeid,
Rycht as a man that had na dreid;
Till that he gat off thaim a ſycht.
Than prekyt thai with all thair mycht,
Folowand thaim owt off aray;
And thai ſped thaim fleand, quhill thai
Forby thair buſchement war paſt:
And THYRWALL ay chaſſyt faſt,
And than thai that enbuſchyt war
Iſchyt till hym, bath les and mar,
And rayſſyt ſudanly the cry.
And thai that ſaw ſa ſudandly
That folk come egyrly prikand
Rycht betwix thaim and thair warand,
Thai war into full gret effray.
And, for thai war owt off aray,
Sum off thaim fled, and ſum abad.
And DOWGLAS, that thar with hym had

A gret

A gret menye, full egrely
Aſſaylyt, and ſcalyt thaim haſtily:
And in ſchort tyme ourraid thaim a,
That wiele nane eſchapyt thaim fra.

THYRWALL, that wis thair capitane,
Wis thar in the bargane ſlayne:
And off hys men the maiſt party.
The lave fled full effrayitly.

DOWGLAS hys menye faſt gan chaſs;
And the flears thair wayis tays
Till the caſtell, in full gret hy,
The formaſt entryt ſpedyly.
Bot the chaſſers ſped thaim ſa faſt,
That thai ourtuk ſum off the laſt,
And thaim forowtyn mercy gan ſla.
And quhen thai off the caſtell ſwa
Saw thaim ſla off thair men thaim by,
Thai ſparyt the yatts haſtily;
And in hy to the wallis rane.
JAMES off DOWGLAS' menye than
Seſyt weill haſtily in hand
That thai about the caſtell fand;
To thair reſett then went thair way.
Thus iſchyt THYRWALL that day.

Quhen THYRWALL on this maner
Had iſchit, as I tell yow her,

JAMES

JAMES off DOWGLAS, and hys men,
Buſkit thaim all ſamyn then,
And went thair way towart the KING
In gret hy; for thai herd tithing
That off WALENCE Schyr AMERY,
With a full gret chewalry,
Baith off *Scotts* and *Ingliſs men*,
With gret felny war redy then
Aſſemblyt for to ſek the KING,
That wis that tyme with hys gadring,
In *Cumnok*, quhar it ſtraitaſt was.
Thyddir then went JAMES off DOWGLAS;
And wis rycht welcum to the KING.
And quhen he had tauld that tithing,
How that Schyr AYMER wis cummand
For till hunt hym owt off the land
With hund and horne, rycht as he war
A woulff, a theyff, or theyffs fer.
Than ſaid the KING, "It may weill fall,
"Thoch he cum, and hys power all,
"We ſall abid in this cuntré;
"And giff he cummys we ſall hym ſe."

The KING ſpak apon this maner.
And off WALENCE Schyr AYMER
Aſſemblyt a gret cumpany
Off nobill men, and off worthy,

Ver. 463. Cumnock caſtle and village are in the moſt eaſtern part of Ayr-ſhire, near the head of the river Nith.

Ver. 476. About the month of April 1307.

Off

Off *Ingland*, and off *Lowthiane*.
And he has alſua with hym tane
IHONE off LORNE, and all hys mycht:
That had off worthy men, and wycht,
With hym aucht hundir men, and ma.
A ſlouth hund had he thar alſua,
Sa gud that change wald for nathing.
And ſum men ſayis yeit, that the KING
As a traytour hym noryſt had,
And ſa mekill off hym he maid,
That hys awyn hands wald hym feid.
He folowit hym quhareuir he yeid;
Sa that the hund hym folowit ſwa,
That he wald part na wyſs hym fra.
Bot how that IHON off LORN hym had,
Ik herd never mentioun be mad.
Bot men ſayis it wis certane thing
That he had hym in hys ſeſing;
And throw hym thocht the KING to ta;
For he wyſt he hym luffyt ſwa,
That fra that he mycht anys fele
The KINGS ſent, he wyſt rycht weill
That he wald chaung it for na thing.
Thus IHON of LORNE hattyt the KING
For IHON CUMMYN hys emys ſak.
Mycht he hym aythir ſla, or tak,
He wald not pryſs hys lyff a ſtra,
Sa that he wengeance off hym mycht ta.

The

The wardane then, Schyr AMERY,
With this IHONE in cumpany,
And othyrs of gud renoun alſua,
THOMAS RANDELL wis ane off tha,
Come intill *Cumnok* to ſek the KING,
That wis weill war off thair cumming.
And wis up in the ſtrenthys then,
And with hym weill four hundir men.
Hys brodyr that tyme with hym was,
And alſua JAMES off DOWGLAS.
Schyr AMERYS rowte he ſaw,
That held the plane ay, and the law;
And in hale bataill always raid.
The KING, that na ſuppoſyn had
That thai war ma than he ſaw thar,
To thaim, and nothyr ellys quhar,
Had ey; and wrocht unwittily.
For IHON of LORNE full ſutelly
Behind thocht to ſuppryſs the KING.
Tharfor, with all hys gadring,
Aboute ane hill held the way,
And held hym into cowert ay;
Till he ſa ner cum to the KING,
Or he perſawit hys cumming,
That he wis cummyn on hym weill ner.
The tothyr oſt, and Schyr AYMER,

Ver. 510. Afterward the celebrated earl of Moray. He was the king's nephew; but in the Engliſh intereſt, and his bitter enemy for ſome time after he was taken priſoner, fighting for his uncle's cauſe, in the battle of Methven.

Preſſyt

Preſſyt apon the tothyr party.
The KING was in gret japerty,
That wis on athyr ſid umbeſet
With fayis, that to ſla hym thret.
And the leyſt party off the twa
Was ſtarkar than he, and ma.

And quhen he ſaw thaim preſs hym to,
He thocht in hy quhat wis to do;
And ſaid, " Lords, we haiff na mycht,
" As at thys tyme to ſtand and fycht.
" Tharfor departs we in thre,
" All ſall not ſa aſſailyit be:
" And in thre parts hald our way."
Syne till hys priwé folk gan he ſay,
Betwix thaim into priueté,
In quhat ſted thair repayr ſuld be.

With that thair gate all ar thai gane,
And in thre parts thair way has tane.
IHONE off LORNE come to the place,
Fra quhar the KING departyt was.
And in hys trace the hund he ſet,
That then, forowtyn langer let,
Held ewyn the way eftir the KING,
Rycht as he had off hym knawing.
And left the tothyr partyſs twa,
As he na kep to thaim wald ta.
And quhen the KING ſaw hys cummyng,
Eftir his rowte intill a ling,

He thocht thai knew that it was he:
Tharfor he bad till hys menye
Yeit then in thre depertyt thaim ſone;
And thai did ſwa forowtyn hone;
And held thair way in thre partyſs.
The hund did thar ſa gret maiſtrys,
That held ay forowtyn changing,
Eftre the rowte quhar wes the KING.

And quhen the KING had ſene thaim ſwa
All in a rowte eftir hym ga,
The way, and folow nocht hys men,
He had a gret perſawyng then
That thai knew hym. For this in hy
He bad hys men rycht haſtily
Scaile; and ilk ane hald hys way
All hymſelff; and ſwa did thai.
Ilk man a ſundry gate is gane.
And the KING with hym has tane
Hys foſtyr brodyr, forowtyn ma,
And ſamyn held thar thai twa.

The hund folowyt alwayis the KING,
And changyt for na deperting;
Bot ay folowit the KINGS trace,
Bot waweryng, as he paſſyt was.
And quhen that IHON off LORNE ſaw
The hund eftre hym draw,
And folow ſtrak eftre thir twa,
He knew the KING wis ane off tha.

And

And bad fyve off hys cumpany,
That war rycht wycht men and hardy,
And als of fute ſpediaſt war,
Off all that in thair rowte war,
Ryn eftre hym, and hym ourta,
And lat hym nawyſs paſs thaim fra.

And fra thai had herd the bydding,
Thai held thair way eftre the KING.
And folowyt hym ſa ſpedely,
That thai hym weill ſone gan ourhy.
The KING, that ſaw thaim cummand ner,
Wis anoyit in gret maner,
For he thocht, giff thai war worthy,
Thai mycht hym trawaille and tarry,
And hald hym ſwa gate tariand,
Till the remanand com at hand.
Bot had he dred but anerly
Thaim fyve, I trow all ſekyrly
He ſuld haiff had na mekill dred.
And till hys falow, as he yeid,
He ſaid, "Thir fyve ar faſt cummand:
"Thai ar weill ner now at owr hand.
"Sa is thar ony help at the?
"For we ſall ſone aſſaillyt be.'
'Ya Schyr,' he ſaid, 'all that I may.'
"Yow ſayis weill," ſaid the KING, "perfay.
"I ſe thaim cummand till us ner.
"I will na forthyr, bot rycht her

" I will byd, quhill it I am in aynd,
" And ſe quhat force that thai can ſaynd."

The KING than ſtud full ſturdyly,
And the fyve-ſum, in full gret hy
Come, with gret ſchor and manaſſing.
Then thre off thaim went to the KING;
And till hys man the tothyr twa,
With ſwerd in hand gan ſtoutly ga.
The KING met thaim that till hym ſocht;
And till the fyrſt ſic rowte he roucht,
That er and chek doune in the hals
He ſchar, and off the ſchuldrs als.
He ruſhyt doun all diſyly.
The twa that ſaw ſa ſudanly
Thair falow fall, effrayit war,
And ſtert a litill owyr mar.
The KING with that blenkit hym by,
And ſaw the twa-ſome ſturdily
Agane hys man gret mellé ma.
With that he left hys awyn twa,
And till thaim that faucht with hys man
A loup rycht lychtly maid he than;
And ſmate the hed off the tane.
To mete hys awne ſyne is he gane.
Thai cum on hym full ſturdely:
He met the fyrſt ſa egrely,
That with the ſwerd that ſcharply ſchar,
The arme fra the body he bar.

Quhat

Quhat ſtrakys thai gaiff I cannot tell,
Bot to the KING ſa fayr befell,
That thoch he trewaill had and payne,
He off hys ſa men four has ſlayne.
Hys foſter brodyr thareftir ſone
The fyrſt owt off dawys has done.

And when the KING ſaw that all fyve
War, in this wyſs, brocht owt of lyve,
Till hys falow than gan he ſay,
" Yow has helpyt weill, perfay."
' It likys yow to ſay ſwa,' ſaid he:
' Bot the gret pairt to yow tak ye,
' That ſlew four off the fyve, yow ane.'
The KING ſaid, " As the glew is gane,
" Better than yow I mycht it do,
" For Ik had mar layſer tharto.
" For the twa felowys, that delt with the,
" Quhen thai ſaw me aſſailyit with three,
" Off me rycht na kyn dout thai had;
" For thai wend I ſa ſtraytly war ſtad.
" And for this that thai dred me noucht,
" Noy thaim forout the mar I moucht."

With that the KING lukyt hym by,
And ſaw off LORNE the cumpany

Ver. 650. To *do out of days* is to kill, as we ſay *to cut off his days.*

Weill ner, with the ſlouth hund cumand.
Than till a wod, that wis ner hand,
He went with his falow in hy.
God ſayff thaim for hys gret mercy!

THE END OF BUKE VI.

THE

THE
BRUCE

BUKE VII.

ARGUMENT.

The KING *eſcapis to a wod.* — *Adventure of the thrie thieves.*—DOUGLAS *finds the* KING *in a hut.* — *With ane hundred and fiftie men thai diſconſit part of Schir* AYMER'S *hoſt.* — *The* KING *kills thrie men*—*defeats Schir* AYMER *at Glentrule; after quhilk ſucceſs attended him.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE VII.

THE KING towart the wod is gane,
Wery for ſwayt, and will off wane.
Intill the wod ſone entryt he;
And held doune towart a walé,
Quhar, throw the woid, a wattir ran;
Thydder in gret hy wend he than,
And begouth for to reſt hym thar:
And ſaid he mycht ne forther mar.
His man ſaid, 'Schyr it may not be;
'Abyd ye her, ye ſall ſone ſe
'Fyve hunder, yarnand yow to ſlaw;
'And thai ar fele aganys us twa.
'And, ſen we may not dele with mycht,
'Help us all that we may with ſlycht.'
The KING ſaid, "Sen that yow will ſwa,
"Ga furth, and I ſall with ye ga.
"Bot I haiff herd oftymys ſay,
"That quha enlang a wattir ay,
"Wald waid a bow-draucht, he ſuld ger
"Bathe the ſlouth hund, and hys leder,

" Tyne the ſlench men gret hym ta.
" Prowe we giff it will now do ſa.
" For war yond diwiliſs hund away,
" I roucht not off the lave perfay."

As he dewiſyt thai haiff doyn;
And entryt in the wattir ſone;
And held down endlang thair way:
And ſyne to the land yeid thai,
And held thair way, as thai did er.
And IHON of LORNE, with gret affer,
Come with hys route, rycht to the place,
Quhar that hys fyve men ſlayne was.
He menyt thaim quhen he thaim ſaw;
And ſaid, eftre a litill thraw,
That he ſuld wenge thair bloude.
Bot othyrwyſs the gamyn yowde.
Thar wald he mak na mar duelling;
Bot furth in hy folowit the KING,
Rycht to the burn thai paſſyt war.
Bot the ſlouth hund maid ſtynting thar;
And waweryt lang tyme, ta and fra,
That he na certane gate couth ga.
Till at the laſt, that IHON of LORNE
Perſawit the hund the ſlouth had lorne:
And ſaid, " We haiff tynt this trawaill.
" To paſs forther may nocht awaill.
" For the woid is bath braid and wyd,
" And he is weill fer by this tyd.

" Th

"Tharfor is gud we turn agayne,
"And wayſte na mar trawaill in wayne."
With that relyt he hys mengé;
And hys way to the oſt tuk he.

Thus eſchapyt the nobill KING.
Bot ſum men ſayis this eſchaping
Apon an othyr maner fell,
Than throw the wading. For thai tell
That the KING a gud archer had;
And quhen hys Lord he ſaw ſua ſtad,
That he wis left ſa anerly,
He ran on ſyd allwayis hym by,
Till he into the woude wis gane.
Than ſaid he, till himſelff allane,
That he a reſt rycht thar wald ma,
To luk giff he the hund mycht ſla.
For giff the hund mycht leſt in lyve,
He wyſt rycht weill that thai wald dryve
The KINGS trace, till thai hym ta.
Than wyſt he weill tha wald hym ſla.
And for he wald hys Lord ſuccur,
He put hys lyff in awentur.
And ſtud intill a buſk lurkand,
Till that the hund come to hys hand;
And with an arow ſone hym ſlew;
And throw the woud ſyne hym withdrew.
Bot quithyr this eſchaping fell
As I tauld fyrſt, or now I tell,

I wate

I wate weill, without leſing,
That at the burn eſchapit the KING.

The KING has furth hys wayis tane.
And IHON of LORNE agayne is gane
To Schir AYMER, that fra the chace
With hys men then repayryt was,
That ſped litill thair chaſſing;
Thocht that thai maid gret folowing,
Full egrely, thai wan bot ſmall.
Thair fayis ner eſchapyt all.
Men ſayis Schyr THOMAS RANDELL than,
Chaſſand, the KINGS baner wan.
Quharthrow in *Ingland* with the King
He had rycht gret price and lowing.

Quhen the chaſſers relyit war,
And IHON of LORNE had met thaim thar,
He tauld Schyr AYMER all the caſe
How that the KING eſchapyt waſe.
And how that he hys fyve men ſlew,
And ſyne to the wode hym drew.
Quhen Schyr AMYR herd this, in hy
He ſanyt hym, for the ferly:
And ſaid, "He is gretly to pryſs;
"For I knaw nane that lyffand is,
"That at myſcheyff gan help hym ſwa:
"I trow he ſuld be hard to ſla,
"And he war bodyn ewenly."
On this wyſs ſpak Schyr AMERY.

And

And the gud KING held forth hys way,
Betwix hym and hys man, quhill thai
Paſſyt owt throw the foreſt war;
Syne in the more thai entryt thar.
It wis bathe hey, and lang, and braid;
And or thai halff it paſſyt had,
Thai ſaw on ſyd thre men cummand,
Lik to lycht men and wawerand.
Swerds thai had, and axys als;
And ane of thaim, apon hys hals,
A mekill boundyn wyddir bar.
Thai met the KING, and haliſt hym thar.
And the KING thaim thair halſying yauld;
And aſkyt quithyr thai wauld?
Thai ſaid, ROBERT the BRUYSS thai ſoucht;
For mete with hym giff that thai moucht,
Thair duelling with hym wald thai ma.
The KING ſaid, "Giff that ye will ſwa,
"Haldys furth your way with me,
"And I ſall ger yow ſone hym ſe."

Thai perſawit, be hys ſpeking,
That he wis the ſelwyn ROBERT King.
And changyt cuntenance, and late;
And held noucht in the fyrſt ſtate.

Ver. 127. *Late* is geſture. *Lait, geſtus.* Iſl.
And laſſes licht of *laittis.* Chriſt's Kirk.

For

For thai war fayis to the KING,
And thoucht to cum into ſkulking;
And duell with hym, quhill that thai ſaw
Thair poynt, and bring hym tharoff daw.
Thai grantyt till hys ſpek forthy.
Bot the KING, that wis witty,
Perſawit weill, be thair hawing,
That thai luffyt hym nathing.
And ſaid, " Falowis you mon, all three,
" Forthyr aqwent till that we be,
" All be your ſelwyn furth ga.
" And on the ſamyn wyſs we twa
" Sall folow behind, weill ner."
Quoth thai, ' Schyr it is na miſter
' To trow in us ony ill.'
" Nane do I," ſaid he; " bot I will,
" That yhe ga fourth thus, quhill we
" Better with othyr knawin be."
' We graunt,' thai ſaid, ' ſen ye will ſwa.'
And forth apon thair gate gan ga.

Thus yeid thai till the nycht wis ner.
And than the formaſt cummand wer
Till a waiſt houſband houſs; and thar
Thai ſlew the weythir that thai bar.
And ſtrak fyr for to roſt thair mete;
And aſkyt the KING giff he wald ete,
And reſt hym till the mete war dycht.
The KING, that hungry was, Ik hycht,

Aſſentyt

Aſſentyt till thair ſpek in hy,
Bot he ſaid he wald anerly
At a fyr; and thai all thre
On na wyſs with thaim tillgyddre be.
In the end of the houſs thai ſuld ma
Ane othyr fyr: and thai dyd ſwa.
Thai drew thaim in the houſs end,
And halff the weythir till hym ſend.
And thai roſtyt in hy thair mete;
And fell rycht freſchly for till ete.
For the King weill lang faſtyt had;
And had rycht mekill trawaill maid:
Tharfor he eyt full egrely.
And quhen he had etyn haſtily,
He had to ſlep ſa mekill will,
That he moucht ſet na let thartill.
For quhen the wanys fillyt ar,
Men worthys hewy euirmar;
And to ſlep drawys hewynes.
The KING, that all for trawaillit was,
Saw that hym worthyt ſlep nedways;
Till hys foſtyr brodyr he ſayis,
"May I traiſt in the, me to waik,
"Till Ik a litill ſleping tak?"

Ver. 158. Editions read,

But he ſaid he would alanerly
Betwixt him and his fellow be
At a fire; and they all three, &c.

The meaning is, that he and his man would have a fire betwixt them, to themſelves.

'Ya Schyr,' he ſaid, 'till I may drey.'
The KING then wynkyt a litill wey;
And ſlepyt not full entrely;
Bot gliſſnyt up oft ſedanly.
For he had dreid off thaiſe thre men,
That at the tothyr fyr war then.
That thai hys fayis war he wyſt;
Tharfor he ſlepyt, as foule on twyſt.

The KING ſlepyt bot a litill than,
Quhen ſic ſlep fell on his man,
That he mycht not hald up hys ey,
Bot fell in ſlep, and rowtyt hey.
Now is the KING in gret perille:
For ſlep he ſwa a litill quhile,
He ſall be ded, ſorowtyn dreid.
For the thre tratours tuk gud heid,
That he on ſlep wis, and hys man:
In full gret hy thai raiſs up than,
And drew thair ſuerds haſtily;
And went towart the KING in hy,
Quhen that thai ſaw hym ſlepe ſwa,
And ſlepand thocht thai wald hym ſla.
The KING upblinkit haſtily,
And ſaw hys man ſlepand hym by,
And ſaw cummand the tothyr thre.
Deliuerly on fute gat he;
And drew hys ſwerd owt, and thaim mete.
And as he yeide hys fute he ſet

Apon

Apon hys man, weill hewily.
He waknyt, and raiſs diſsly:
For the ſlep maiſtryt hym ſwa,
That or he gat up ane off tha,
That come for to ſlaw the KING,
Gaiff hym a ſtrak in hys ryſing,
Swa that he mycht help hym na mar.
The KING ſa ſtraitly ſtad was thar,
That he wis neuir yheit ſa ſtad.
Ne war the armyng that he had,
He had bene dede, forowtyn wer.
Bot not forthy on ſic maner
He helpyt hym, in that bargane,
That the thre tratours he has ſlane,
Throw Godds grace, and hys manheid.
Hys foſtyr brodyr thar wis deid.
Then wis he wondre will off wayne,
Quhen he ſaw hym left allane.
Hys foſtyr brodyr menyt he;
And waryit all the tothyr thre.
And ſyne hys way tuk hym allane,
And rycht towart hys tryſt is gane.

The KING went furth way, and angrely;
Menand hys man full tendrely.
And held hys way, all hym allane,
And rycht towart the houſs is gan,
Quhar he ſet tryſt to meit hys men;
It wis weill in with nycht be then.

He come ſone in the houſs, and fand
The houſswyff on the benk ſittand,
That aſkyt hym quhat he was,
And quhence he come, and quhar he gas.
« A trawailland man, dame," ſaid he,
« That trawaillys her throw the cuntré."
She ſaid, ‘ All that trewailland er,
‘ For ANE hys ſak, ar welcum her.’
The KING ſaid, « Gud dame quhat is HE,
« That gers yow haiff ſik ſpecialté
« To men that trawaillis?" ‘ Schyr, perfay,’
Quoth the gud wyff, ‘ I ſall yow ſay;
‘ The KING, ROBERT the BRUYSS, is he,
‘ That is rycht lord off this cuntré.
‘ Hys fayis now hald hym in thrang;
‘ Bot I think to ſe or echt lang,
‘ Hym lord and KING our all the land,
‘ That na fayis ſall hym withſtand.’
« Dame, luff yow hym ſa weill?" ſaid he.
‘ Ya Schyr,’ ſaid ſche, ‘ ſa God me ſe!’
« Dame," ſaid he, « lo hym her yow by;
« For Ik am he, I ſay the ſoithly."
‘ Ha!’ ſaid the dame, ‘ and quhar ar gane
‘ Your men, quhen yow ar thus allane?’
« At this tyme, dame, Ik haiff na ma."
Sche ſaid, ‘ It may na wyſs be ſwa.
‘ Ik haiff twa ſonnys, wycht and hardy;
‘ Thai ſall becum yowr men in hy.’

As ſche deuiſit thai haiff done.
Hys ſuorne men become thai ſone.
The wyff ſyne gert hym ſyt, and ete.
Bot he has ſchort quhill at the mete
Syttyn, quhen he hard gret ſtamping
Abowt the houſs. Then, but letting
Thai ſtert up, the houſs for to defende.
Bot ſone eftre the KING has kend
JAMES off DOWGLAS: then wis he blyth,
And baid oppyn the durs ſwyth:
And thai cum in, all that thar war.
Schyr EDUUARD the BRUCE wis thar;
And JAMES alſua off DOWGLAS,
That wis eſchapyt fra the chace,
And with the KINGS brothyr met.
Syne to the traiſt that thaim was ſet
Thai ſped thaim, with thair cumpany,
That war ANE HUNDIR and weill FYFTY.

And quhen that thai haiff ſene the KING,
Thai war joyfull off thair meting.
And aſkyt how that he eſchapyt was?
And he thaim tauld all hale the caſs;
How the fyve men hym preſſyt faſt,
And how he throw the wattir paſt;
And how he met the thewis thre,
And how he ſlepand ſlane ſuld be,

Ver. 272. The narration is abrupt. Douglas ſurely ſpoke before the king knew him.

Quhen he waknyt, throw Godds grace;
And how hys foſtyr brodyr was
Slayne; he tauld thaim all haly.
Than lowyt thai God communly,
That thair lord wis eſchapyt ſwa.
Than ſpak thai words, ta and fra,
Till at the laſt the KING gan ſay,
" Fortoun us trawaillyt faſt to day,
" That ſcalyt us ſa ſedanly.
" Our fayis to nycht ſall ly traiſtly,
" Bot wachys, tak thair eſe and ly.
" Quharfor, quha knew thair herbery,
" And wald cum on thaim ſedanly,
" With few mengye, men mycht thaim ſcaith,
" And eſchaip forowtyn waith."
' Perfay,' quoth JAMES off DOWGLAS,
' As I come hyddyrwart, per caſs
' I come ſa ner thair herbery,
' That I can bring quhar thai ly.
' And wald yow ſpeid yow yheit or day
' It may ſwa happyn, that we may
' Do thaim a greter ſcaith weile ſone
' Than thai us all day has done.
' For thai ly ſcalyt, as thaim left.'
Than thoucht thaim all it wes the beſt
To ſpeid thaim to thaim haſtily.
And thai did ſwa in full gret hy,
And come on thaim, in the dawing,
Rycht as the day begouth to ſpring.

Sa fell it that a cumpany
Had in a toune tayn thair herbery,
Weile fra the oſt a myle, or mar.
Men ſaid that thai twa hundir war.
Thar aſſemblyt the nobill KING.
And ſone eftre thair aſſembling
Thai that ſlepand aſſayllyt war,
Rycht hidwyſly gan cry, and rar;
And other ſum, that herd the cry,
Raiſs ſa rycht effrayitly,
That ſum off thaim nakit war,
Fleand to warand, her and thar;
And ſum hys armys with hym drew.
And thai forowtyn mercy thaim ſlew.
And ſa crwyll wengeance gan ta,
That the twa parts of thaim, and ma,
War ſlayne, rycht in that ilk ſted.
Till thair oſt the remanand fled.

The oiſt that hard the noyis and cry,
And ſaw thair men ſa wrechytly,
Sum nakit, fleand her and thar,
Sum all hale, ſum wawndyt ſar;
Into full gret effray thai raiſs,
And ilk man till hys baner gayis.
Swa that the oyſt wes all on ſter.
The KING, and thai that with hym wer,
Quhen on ſter the oyſt ſaw ſwa,
Towart thair warand gan thai ga.

And thar in ſaweté come thai.
And quhen Schyr AYMER herd ſay
How that the KING thair men had ſlayne;
And how thai turnyt war agayne;
He ſaid, 'Now may we clerly ſe
'That nobill hart, quhar euir it be,
'It is hard till ourcum with mayſtry.
'For quhar an hart is rycht worthy
'Agayne ſtoutnes it is ay ſtout.
'Na, as I trow, thar may na dowte
'Ger it all owt diſcomfyt be,
'Quhill body lewand is and fre.
'As be this mellé may be ſene.
'We wend ROBERT the BRUCE had bene
'Swa diſcumfyt, that be gud ſkill
'He ſuld neuir haiff haid hart, ne will,
'Swilk juparty to underta.
'For he put was at undre ſwa
'That he was left all hym allane,
'And all hys folk war fra hym gayn.
'And he ſa gat ſor trawaillyt,
'To put thaim off that hym aſſailyt,
'That he ſuld haiff yarnyt reſting
'This nycht, atour all othyr thing.
'Bot hys hart fillyt is off bounté,
'Swa that it wencuſyt may not be.'

On this wyſs ſpak Schyr AMERY.
And quhen thai off hys cumpany

Saw

Saw how thai trawaillyt had in wayn,
And how the KING thair men had ſlayn,
And that hys men wes gane all fre;
Thaim thocht it was a niceté,
For to mak thar longer duelling,
Sen thai mycht not anoy the KING.
And ſaid ſua to Schyr AMERY;
That unbethocht hym haſtely
That he to *Carlele* wald ga,
A quhill tharin ſojourn ma,
And haiff hys ſpyis on the KING,
To knaw alwayis hys cuntenyng.
And quhen that hys poynt mycht ſe,
He thocht that, with a gret menye,
He ſuld ſchute apon hym ſedanly.
Tharfor, with all hys cumpany,
Till *Ingland* he the way has tane,
And ilk man till hys houſs is gane.

In hy till *Carlele* went is he.
And tharin thinkis for till be,
Till he hys poynt ſaw off the KING;
Quha then with all hys gadring
Wis in *Carryk*, quhar he was wont,
He wald went with hys men till hunt,

Sa happynyt that, on a day,
He went till hunt, for till aſſay

Ver. 379. *Niceté* is folly, perhaps from the French *niais*. The meſſage was not *nice*. Shak. Rom. and Jul.

Quhat gamyn wis in that cuntré.
And ſwa hapnyt that day that he
By a woud-ſyd to hunt is gane,
With hys twa hundys hym allane.
Bot he hys ſuerd ay with hym bar.
He had but ſchort quhill ſittyn thar,
Quhen he ſaw fra the woud cumand
Thre men, with bowys in thair hand,
That towart hym come ſpedely.
And he that perſawyt that in hy,
Be thair affer and thair hawing,
That thai luffyt hym na kyn thing;
He raiſs, and hys leyſche till hym drew he,
And leyte hys hunds gan all fre.

God help the KING now, for hys mycht!
For bot he now be wyſs and wycht,
He ſall be ſet in mekill preſs.
For thir thre men, forowtyn leſs,
War hys fayis all uterly.
And wachyt hym ſa beſyly,
To ſe quhen thai wengeance mycht tak
Off the KING, for IHON CUMYN his ſak.

And thai thocht than thai leyſur had;
And, ſen he hym allane wes ſtad,
In hy thai thocht thai ſuld hym ſla.
And giff that thai mycht chewyſs ſa,
Fra that thai the KING had ſlayne,
That thai mycht wyn the woud agayn,

Hys

Hys men thaim thocht thai ſuld not dreid.
In hy towart the KING thai yeid,
And bent thair bowys, quhen thai war ner;
And he, that dred on gret maner
Thair arowys, for he nakyt was,
In hy a ſpekyng to thaim maes.
And ſaid, " Yow oucht to ſchame, pardé,
" Sen Ik am ane, and yow ar thre,
" For to ſchute at me apon ſer.
" Bot had ye hardyment to cum ner,
" And with your ſuerds till aſſay,
" Wyn me apon ſik wyſs giff ye may,
" Ye ſall weill owte mar preſyt be."
' Perfay,' quoth ane then off the thre,
' Sall na man ſay we dreid ye ſwa,
' That we with arowys ſall ye ſla.'

With that thair bowys away thai keſt,
And come on faſt, but langer freſt.
The KING thaim mete full hardyly,
And ſmate the fyrſt ſa wigoruſly,
That he fell dede doun on the gren.
And quhen the KINGS hund has ſene
Thaiſe men aſſaillie hys maiſter ſwa;
He lap till ane, and gan hym ta
Rycht be the nek, full ſturdely,
Till top our tale he gert hym ly.
And the KING, that hys ſuerd oute had,
Saw he ſa fayr ſuccur hym maid,

Or he that fallyn wis mycht ryſs,
He hym aſſaillyt on ſik wyſs,
That he the bak ſtrak ewyn in twa.
The thryd, that ſaw hys falowis ſwa,
Forowtyn recowering, be ſlayne,
Tuk to the wode hys way agayne.
Bot the KING folowit ſpedyly;
And als the hund, that wes hym by,
Quhen he the man ſaw fle hym fra,
Schot till hym ſone, and gan hym ta
Rycht be the nek, and till hym dreuch.
And the KING, that wis ner eneuch,
In hys ryſſing ſik rowt hym gaff,
That ſtane dede to the erd he draff.

The KINGS men war than ner,
Quhen that thai ſaw, on ſik maner,
The KING aſſailyt ſa ſedanly,
Thai ſped thaim towart hym in hy.
And aſkyt how that caſs befell?
And he all haly gan thaim tell,
How thai aſſailyt hym all thre.
'Perfay,' quoth thai, 'we may weill ſe
'That it is hard till undertak
'Sic melling with yow to mak,
'That ſa ſmertly has ſlayn thir thre,
'Forowtyn hurt.' "Perfay," ſaid he,
"God, and my hund, has ſlayn the twa,
"The thryd eſchapyt nocht alſua;

" Thair treſoun cumbryt thaim perfay,
" For rycht wycht men all thre war thai."

Quhen that the KING, throw Godds grace,
On this maner eſchapyt was,
He blew hys horne, and then in hy
Hys gud men till hym gan rely.
Than hamwarts buſkyt he to far,
For that day wald he hunt ne mar.

In *Glentruell* a quhill he lay;
And went weill oft to hunt and play,
For to purcheſs thaim veneſoun,
For than der war in ſeſoun.

In all that tyme Schyr AMERY,
With nobill men in cumpany,
Lay in *Carlele*, hys poynt to ſe.
And quhen he hard the certanté,
That in *Glentruell* wis the KING,
And went till hunt, and till playing,
He thoucht, with hys chewalry,
To cum apon hym ſedanly.

Ver. 502. The wood of Glentrule is in the eaſtern part of Ayrſhire.

Sir Aymer de Vallange, earl of Pembroke, advanced to encounter Bruce in June 1307, as would ſeem. The death of Edward, 7 July, appears to have been one cauſe that his meaſures became embarraſſed, and unſucceſsful.

And

And fra *Carlele* on nychts ryd;
And in cowert on dayis byd.
And ſwa gate, with ſyk tranenting,
He thoucht he ſuld ſurpryſs the KING.
He aſſemblyt a gret mengye
Off folk off full gret renouné,
Bath off *Scotts* and *Inglis men*.
Thair way all famyn held thai then,
And raid on nycht ſwa priuely,
Till thai come in a wod, ner by
Glentruele, quhar logyt wis the KING,
That wyſt rycht nocht off thair cumming.

Into gret perille now is he,
For bot God, throw hys gret powſté,
Save hym, he ſall be ſlayne or tane,
For thai war ſex quhar he wis ane.

Quhen Schyr AMERY, as Ik haiff tauld,
With hys men, that war ſtout and bauld,
War cummyn ſwa ner the KING, that thai
War bot a myle fra hym away;
He tuk awiſement with hys men,
On quhat maner thai ſuld do then.
For he ſaid thaim that the KING was
Logyt into ſa ſtrayt a place,
That horſs-men mycht not hym aſſaile.
And giff fute-men gaiff hym bataille,
He ſuld be hard to wyn, giff he
Off thair cummyn may wittyt be.

[a] Tharfor

'Tharfor I rede all priuely
'We ſend a woman, hym to ſpey,
'That powerly arrayit be.
'Sche may aſk mete per cheryté;
'And ſe thair cowyn halily,
'And apon quhat maner thai ly.
'The quhill we, and owr menye,
'Cummand owt throw the wod may be
'On fute, all armyt as we ar.
'May we do ſwa, that we cum thar
'On thaim, or thai wyt our cummyng,
'We ſall find in thaim na ſturting.'

This cunſaill thocht thaim wis to beſt.
Then ſend thai furth, bot langer freſt,
The woman, that ſuld be thair ſpy.
And ſche her way gan hald in hy
Rycht to the loge quhar the KING,
That had na dred off ſurpryſſing,
Yeid unarmyt, mery and blyth.
The woman has he ſene alſwyth.
He ſaw hyr uncouth; and forthy
He beheld her mar entrely.
And be hyr cuntenance hym thocht
That for gud cummyn was ſche nocht.

Then gert he men in hy hyr ta.
And ſche, that dred men ſuld hyr ſla,
Tauld how that Schyr AMERY,
With the CLYFFURD in cumpany,

With

With the flour off *Northummyrland*,
War cummand on thaim at thair hand.

Quhen that the KING herd that tithing,
He armyt hym, bot mar duelling.
Sa did thai all that euir was thar;
Syne in a ſop aſſemblyt ar.
I trow thai war THRE HUNDER ner.
And quhen thai all aſſemblyt wer,
The KING hys baner gert diſplay,
And ſet hys men in gud aray:
Bot thai had ſtandyn bot a thraw
Rycht at thair hand quhen that thai ſaw
Thair fayis, throw the wod cummand,
Armyt on fute, with ſper in hand;
That ſped thaim full enforcely.
The noyis begouth ſone, and the cry.
For the gud KING, that formaſt was,
Suttély towart hys fayis gayſs,
And hynt owt off a manys hand,
That ner beſid hym was gangand,
A bow, and ane arow braid als;
And hyt the formaſt in the hals,
Till thropill and weſand yeid in twa,
And he doun till the erd gan ga.

The laiff with that maid a ſtopping.
Than, bot mar bad, the nobill KING
Hynt fra hys baneour hys baner;
And ſaid, "Apon thaim! for thai ar
"Diſcomfyt

"Diſcomfyt all!" With that word
He ſwappyt ſwyftly owt hys ſwerd,
And on thaim ran ſa hardely,
That all thai off hys cumpany
Tuk hardyment off hys gud deid.
For ſum, that fryſt thair wayis yeid,
Agayne come to the fycht in hy,
And mete thair fayis wigoruſly;
That all the formaſt ruſchyt war.
And thai that war hendermar
Saw that the formaſt left the ſted,
Thai turnyt ſone thair bak, and fled.
And owt off the wod thaim withdrew.
The KING a few men off thaim ſlew,
For thai rycht ſone thair gate gan ga.
It diſcomfortyt thaim al ſua
That the KING, with hys mengye, was
All armyt to defend that place,
That thai wend, throw thair trawenting,
Till haiff wonyn, forowtyn fychting.
That thai effrayit war ſedanly;
And he thaim foucht ſa angrely,
That thai in full gret hy agayne
Owt off the wod, rane to the playne:
For thaim faillyt off thair entent.
Thai war that tyme ſa foully ſchent,
That fyften hunder men, and ma,
With a few mengye war rebotyt ſwa,
That thai withdrew thaim ſchamfully.
Tharfor amang thaim ſedanly

Thar raiſs debate, and gret diſtance,
Ilk ane wyte othyr off thair myſchance.
CLYFFURD and WAUSS maid a mellé,
Quhar CLYFFURD roucht hym routs thré.
And aythir ſyne drew till partyſs.
Bot Schyr AMER, that wis wyſs,
Departyt thaim with mekill payn.
And went till *Ingland* hame agayn.
He wyſt, fra ſtryff raſs thaim amang,
He ſuld thaim not held ſamyn lang,
Forowtyn debate or mellé;
Tharfor till *Ingland* turnyt he.
With mar ſchame than he went off town;
Quhen ſa mony, off ſic renoun,
Saw ſa few men bid thaim bataill,
Quhar thai ne war hardy till aſſaill.

Ver. 632. The expreſſion bears a proverbial appearance; the *town* may be Carlile.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE BRUCE;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF ROBERT I. KING OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN SCOTISH VERSE

By JOHN BARBOUR.

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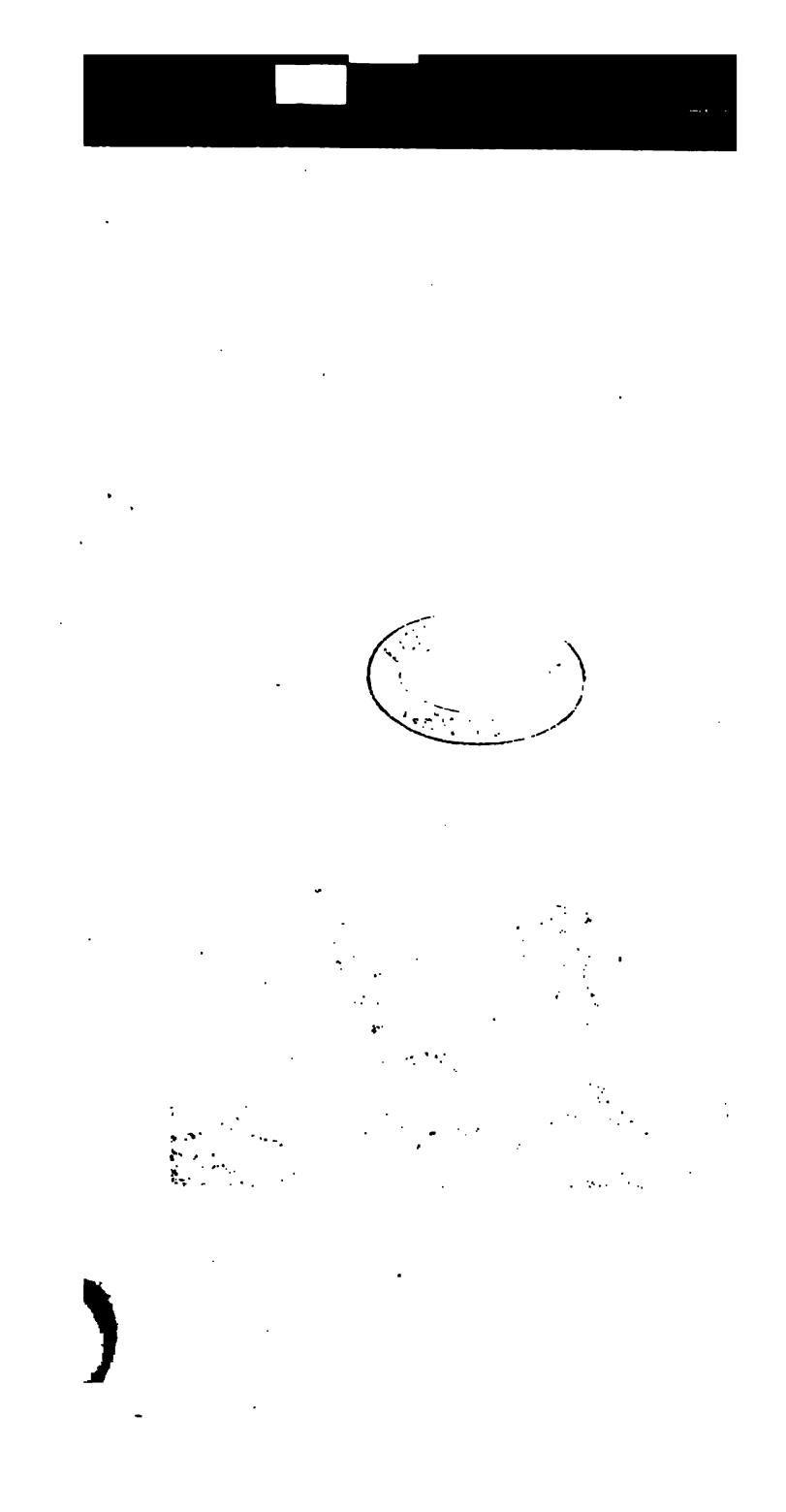

THE

BRUCE.

BUKE VIII.

ARGUMENT.

Thilk, and the twa followand bukes, contein the conqueſt of hale Scotland be King ROBERT.—DOWGLAS *diſconfits* MOUBRAY.—*The Kyng agayn defeits Schir* AYMER *at Loudoun hill—and ganging North, levis* DOUGLAS *to win the ſuth of Scotland.—Dedis of* DOUGLAS.—*Taking of Lanark caſtel.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE VIII.

THE KING, fra Schyr AYMER wis gane,
Gadryt hys menye euirilkane;
And left bath wodds and muntanys,
And held hys way ſtrak till the planys.
For he wald fayne that end war maid
Off that, that he begunnyn haid:
And he wyſt weill he mycht not bring
It to gud end, bot trawailling.
To *Kyle* went he fryſt; and that land
He maid all till hym obeyſand:
The men maiſt force come till hys peſs.
Syne eftirwart, or he wald ſeſs,
Off *Conyngayme* the maiſt party
He gert hold till hys ſenyowry.

In *Boithweill* then Schyr AYMER was,
That in hys hart gret angre has
For thaim off *Cunnyngame* and *Kyle*,
That war obeyſand till hym quhile,

Ver. 1. May, 1307.
Ver. 15. Bothwell caſtle on the Clyde, Lanarkſhire.

Left *Inglis* mennys fewté:
Tharoff fayne wengyt wald he be.
And ſend PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
With a thouſand, as Ik herd ſay,
Off men, that war in hys leding,
To *Kyle*, for to werray the KING.

Bot JAMES off DOWGLAS, all that tid,
Had ſpyis owt on ilka ſid,
Wyſt off thair cummyng; and that thai
Wald hald doune *Makyrnochs way*.
He tuk with hym, all priuely,
Thaim that war off hys cumpany,
That war fourty, forowtyn ma.
Syne till a ſtrait place gan he ga,
That is in *Makyrnocks way*,
The *Nethir-ford* it hat perfay.
It lyis betwix marraiſs twa;
Quhar that na horſs on lyve may ga.
On the ſouth halff, quhar JAMES was,
Is ane upgang, a narow paſs:
And on the north halff is the way
Sa ill, as it appers to day.

DOWGLAS, with thaim he wyth hym had,
Enbuſchyt hym, and then abad.
He mycht weill fer ſe thair cummyng:
Bot thai mycht ſe off hym nathing:
Thai baid in buſchment all the nycht.
And quhen the ſone wis ſchynand brycht,

Thai

Thai ſaw in batailling cum arayit,
The waward, with baner diſplayit:
And ſyne ſone the remanand
Thai ſaw, weill ner behind cummand.
Than held thai thaim ſtill, and priuy,
Till the formaſt off that mengye
War entryt in the ford, thaim by.
Than ſchot thai on thaim with a cry;
And with wapnys, that ſcharply ſchar,
Sum in the ford thai bakwart bar:
And ſum, with armys barblyt braid,
Sa gret martyrdome on thaim has maid,
That thai gan draw to woyd the place.
Bot byhind thaim ſa ſtoppyt was
The way, that thai faſt mycht not fle;
And that gert mony off thaim de.
For thai on na wyſs mycht away
Bot as thai come, but giff that thai
Wald throw thair fayis hald thair gate:
Bot that way thoucht thaim all to hat.
Thair fayis met thaim ſa ſturdyly,
And cuntenyt the fycht ſa hardely,
That thai ſa dredand war, that thai
That fyrſt mycht fle, fyrſt fled away.
And the rerward ſaw thaim ſwa
Diſcumfyt, and thair wayis ga;
Thai fled on fer, and held thair way.
Bot Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
That with the formaſt ridand was,
That entryt wis in the place,

Quhen that he ſaw how he was ſtad,
Throw the gret worſchip that he had,
With ſpurs he ſtrak the ſteid off pryce;
And, magre all hys ennymys,
Throw the thikkeſt off thaim he raid.
And but challance eſchapyt had;
Ne war a knycht hym by the brand:
Bot the gud ſteid, that wald not ſtand,
Lanſyt furth deliuerly.
Bot the tothyr ſa ſtalwartly
Held the belt that braiſt off the brand,
And ſuerd and belt left in hys hand.
And he bot ſuerd hys wayis raid,
Weill otowth thaim: and thar abaid,
And beheld how that hys mengye fled,
And how hys fayis clengyt the ſteid,
That war betwix hym and hys men.
Tharfor furth the wayis tuk he then
To *Kylmarnok*, and *Kilwynnyne*,
And till *Ardroſſane* eſtre ſyne.
Syne throw the *Largs*, hym allane,
Till *Ennyrkyp* the way has tane,
Rycht to the caſtell, that wis then
Stuffyt all with *Ingliſs men*;
That hym reſaffyt in daynté.
And fra thai wyſt how gat that he
Sa fer had rydin, hym allane,
Throw thaim that war hys fayis ilkane,
Thai pryſſyt hym full gretumly,
And lovyt faſt hys chewalry.

Schyr

Schyr PHILIP thus eſchapyt was.
And DOWGLAS, that wis in the place,
Quhar he ſexty has ſlayne, and ma;
The layff fouly thair gate gan ga,
And fled to *Bothweille* hame agayne.
Quhar Schyr AYMER wis na thing fayne,
Quhen he herd tell on that maner
That hys mengye diſcomfyt wer.

Bot quhen the King ROBERT was tauld
How that the DOWGLAS, that wis bauld,
Wencuſſyt ſa fele with few mengye,
Rycht joyfull in hys hart wes he.
And all hys mengye cumfortyt war:
For thaim thocht weill, bath les and mar,
That thai ſuld leſs thair fayis dreid,
Sen thair purpoſs ſa with thaim yeid.

The KING lay in *Galſtoun*,
That is rycht ewyn anent *Lowdoun*;
And till hys pes tuk the cuntré.
Quhen Schyr AYMER, and hys menye,
Hard how he rayayt the land,
And how that nane durſt hym withſtand;
He wis intill hys hart angry,
And with ane off hys cumpany
He ſend hym word, and ſaid, giff he
Durſt hym into the plannys ſe,

Ver. 123. Galſtoun and Loudon are in the north-eaſt part of Air-ſhire.

He ſuld, the tent day of May,
Cum under *Lowdoun hill* away.
And giff that he wald meyt hym thar,
He ſaid hys worſchip ſuld be mar,
And mar be turnyt in nobill ay,
To wyne hym in the playne away,
With hard dints, and ewyn fechting,
Than to do fer mar with ſkulking.

The KING, that hard hys meſſengyr,
Had diſpyt apon gret maner,
That Schyr AYMER ſpak ſa hoyly:
Tharfor he anſueryt iruſly;
And to the meſſengyr ſaid he,
'Say to thy Lord, giff that I be
'In lyff, he ſall me ſe that day
'Weyle ner; giff he dar hald the way
'That he has ſaid for ſekyrly.
'Be *Lowdoun hill* mete hym ſall I.'

The meſſengyr, bot mar abaid,
Till hys maiſter the wayis raid:
And hys anſuer hym tauld alſwyth.
Quharoff he was bath glaid and blyth.
For he thocht, throw hys mekill mycht,
Giff the KING durſt cum to fycht,
That throw the gret chewalry,
That ſuld be in hys cumpany,
He ſuld ſwa ourcum the KING,
That thar ſuld be na recowering.

And the KING, on the tothyr party,
That was all wyſs and awerty,
Raid for to ſe, and cheiſs the place,
And ſaw the hey-gate liand was
Apon a fayr feild, ewyn and dry;
Bot apon aythir ſid tharby
Wes a gret moſs, mekill and braid,
Bot fra the way wes, quhar men raid,
A bow-draucht weille on ayther ſid.
And that place thocht hym all ſo wid
Till abyd men, that horſyt war.
Tharfor three dykys our thuort he ſchar,
Fra baith the moſſes to the way:
That war ſa fer fra oythir, that thai
War yiwyn a bow-draucht and mar.
Sa how and hey the dykys war,
That men mycht not, bot mekill payn,
Paſs thaim, thouch nane war thaim agayn.
Bot ſloppys in the way left he,
Sa large, and off ſic quantité,
That fyve hunder mycht ſamyn rid
In at the ſloppys, ſid be ſid.
Thar thoucht he bataill for to bid,
And bargayne thaim; for he na dreid
Had that thai ſuld ony ſid aſſaille;
Na yeit behind giff thaim bataille.
And befor thocht hym weill that he
Suld fra thair mycht defendyt be.

Ver. 172. *Dykes* are ditches. In Scotland that name is now improperly given to walls.

Thre

Thre dep dykys he gert thar ma;
For giff he durſt not weill ourta
To mete that the fyrſt, that he
Suld haiff the tothyr on hys powſté;
Be than the thrid, giff it war ſwa
That thai had paſſyt the tothyr twa.

On this wyſs hym ordanys he.
And ſyne aſſemblyt hys mengye,
That war SAX HUNDER fechtand men,
Bot rangale, that was with hym then,
That war as feile as thai, or ma.
With all that mengye gan he ga
The ewyn, or that the bataill ſuld be,
Till *litill Lowdoun*, quhar that he
Wald abyd to ſe thair cummyng.
Syne with the men off hys leding
He thocht to ſped hym ſwa, that he
Suld at the dyke befor thaim be.

Schyr AYMER, on the tothyr party,
Gadryt ſwa gret chewalry,
That he mycht be THRE THOUSAND ner,
Armyt and dycht on gud maner.

Ver. 198. This term *rangale* Barbour uſes, in one or two other paſſages, for that uſeleſs rabble which attends an army. Gawin Douglas ſpells it *rangald*.

Ver. 207. That Bruce defeated Sir Aymer de Vallange, earl of Pembroke, at Loudon-hill, appears from the Engliſh hiſtorians Matthew of Weſtminſter, and Trivet. See *Annals*, ii. 20.

Than,

Than, as a man of gret noblay,
He held towart hys triſt hys way,
Quhen the ſet day cummyn was;
He ſped hym faſt towart the place
That he nemyt for to fycht.
The ſun wis ryſſyn ſchinand brycht,
That ſchawyt on the ſchelds brade.
In twa eſchels ordanyt he had
The folk, that he had in leding.
The KING, weill ſone in the morning,
Saw fyrſt cummand thair fyrſt eſchele,
Arrayit ſarrally, and weill.
And at thair bak, ſum deill ner hand,
He ſaw the tothyr followand.
Thair baſſynetts burnyſt all brycht
Agayn the ſon glemand off lycht:
Thair ſpers, pennonys, and thair ſchelds,
Off lycht enlumynyt all the felds:
Thair beſt and browdyn wes brycht baner,
And horſs hewyt on ſer maner;
And cot armours off ſer colowrs,
And hawbreks, that war quhyt as flours,

Maid

Ver. 218. An *eſchel* is a diviſion of an army, arranged in ſome particular manner; but its form I cannot find.

Ver. 225. This deſcription has conſiderable merit. Barbour, as appears from ſeveral paſſages, was far from being inſenſible of the

Pride, pomp, and circumſtance, of glorious war.

Ver. 232. The hauberk was a coat of mail, made with interwoven rings, ſo as to ply to the body and motions.

It

Maid thaim glitrand, as thai war lyk
To angelys hey off hewynys ryk.

The KING ſaid, 'Lords, now ye ſe
'How yon men, throw thair gret poweſté,
'Wald, and thai mycht fullfill thair will,
'Sla us, and makys ſembland thartill.
'And ſen we knaw thair felny,
'Ga we mete thaim ſa hardily,
'That the ſtowteſt off thair mengye,
'Off owr meting abayſit be.
'For giff the formaſt egrely
'Be met, ye ſall ſee ſedanly
'The hindmaiſt ſall abayſit be.
'And thouch that thai be mar than we,
'That ſuld abayſs us litill thing.
'For quhen we cum to the fechting,
'Thar may mete us na mar than we.
'Tharfor, lordings, ilk ane ſuld be
'Off us worthy off gret walour,
'For to maynetayne her our honour.
'Think quhat gladſchip us abyds,
'Giff that we may, as weill betyds,
'Haiff victour off owr fayis her.
'For thar is nane then, fer na ner,
'In all thys land that us char doute.'
Then ſaid thai all, that ſtud aboute,

It was not unknown to the Greeks and Romans; and continued in uſe, it is believed, as long as any mail.

"Schyr,

"Schyr, gyff God will, we ſall ſa do,
"That na reprow ſall fall tharto."
'Now ga we furth then!' ſaid the KING,
'Quhar he, that maid off nocht all thing,
'Lede us, and ſaiff us, for hys mycht,
'And help us for till hald owr rycht!'

With that thai held thair way in hy,
Weill ſex hunder in cumpany,
Stalwart and ſtout, worthy and wycht;
Bot thai war all to few, Ik hycht,
Again ſa fele to ſtand a ſtour,
Ne war thair utrageouſs walour.

Now gais the nobill KING hys way,
Rycht ſtoutly, and in gud aray.
And to the formaſt dyke is gane;
And in the ſlop the feld has tane.
The cariage, and the powyr all
That war not worth in the bataill,
Behynd hym levyt he all ſtill,
Syttand all ſamyn on the hill.

Schyr AYMER the KING has ſene,
With hys men, that war cant and kene,
Come to the playne, doune fra the hyll,
As he thocht in full gud will
For to defende or to aſſaille,
Giff ony wald bid hym bataill.

Tharfor

Tharfor hys men comfortyt he,
And bad thaim wycht and worthy be;
For giff that thai mycht wynne the KING,
And haiff victour off hys fechting,
Thai ſuld rycht weill rewardyt be;
And ek gretly thair renouné.

With that thai war weill ner the KING;
And he left hys amoneſſing,
And gert trump to the aſſemblé.
And the formoſt off hys mengye
Enbraſyt with the ſchelds braid,
And rycht ſarraly togydder raid,
With heid ſtoupand, and ſpers ſtraucht,
Rycht to the KING thair wayis raucht.
That mete thaim with ſa gret wigour,
That the beſt, and off the maiſt walour,
War laid at erd at thair meting.
Quhar men mycht her ſic a breking
Off ſpers, that to fruſchyt war;
And the woundyt ſa cry and rar;
That it anoyis wes to her.
For thai, that fyrſt aſſemblyt wer,
Swyngyt, and faucht full ſturdely.
The noyis begouth than, and the cry.

A mychty God! quha thar had bene,
And had the KING's worſchip ſene,
And hys brothyr, that was hym by,
That ſtonyit thaim ſa hardely,

That

That thair gud deid, and thair bounté,
Gaiff gret comfort to thair mengye;
And how DOWGLAS ſa manlily
Comfortyt thaim, that war hym by;
He ſuld weill ſay, that thai had will
To wyn honour, and cum thartill.

The KING's men ſa worthy war,
That with ſpers, that ſcharply ſchar,
Thai ſtekyt men, and ſteds baith,
Till rede blud ran off wounds raith.
The horſs that woundyt war gan fling,
And ruſchyt thair folk in thair flynging;
Swa that thai that the formaſt war
War ſcalyt in ſoppys, her and thar.
The KING ſaw thaim ruſchyt ſwa,
And ſaw thaim reland to and fra;
Ran apon thaim ſa egrely,
And dang on thaim ſa hardely,
That fele gart off hys fayis fall.
The feld wis ner coweryt all
Bath with ſlane horſs, and with men.
For the gud KING thar folowyt then,
With fyve hunder that wappnys bar,
That wald thair fayis nathing ſpar.
Thai dang on thaim ſa hardely,
That, in ſchort tyme, men mycht ſe ly
At erd an hunder, and weill mar.
The remanand ſa fleyit war,

That thai begouth thaim to withdraw.
And quhen thai off the rerward ſaw
Thair waward be ſa diſcomfyt,
Thai fled forowtyn mar reſpyt.

And quhen Schyr AYMER has ſene
Hys men fleand haly beden,
Wyt ye weill hym wis full way.
Bot he moucht not ammonyſs ſway,
That ony for hym wald turn agane.
And quhen he ſaw he tynt hys payne,
He turnyt hys bridill for to ga:
For the gud KING thaim preſſit ſwa
That ſum war dede, and ſum war tane;
And the laiff thair gat ar gane.

The folk fled apon this maner
Forowt areſt; and Schyr AYMER
Agayne to *Boithweill* is gane,
Menand the ſcaith that he has tane.
Sa ſchamfull that he wencuſſyt wais,
That till *Ingland* in hy he gais,
Rycht to the King, and ſchamfully
He gaiff up thar hys wardanry.
Na newyr ſyne, for na kyn thing,
Bot giff he come rycht with the King,
Come he to werray *Scotland*.
Sa hewyly he tuk on hand,
That the KING into ſet bataill,
With a quhene, lik to pouerall,

Wencuſyt

Wencuſyt hym with a gret mengye,
That war renonyt off gret bounté.

Sic angre had Schyr AYMERY.
And King ROBERT, that wis hardy,
Abaid rycht ſtill into the place,
Till that hys men had left the chace.
Syne with priſonours that thai had tane,
Thai ar towart thair innys gane;
Faſt lowand God off thar weilfar.
He mycht haiff ſene, that had bene thar,
A folk that mery wes and glaid
For thair wictour; and als thai haid
A lord that ſwa ſwete wis, and deboner,
Sa curtaiſs, and off ſa fayr effer,
Sa blyth, and als ſa weill bourdand,
And in bataill ſa ſtyth to ſtand,
Swa wyſs, and rycht ſwa awiſé,
That thai had gret cauſs blyth to be.

Swa war thai blyth withowtyn dout,
For fele, that wynnyt thaim about,
Fra thai the KING ſaw help hym ſwa,
Till hym thair homage gan thai ma.

Than woux hys power mar and mar.
And he thocht weill that he wald far
Bot our the *Mounth* with hys menye,
To luk quha that hys freynd wald be.

Into Schyr ALEXANDER FRASER
He traiſtyt, for thai coſyngs wer,
And hys brothyr SYMON, thai twa;
He had myſtre weill off ma,
For he had fayis mony ane.
Schyr IHON CUMMYN Erle off *Bouchquhane*,
And Schyr IHON the MOWBRAY ſyne,
And gud Schyr DAUID off BRECHYNE,
With all the folk off thair leding,
War fayis to the nobill KING.
And for he wyſt thai war hys fayis,
Hys wiage thyddirwart he tais,
For he wald ſe quhat kyn endyng
Thai wald ſet on thair menaſſing.

The KING buſkyt and maid hym yar,
Northwarts with hys folk to far.
Hys brodyr with hym gan he ta,
And Schyr GILBERT DE LE HAY alſua;
The Erle off LENEWAX als was thar,
That with the KING was our all quhar;
Schyr ROBERT BOYD, and othyrs ma.
The KING gan furth hys wayis ta;
And left JAMES off DOWGLAS,
With all the folk that with hym was,
Behind hym for to luk giff he
Mycht recower hys cuntré.
He left into full gret perill;
Bot eftre, in a litill quhill,

Throw

Throw hys gret worſchip ſa he wroucht,
That to the KINGS peſs be broucht
The *foreſt off Selcryk* all hale;
And alſua did he *Dowglas-dale*;
And *Jedworthis foreſt* alſua.
And quha ſa weill on hand couth ta
To tell hys worſchippis, ane and ane
He ſuld fynd off thaim mony ane.
For in hys tyme, as men ſaid me,
Threten tymys wencuſſyt wes he,
And had victours ſeuen and fyfty.
Hym ſemyt not lang ydill to ly
Be hys trawaill he had na will.
Methink men ſuld hym love with ſkill.

This JAMES, quhen the KING wes gane,
All priuely hys men has tane,
And went to *Dowglas-dale* agane;
And maid all priuely a trane
To thaim that in the caſtell war.
A buſchement maid he ſlely thar;
And off hys men fourten, or ma,
He gert as thai war ſekkis ta
Fellyt with greſs; and ſyne thaim lay
Apon thair horſs, and hald thair way,

Ver. 425, 427. It appears from different authors, charters, &c. that the country about Selkirk and Jedburgh was formerly called The Foreſt; and it ſeems to have lain uncultivated, from its proximity to the borders, and conſequent expoſure to the ravages of the border-thieves.

Rycht as thai wald to *Lanark*, far
Owtouth quhar thai enbuſchyt war.
And quhen thai off the caſtell ſaw
Sa fele ladys gang on raw,
Off that ſycht thai war wondre fayn,
And tauld it to thair capitane,
That hate Schyr IHONE off WEBETOUN;
He wis baith yong, ſtout, and felloun,
Joly alſua, and walageouſs;
And for that he was amorouſs,
He wald iſche far the blythlier.
He gert hys men tak all thair ger,
And iſch to get thaim wictaille,
For thair wictaille gan faſt thaim faile.
Thai iſchyt all abandounly,
And prikkyt furth ſa willfully
To wyn the ladys, that thai ſaw paſs,
Quhill that DOWGLAS with hys was

Ver. 449. The caſtle-hill of Lanark is on the ſouth of the town; but no ruin of the caſtle remains; its ſcite being now a bowling-green and garden. The murder of Wallace's wife, which ſeems the firſt cauſe which incited him to arms, was committed at Lanark, by Heſelrig or Hiſlop, governour of the caſtle, whom Wallace after ſlew. See Fordun xi. 28: for Henry the minſtrel is no authority, his work being an abſurd romance; tho' in this inſtance he accords with hiſtory, and with tradition, a large cave in Cartland Craigs near Lanark, where Henry ſays that Wallace lurked, being called Wallace's Cave to this day. It is remarkable that Sir D. Dalrymple ſhould have omitted this important circumſtance, for which Fordun was ſurely good authority.

All

All betwix thaim and the caſtell.
The laidmen, that perſawit weill,
Thai keſt thair ladys doun in hy;
And thair gownys deliuerly
That heylyt thaim, thai keſt away;
And in gret hy thair horſs hint thai.
And ſtert apon thaim ſturdyly,
And met thair fayis with a cry;
That had gret wondre, quhen thai ſaw
Thaim, that war er lurkand ſa law,
Cum apon thaim ſa hardely.
Thai woux abayſyt ſedanly;
And at the caſtell wald haiff bene:
Quhen thai ane othyr halff has ſene,
DOWGLAS brak hys enbuſchement,
That agayn thaim rycht ſtoutly went.
Thai wyſt not quhat to do, na ſay,
Thair fayis on aythir ſid ſaw thai,
That ſtrak on thaim, forowtyn ſparing,
And thai mycht help thaimſelwys nathing;
Bot fled to warand, quhar thai moucht.
And thai ſa angrely thaim ſoucht;
That off thaim all eſchapyt nane.
Schyr IHONE WEBETOWN thar wes ſlayne.
And quhen he dede wis, as ye her,
Thai fand intill hys coffer
A lettyr that hym ſend a lady,
That he luffyt per drouery,

That

Ver. 492. *Per drouery*, is not in a view of marriage. The

 term

That ſaid quhen he had yemyt a yer
In wer, as a gud batchiller,
The awenturs caſtell off *Dowglas*,
That to kep ſa peralus was;
Than mycht he weill aſk a lady
Hyr amours, and hyr drouery.

The letter ſpak on this maner.
And quhen thai ſlayne on this wyſs wer,
DOWGLAS rycht to the caſtell raid,
And thar ſa gret debate he maid,
That in the caſtell entryt he.
I wate nocht all the certanté,
Quetheyr it wis throw ſtrenth or ſlycht.
Bot he wrocht ſa with mekill mycht
That the cunſtabill, and all the laiff
That war tharin, bath man and knaiff,
He tuk, and gaiff thaim diſpending;
And ſent thaim home, bot mar grewing,
To the CLYFFURD, in thair cuntré.
And ſyne ſa beſyly wroucht he,

term is old French. *Druë*, maitreſſe, ou concubine: *Drurie*, la vie joyeuſe.

Soit ſa moullier, ou ſoit ſa *druë*,
Tantoſt en a l'amour perduë.
Roman de la Roſe, 10196.

Que bien voy-je que ma *drurye*,
Ne mon ſolas ne vous plaiſt mye. *Ib.* 9278.

It might be thought that Drury-lane takes its name from this term, now ſo applicable; but it was a lane leading up to Drury-houſe, the ſeat of a family called Drury.

That

That he tumblyt doun all the wall,
And deſtroyit the houſſis all.
Syne till the Foreſt held hys way,
Quhar he had mony ane hard aſſay:
And mony fayr poynt off wer befell.
Quha couth thaim all reherſs, or tell,
He ſuld ſay that hys name ſuld be
Leſtand in full gret renouné.

THE END OF BUKE VIII.

THE

BRUCE.

BUKE IX.

ARGUMENT.

The Kyng paſſes the Mounth, and falls ſick at Enrourie —is carried to Slenath.—Cumin Erle of BUCHAN *aſſailis the King, quha is bravelie defendit be his men.—The Kyng recoverand defeits* BUCHAN *at Enroury; and herries all his lands—fares to Angus, and taks Forfar caſtell—and Perth.—Schir* EDWARD BRUCE *gangand to Galloway defeits Schir* AYMER ST. JOHN *at Cree.—*DOUGLAS *taks* RANDEL *and* STUART *priſoneirs.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE IX.

NOW leve we intill the *Foreſt*
DOWGLAS, that ſall bot litill reſt,
Till the cuntré deliueryt be
Off *Inglis* folk, and thair powſté:
And turn we till the nobill KING;
That, with the folk off hys leding,
Towart the *Mounth* has tane hys way,
Rycht ſtoutly, and intill gud aray.
Quhar ALYSANDER FRAYSER hym met,
And als hys brodyr SYMONET,
With all the folk thai with thaim had.
The KING gud cuntenance thaim maid:
That wes rycht blyth off thair cummyne.
Thai tauld the KING off the cowyne
Off IHON CUMMYN Erle off *Bouchane*,
That till help hym had with hym tane
Schyr IHON MOWBRAY, and othyr ma;
Schyr DAUID off BRECHYN alſua;
With all the folk off thair leding;
'And yarnys mar na ony thing

'Wengeance

'Wengeance off yow, Schyr KING, to tak,
'For Schyr IHONE the CUMMYNS ſak,
'That quhillum in *Dumfreſs* wes ſlayn.'
The KING ſaid, Sa our Lord me ſayn,
"I had gret cauſs hym for to ſla.
"And ſen that thai on hand will ta,
"Becauſs off hym, to werray me,
"I ſall thole a quhile, and ſe
"On quhat wyſs that thai prowe thair mycht.
"And giff it fall that thai will fycht,
"Giff thai aſſaile we ſall defend,
"Syne fall eftre quhat God will ſend."

Eftre this ſpek, the KING in hy
Held ſtraucht hys way till *Enrowry*.
And thar hym tuk ſic a ſeknes,
That putt hym to full hard diſtreſs,
That he forbar baith drynk and mete.
Hys men na medecyne couth get
That euir mycht to the KING awaile.
Hys force gan hym halyly faile,
That he mycht nothyr ryd na ga.
Then wyt ye that hys men war wa;

Ver. 34. Inverury, about fifteen miles north-weſt of Aberdeen. Bruce went to the north of Scotland October, 1307. The Annaliſt of Scotland, ii. 23, thinks Bruce had met with a defeat before he proceeded to the north; and ſays it is difficult otherwiſe to account for that progreſs: but the reaſons given by our poet ſeem ſufficient.

For

For nane wes in that cumpany,
That wald haiff bene halff ſa ſary
For till haiff ſene hys brodyr ded,
Lyand befor thaim in that ſted,
As thai war for hys ſeknes,
For all thair comfort in hym wes.

Bot gud Schyr EDUUARD the worthy,
Hys brodyr that wis ſa hardy,
And wyſs and wicht, ſet mekill payn
To comfort thaim with all hys mayn.
And quhen the lords, that thar war,
Saw that the ill ay mar and mar
Trawaillyit the KING, thaim thoucht in hy
It was not ſpedfull thar to ly;
For thar all playne wes the cuntré,
And thai war bot a few menye,
To ly but ſtrenth into the playne.
For this, till that thair capitane
War coweryt off hys mekill ill,
Thai thoucht to wend ſum ſtrenthis till.

For folk forowtyn capitane,
Bot thai the bettir be apayn,
Sall not be all ſa gud in deid,
As thai a Lord had thaim to leid;
That dar put hym in awentur,
Bot abayſing to tak the ure
That God will ſend: for quhen that he
Off ſic will is and ſic bounté,

That

That he dar put hym till aſſay,
Hys folk ſall tak enſample ay
Off hys gud deid and hys bounté,
And ane off thaim ſall be worth thre
Off thaim that wilkyt chiftane hais.
Hys wrechytneſs ſa in thaim gais,
That thai thair manlynes ſall tyne,
Throw wrechytnes off hys cowyne.
For quhen the lords, that thaim ſuld leid,
May do noucht bot as he war deid,
Or fra hys folk halds hys way
Fleand, trow ye not than that thai
Sall wencuſyt in thair harts be?
Yis ſall thai, as I trow, pardé,
Bot giff thair harts be ſa hey,
That thai na will for thair worſchip fley.
And thouch ſum be off ſic bounté,
Quhen thai the lord and hys menye
Seys fley, yeit ſall thai fley apayn;
For all men fleis the deid rycht fayne.
See quhat he dois, that ſwa fowly
Fleis thus for hys cowardy;
Bath hym and hys wencuſſyt he,
And gers hys fayis abowne be.
Bot he that, throw hys gret noblay,
Till peralls hym abandownys ay,
To recomfort hys menye,
Gers that he be off ſa gret bounté,
That mony tyme unlikly thing
Thai bring rycht weill to gud ending.

Sa did this KING, that Ik off reid;
And, for hys uttrageouſs manheid,
Confortyt hys on ſic maner,
That nane had radnes quhar he wer
Liand intill hys ſeknes.
Tharfor in littre thai hym lay,
And till the *Slenauch* held thair way:
And thocht thar in that ſtrenth to ly,
Till paſſyt war hys malady.

Bot fra the Erle off BUCHANE
Wyſt that thai war thyddir gane;
And wyſt that ſa ſek wis the KING
That men dowtyt off hys cowering;
He ſent eftre hys men in hy,
And aſſemblyt a gret cumpany.
For all hys awne men war thar;
And all hys freynds with hym war;
That wis Schyr IHONE the MOWBRAY,
And hys brodyr, as Ik hard ſay,
And Schyr DAUID off BRECHYNGE,
With ſele folk in thair ledyng.

And quhen thai all aſſemblyt war,
In hy thai tuk thair way to far
To the *Slenauch*, with all thair men,
For to aſſaille the KING then

Ver. 107. The Slenauch is probably in the mountains of Benachie, a few miles weſt of Inverury.

Wis

Wis liand intill hys ſeknes.
This wer eftre the Martymas,
Quhen ſnaw had helyt all the land.
To the *Slenauch* thai come ner hand,
Arrayit on thair beſt maner.
And then the KING's men that were
War off thair come, thaim apparaylyt
To defend, giff thai thaim aſſaylyt.
And not forthy thair fayis war
Ay twa for ane that thai war thar.
The Erly's men ner cummand war,
Trumpand and makand mekill far,
And maid knychts quhen thai war ner.
And thai, that in the wodds ſid wer,
Stud in aray rycht ſarraly,
And thoucht to byd thar hardyly
The cummyn off thair enymyſs.
Bot thai wald, apon na kyn wyſs,
Iſche till aſſaile thaim in fechting,
Till coweryt war the nobill King.
Botand oythir wald thaim aſſaillye,
Thai wald defend wailye contra wailye.

And quhen the Erl's cumpany
Sa that thai wroucht ſa wiſely,
That thai thair ſtrenth ſchupe to defend;
Thair archers furth to them thai ſend,

Ver. 138. It is well known that it was uſual to make knights juſt before a battle.

To

To bykker thaim as men off mayne;
And thai ſend archers thaim agayne,
That bekkyryt thaim ſa ſturdely,
Till thai off the Erle's party
Intill the bataill drywyn war.
Thre dayis on this wyſs lay thai thar;
And bekkyryt thaim euirilk day.
Bot thair bowmen the war had ay.
And quhen the KINGS cumpany
Saw thair fayis befor thaim ly,
That ilk day wox ma and ma,
And thai war quhene, and ſtad mar ſa
That thai had nathing for till eyt,
Bot giff thai trawaillit it to get;
Tharfor thai tuk cunſale into hy
That thar wald thai na langer ly;
Bot hald thair way quhar thai mycht get
To thaim, and thairs, wictallis and mete.

In a littar the KING thai lay;
And redyt thaim, and held thair way,
That all thair fayis mycht thaim ſe.
Ilk man buſkyt hym in hys degre
To fycht giff thai aſſaillyt war.
In midds thaim the KYNG thai bar,
And yeid about hym ſarraly,
And not full gretly thaim gan hy.

The Erle, and thai that with hym war,
Saw that thai buſkyt thaim to far;

And ſaw how, with ſa litill effray,
Thai held furth with the KING thair way,
Redy to fycht, quha wald aſſaile;
Thair harts begouth all to faile:
And in peſs let thaim paſs thair way;
And till thair houſsis hame went thai.

The Erle hys way tuk to *Bowchane*,
And Schyr EDUUARD the BRUCE is gane
Rycht to *Strabolghy*, with the KING.
And ſwa lang thar maid ſoiournyng,
Till he begouth to cowyr, and ga.
And ſyne thair wayis gan thai ta
Till *Innerowrie* ſtraucht agayne.
For thai wald ly into the playne,
The wynter ſeſone, for wictaile
Intill the plane mycht thaim to faile.

The Erle wyſt that thai war thar;
And gadryt a mengye, her and thar;
BRECHYNE, and MOWBRAY, and thair men,
All till the Erle aſſemblyt then,
And war a full gret cumpany
Off men arayit jolyly.

Ver. 188. Strathbogy, a country and town on the weſt of Aberdeen-ſhire.

Ver. 194, 195. Editions read:

The winter ſeaſon for vittail
Into the plain they might not fail.

Till

Till *Auld Meldrum* thai yeid thair way,
And thar with thair men logyt thai,
Befor Yhule-ewyn a nycht bot mar,
A thouſand trow I weile thai war.
Thai logyt thaim all thar that nycht.
And on the morn, quhen day was lycht,
The Lord of *Brechyne*, Schyr DAWY,
Is went towart *Innerowry*,
To luk giff he on ony wyſs
Mycht do ſcaith till hys ennymys.
And till the end of *Innerowry*
Come ridand ſa ſedanly,
That off the KING's men he ſlew
A part, and othyr ſum thaim withdrew,
And fled thair way towart the KING;
That, with the maiſt off hys gadryng,
On the yond half doun was thaim liand.
And quhen men tauld hym tythand,
How Schyr DAWY had ſlayne hys men,
Hys horſs in hy he aſkyt then,
And bad hys men all mak thaim yar
Into gret hy, for he wald far
To bargayne with hys enymyſs.
With that he buſkyt for to ryſs,
That was not all weill recoweryt then.
Than ſaid ſum off hys priuy men,
'Quhat think ye this gat to far
'To fecht, and not yheit recoweryt ar?'
"Yhis," ſaid the KING, "withowtyn weer,
"Thair boſt has maid me hale and fer.

" For ſuld na medecyne ſa ſone
" Haiff coweryt me, as thai haiff done.
" Tharfor, ſa God hymſelff me ſe!
" I ſall aythir haiff thaim, or thai me."

And quhen hys men has hard the KING
Set hym ſa hale for the fechting,
Off hys coweryng all blyth thai war,
And maid thaim for the bataill yhar.

The nobill KING, and hys mengye,
That mycht weill ner ſeuen hunder be,
Towart *Auld Meldrum* tuk thair way,
Quhar the Erle and hys mengy lay.
The diſcowrrours ſaw thaim cummand,
With baners to the wynd wawand;
And yeid to thair lord in hy,
That gert arme hys men haſtily,
And thaim arayit for bataill.
Behind thaim ſet thai thair poweraill,
And maid gud ſembland for to fycht.
The KING come on with mekill mycht;
And thai abaid, makand gret fayr,
Till thai ner at aſſemblyng wayr.

Bot quhen thai ſaw the nobill KING
Cum ſtoutly on, forowtyn fenyeing,
A litill on bridill thai thaim withdrew.
And the KING, that rycht weill knew

That

That thai war all diſcomfyt ner,
Preſſyt on thaim with hys baner;
And thai withdrew mar and mar.
And quhen the ſmall folk thai had thar
Saw thair lords withdraw thaim ſwa,
Thai turnyt thair baks all for to ga,
And fled all ſcalyt her and thar.
The lords that yheit togeddyr war,
Saw that thair ſmall folk war fleand,
And ſaw the KING ſtoutly cummand,
Thai war ilkane abeſyt ſwa,
That thai the bak gaiff, and to ga.
A litill ſtound ſamyn held thai,
And ſyne ilk man has tane his way.

Fele neuir man ſa foule myſchance,
Eftre ſa ſturdy cuntenance.
For quhen the KING's cumpany
Saw that thai fled ſa foulyly,
Thai chaſyt thaim with all thair mayn;
And ſum thai tuk, and ſum has ſlayn.
The remanand war fleand ay;
Quha had gud horſs gat beſt away.
Till *Ingland* fled the erle off BOWCHQUHANE,
Schyr IHONE MOWBRAY is with hym gane,
And war reſett with the king.
Bot thai had bath bot ſchort leſting;
For thai deyt ſone eftre ſyne.
And Schyr DAUID off BRECHYNE

Fled till *Brechyne*, hys awyn caſtell;
And warnyſt it baith fayr and weill.
Bot the erle of ATHOLL, DAWY
Hys ſon, that wis in *Kyldromy*,
Come ſyne, and hym aſſegyt thar.
And he that wald hald wer na mar,
Na bargane with the nobill KING,
Come ſyne hys man with gud treting.

Now ga we to the KING agayne,
That off hys victory wes rycht fayne,
And gert hys men bryn all *Bouchane*
Fra end till end, and ſparyt nane;
And heryit thaim on ſic maner,
That eſtre that weill fyfty yer,
Men menyt the *Herſchip off Bowchane*.
The KING than till hys peſs has tane
The north cuntreyis, that humbly
Obeyſyt till hys ſenyowry.
Sa that be north the *Month* war nane
Than thai hys men war ilkane.
Hys lordſchip wox ay mar and mar.
Towart *Anguſs* ſyne gan he far,

Ver. 296. This ravage of Buchan is certainly no gem in the crown of Bruce's praiſe; but the manners of the age, and the deſire of ſtriking ſalutary terror into his opponents, may excuſe him; along with the juſt enmity he had for the Cummins, a family too powerful, and who had conſpired his death. The time is now ſpring, 1308. See *Annals*, ii. 24.

And

And thoucht ſone to mak all fre
That wes on the northalff the *Scotts Se*.
The caſtell off *Forfayr* wes then
Stuffyt all with *Inglis men*.
Bot PHILIP the FORASTER off *Platane*
Has off hys freynds with hym tane,
And with leddrys all priuely
To the caſtell he gan hym hy.
And up owtour the wall off ſtane,
And ſwa gat has the caſtell tane,
Throw faute off wach, with litill payne.
And ſyne all that he fand has ſlayne:
Syne yauld the caſtell to the KING,
That maid hym rycht gud rewarding.
And ſyne gert brek doun the wall,
And fordyd well, and caſtell all.

Quhen that the caſtell off *Forfar*,
And all the towrs tumblyt war
Downe till the erd, as Ik haiff tauld,
The KING, that wycht was wyſs and bauld,
That thoucht that he wald mak all fre
Apon the north halff the *Scotts Se*,

Ver. 309. The *Scots Sea*, or *Mare Scoticum*, is the frith of Forth. That part of Scotland ſouth of Clyde and Forth was not accounted to be in *Scotland proper*, till a late period, but only belonging to it. See *Enquiry into the Hiſtory of Scotland preceding* 1056. London 1789, 2 vols. 8vo.

Ver. 329. But Dundee was ſtill held by the Engliſh, till 1313. See book x. ver. 801.

Till *Perth* is went, with all hys rout,
And unbeſett the towne about;
And till it a ſege has ſet.
Bot quhill it mycht haiff men and mete,
It mycht not but gret payn be tane;
For all the wall wis then of ſtane,
And wycht towrs and hey ſtandand.
And that tyme war tharin duelland
MOFFAT, and als OLYSARD,
Thai twa the toun had all in ward:
And off STRAITHERNE als the Erle wes thar.
Bot hys ſon, and off hys men, war
Without intill the KINGS rowt.
Thar was oft bekkyryng ſtyth and ſtout,
And men ſlayne apon ilk party.
Bot the gud KING, that all wytty
Wes in hys deds euirilkane,
Saw the wallis ſa ſtyth off ſtane,
And ſaw defens that thai gan ma;
And how the toun was hard to ta
With opyn ſawt, ſtrenth or mycht;
Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with ſlycht.
And in all tyme that he thar lay
He ſpyit, and ſlely gert aſſay,
Quhar the dyke ſchaldeſt was.
Till at the laſt he fand a place

Ver. 340. Malis Earl of Strathern, a nobleman of great power.

Ver. 354. That is, 'where the ditch was ſhalloweſt.'

That

That men mycht till thair ſchulders wad.
And quhen he that place fundyn had,
He gert hys men buſk ilkane,
Quhen ſex wouks off the ſege wes gane;
And turſyt thair harneſs halely,
And left the ſege all opynly;
And furth with all his folk gan fayr,
As he wald do tharto na mayr.

And thai, that war within the toun,
Quhen thai to fayr ſa ſaw hym boun,
Thai ſchowtyt hym, and ſkornyn mad:
And he furth on hys wayis rad,
As he nę had will agayne to turn,
Na beſid thaim mak mar ſoiourn.
Bot in aucht days not forthy
He gert mak leddrys priuely,
That mycht ſuffice till hys entent;
And in a myrk nycht ſyne is went
Towart the town, all priuely;
Thai hard na wachys ſpek, na cry;
For thai war within may fall,
As men that dred not, ſlepand all.
Thai haid na dreid than off the KING;
For thai off hym hard nathing,
All the thre dayis beſor, or mar;
Tharfor ſekyr and traiſt thai war.

And quhen the KING thaim hard not ſter,
He was blyth on gret maner,

And

And hys leddrys in hand gan ta,
Enſample till hys men to ma.
Arayit weill in all hys ger,
Schot on the dyke, and with hys ſper
Taiſtyt, till he it our woud:
Bot till hys throt the watyr ſtud.

That tyme wis in hys cumpany
A knycht off *Fraunce*, wycht and hardy;
And quhen he in the watyr ſwa
Saw the KING paſs, and with hym ta
Hys laddyr unabaſytly,
He ſaynyt hym for the ferly.
And ſaid, "A lord! quhat ſall we ſay
"Off our lords off *Fraunce*, that thai
"With gud morſells fayris thair pawnch,
"And will bot ete, and drynk, and dawnſe,
"Quhen ſic a knycht, and ſa worthy,
"As this throw hys chewalry,
"Into ſic perill has hym ſet,
"To wyn a wrechyt hamylett!"

With

Ver. 403. It is no wonder that, to a French knight, Perth, one of the chief towns of Scotland, ſhould appear 'a wretched 'hamlet.' Such was the poverty of Scotland, owing to want of induſtry; for induſtry can make any country rich; and want of it can render any country poor. This poverty continued till the abolition of hereditary juriſdictions, 1750, when liberty and induſtry began to diffuſe their bleſſings over Scotland. The flouriſhing ſtate of Scotiſh commerce under the five Jameses, lately ſtarted by ignorant theo-

riſts,

With that word to the dyke he ran,
And our eftre the KING he wan.

And quhen the KING's mengye ſaw
Thair lord out our, intill a thraw
Thai paſſyt the dyk: and, bot mar let,
Thair leddrys to the wall thai ſet;
And to clymb up faſt preſſyt thai.
Bot the gud KING, as I hard ſay,
Was the ſecond man that tuk the wall:
And bad thar, till hys mengye all
War cummyn up, in full gret hy;
Yheit thair raiſs nothyr noyiſs na cry.
Bot ſone eftre thai noyiſs mad,
That off thaim fyrſt perſawing had,
Swa that the cry raiſs throw the toune.
Bot he that with hys men wes boune
Till aſſaill, to the toune is went,
And the maiſt off hys mengye ſent,
All ſcalyt throw the town: bot he
Held with hymſelff a gret mengye;
Sa that he mycht be ay purwayit
To defend, giff he war aſſayit.

Bot thai, that he ſend throw the toun,
Put to ſa gret confuſioun
Thair fayis, that in bedds war,
Or ſcalyt fled her and thar;

rifts, is a mere dream, unſupportable by any proof whatever
Scotland never was in ſo flouriſhing a condition as
preſent.

Tha

That, or the ſone raiſs, thai had tane
Thair fayis, or diſcomfyt ilkane.
The wardanys bath tharin war tane:
And MALICE off STRAITHERNE is gane
Till hys fadyr, the erle MALICE,
And with ſtrenth tuk hym, and hys.
Syne for hys ſake the nobill KING
Gave hym hys in gouerning.
The lave, that ran without the toun,
Seſyt to thaim into gret fuſioun
Men, and armyng, and merchandiſs,
And othyr gud on ſyndry wyſs;
Quhill thai, that er war pour and bar,
Off that gud rych and mychty war.
Bot thar was few ſlayne; for the KING
That thaim had gevyn in cummanding
On gret payne, that thai ſuld ſlay nane,
That bot gret bargane mycht be tane.
That thai war kynd to the cuntré
He wyſt, and off thaim had pité.

In this maner the toune wis tane.
And ſyne towrs euirilkane,
And wallis, gert he tumble doun:
He levyt not about that toun

Ver. 439. *Fuſioun* is plenty. Shakſpere uſes *foyſon plenty*, for abundant plenty.

Ver. 450. Fordun xii. 18 dates the taking of Perth 8 Jan. 1312-13. Sir D. Dalrymple 1311. Barbour's authority ſeems beſt, who here places it in 1308.

Towr

Towr ſtandand, na ſtane na wall,
That he ne haly gert ſtroy thaim all.
And priſonerys, that thar tuk he,
He ſend quhar thai mycht haldyn be.
And till hys peſs tuk all the land:
Wis nane that durſt hym thar withſtand.

Apon north halff the *Scotts Se*,
All obeyſyt till hys maieſté;
Owtane the LORN, and thai
Off *Argbile*, that wald with hym ga.
He held hym ay agayne the KING:
And hatyt hym atour all thing.
Bot yete, or all the gamyn ga,
I trow weill that the KING ſall ta
Wengeance off hys gret cruelté;
And that hym ſar repent ſall he,
That he the KING contraryit ay,
May fall, quhen he it mend na may.

The KING's brodyr, quhen the toun
Wes takyn thus, and dongyn doun,
Schyr EDUUARD that was ſa worthy,
Tuk with hym a gret cumpany,
And tuk hys gayt till *Galloway*.
For with hys men he wald aſſay
Giff he mycht recouer that land,
And wyn it fra *Inglis menys* hand.

Ver. 476. June, 1308.

This

This Schyr EDUUARD, forſuth Ik hycht,
Wes off hys hand a nobill knycht;
And in blythnes ſuete and joly;
Bot he was owtrageouſs hardy,
And off ſa hey undertaking,
That he had neuir yhet abayſyng
Off multitud off men, forthy
He diſcumfyt commonly
Mony with quehene: tharfor had he
Owt our hys pers renounie.
And quha wald reherſs all the deid
Off hys hey worſchip, and manheid,
Men mycht a mekill romans mak.
And not forthy, I think to tak
In hand, to ſay ſum thing off hym:
Bot not tend part hys trawaillyn.

This gud knycht, that I ſpek of her,
With all the folk that with hym wer,
Weill ſone to *Galoway* cummyn is.
All that he fand he makyt hys;
And roytyt gretly the land.
Bot than in *Galloway* war wennand
Schyr INGREHAME UMPHRAWEILL, that wes
Renonyit off ſa hey proweſs,
That he off worſchip paſſyt the rout;
Tharfor he gert ay ber about
Apon a ſper ane red bonnet,
Into takyn that he wes ſet

Into

Into the hycht of chewalry;
And off SAYNT IHONE als Schyr AYMERY.
Thir twa the land had in ſtering.
And quhen thai hard off the cumming
Off Schyr EDUUARD, that ſa playnly
Owr raid the land, then in gret hy
Thai aſſemblyt all thair mengye.
I trow twalf hundir thai mycht be.
Bot he with fewar folk thaim met
Beſid *Cre*, and ſa hard thaim ſet,
With hard bataill, and ſtalwart fycht,
That he thaim all put to the flycht:
And ſlew twa hundir weill and ma.
And the cheyſtanys in hy gan ta
Thair way to *Bothwell*, for to be
Thar reſawyt to ſawfté.
And Schyr EDUUARD thaim chaſſyt faſt.
Bot till the caſtell, at the laſt,
Gat Schyr INGRAHAME, and Schyr AYMERY;
Bot the beſt off thair cumpany
Left ded behind thaim in the place.
And quhen Schyr EDUUARD ſaw the chace
Wes failyt, he gert ſeyſs the prey;
And ſwa gret catell had away,
That it war wondre for to ſe.
Owt of *Bothwell* thai ſaw how he

Ver. 509. His name was John de St. John, not Aymer de St. John. *Annals*, ii. 25.

Ver. 517. Fordun ſays near the river Dee, xii. 17. This action happened 29 June 1308.

Gert

Gert hys men dryve with hym the prey;
Bot na let ſet tharin mycht thai.

Throw hys chewalyouſs chewalry
Galloway wes ſtonayit gretummly;
And he dowtit for hys bounté.
Sum off the men off that cuntré
Come till hys peſs, and maid hym aith.
Bot Schyr AYMYRY that had the ſkaith
Off the bargane, I tawld off er,
Raid till *Ingland* to purches ther
Off armyt men gret cumpany,
To wenge hym off the welany
That Schyr EDUUARD, that nobill knycht,
Hym did by *Cre* into the fycht.

Off gud men he aſſemblyt thar
Weill fyften hundir men, and mar,
That was off rycht gud renounné.
Hys way with all that folk tuk he;
And in the land, all priuely,
Entryt with that chewalry;
Thynkand Schyr EDUUARD to ſurpryſs,
Giff that he moucht on ony wyſs;
For he thocht he wald hym aſſaill,
Or that he left in playne bataill.

Now may ye her off gret ferly,
And off rycht hey chewalry.

For Schyr EDUUARD into the land
Wes with hys mengye, rycht ner hand,
And in the mornyng rycht arly
Herd the cuntré men mak cry;
And had wittryng off thair cummyng.
Than buſkyt he hym, but delaying,
And lap on horſs deliuerly.
He had then in route fyfty,
All apon gud horſs armyt weill.
Hys ſmall folk gert he ilk deill
Withdraw thaim till a ſtrait tharby:
And he raid forth with hys fyfty.

A knycht, that then wis in hys rowt,
Worthy and wycht, ſtalwart and ſtout,
Curtaiſs, and fayr, and off gud fame,
Schyr ALLANE off CATKERT by name,
Tauld me this taile, as I ſall tell.
Gryt myſt into the mornyng fell,
Sa thai mycht not ſe thaim by,
For myſt, a bow-draucht fullyly.
Sa hapnyt it that thai fand the traiſs,
Quhar at the rowte furth paſſyt waiſs
Off thair fayis, that forouth raid.
Schyr EDUUARD, that gret yarnyng had
All tymes to do chewalry,
With all hys rowte in full gret hy,
Folowyt the traiſs quhar gan war thai;
And, befor myd-morn off the day

The myſt woux cler all ſedanly.
And than he, and hys cumpany,
War not a bow-draucht fra the rout:
Than ſchot thai on thaim with a ſchout.
For giff thai fled, thai wyſt that thai
Suld not weill feyrd part get away.
Tharfor in awentur to dey
He wald hym put, or he wald fley.
And quhen the *Inglis* cumpany
Saw on thaim cum ſa ſedanly
Sik folk, forowtyn abayſing,
Thai war ſtonayit for effrayng.
And the tothyr, bot mar abaid,
Swa hardely amang thaim raid,
That fele off thaim till erd thai bar.
Stonayt ſa gretly than thai war,
Throw the force off that fyrſt aſſay,
That thai war intill gret affray;
And wend befor thai had ben ma,
For that thai war aſſaillyit ſwa.
Quhen thai had thyrlyt thaim haſtely,
Then Schyr EDUUARD's cumpany
Set ſtoutly in the heid agayne.
And at that courſs borne doun, and ſlayne,
War off thair fayis a gret party;
That thai effrayit war ſa gretly,
That thai war ſcalyt gretly then.
And quhen Schyr EDUUARD, and hys men,
Saw thaim intill ſa ewill aray,
The thrid tyme on thaim prykyt thai.

And

And thai that ſaw thaim ſa ſtoutly
Come on, dred thaim ſa gretummly,
That all the rowte, baith les and mar,
Fled prykand, ſcalyt her and thar.
Was nane amang thaim ſa hardy
To bid; bot all comonaly
Fled to warand, and he gan chaſs
That willfull to deſtroy thaim was.
And ſum he tuk, and ſum war ſlayn.
Bot Schyr AMERY, with mekill payn,
Eſchapyt; and hys gate is gayn.
Hys men diſcomfyt wer ilkane;
Sum tane, ſum ſlayn, ſum gat away.
It wes a rycht ſayr point perfay.

Lo how hardyment tane ſa ſedanly,
And drewyn to the end ſcharply,
May ger oftſyſs unluky things
Cum to rycht fayr and gud endings.
As it fell into this caſs her.
For hardyment withowtyn wer
Wan fyften hundir with fyfty:
Quhar ay for ane thar was twenty;
And twa men ar a mannys her.
Bot ure thaim led on ſwilk maner,
That thai diſcomfyt war ilkane.
Schyr AMERY hame hys gate is gane,
Rycht blyth that he ſwa gat away.
I trow he ſall not mony day

Haiff will to werray that countré:
With this Schyr EDUUARD tharin be;
And duell furth into the land,
Thaim that rebell war werryand.

And in a yer ſa werrayit he,
That he wane qwyt that cuntré
Till hys brodyrs peſs, the KING.
Bot that wis nocht bot hard fechting.
For in that tyme thar hym befell
Mony ſayr poynt, as Ik hard tell,
The quhilk that ar not wryttyn her.
Bot I wate weill that, in that yer,
Threten caſtells with ſtrenth he wan,
And ourcame many a mody man:
Quha ſa off hym the ſouth will reid,
Had he had meſure in hys deid,
I trow that worthyar then he
Mycht not in hys tyme fundyn be.
Axceptyn hys brodyr entrely,
To quham into chewalry
Lyk wis nane, in hys day:
For he led hym with meſur ay,
And wyt with hys chewalry.
He gouernyt ſa worthily
That he oft full unlikely thing
Brocht rycht weill to gud ending.

In all this tyme JAMES off DOWGLAS
In the *Foreſt* trawailland was;

Ver. 672. Summer 1308.

And

And it, throw hardiment and ſlycht,
Occupyit all, maugre the mycht
Off hys fell fayis, the quhyr thai
Set hym oft in full hard aſſay.
Bot oft throw wyt, and throw bounté,
Hys purpoſs to gud end broucht he.
Intill that tyme hym fell throw caſs
On ane nycht, as he trawailland was,
And thocht till haiff reſting
In ane houſs on the watyr off *Lyne*.
And as he come with hys mengye
Ner hand the houſs, ſa lyſnyt he,
And hard ane ſay tharin, "the dewill!"
And be that he perſawyt weill
That thai war ſtrang men, that thar
That nycht tharin herberyt war.
And as he thocht it fell per caſs:
For off *Bonkle* the Lord thar was,
ALESANDYR STEWART hat he;
With othyr twa off gret bounté,
THOMAS RANDALL off gret renoune;
And ADAM alſua off GORDOUN.

Ver. 683. In Tweedale: it paſſes near Kirkurd, and falls into the Tweed above Peebles.

Ver. 686. Swearing was ſo uncommon in the country at that time, that Douglas judged a man at arms alone could uſe it.

Ver. 694. Thomas Randel the king's nephew, ſoon after this, Earl of Moray.

That thar come with gret cumpany,
And thocht into the *Foreſt* to ly,
And occupy it, throw thair mycht;
And with trawaill, and ſtalwart fycht,
Chaſe DOWGLAS owt off the cuntré.
Bot othyrwyſs then yeid the gle.

For quhen JAMES had wittring
That ſtrange men had tane herbering
In the place, that he ſchuip hym to ly,
He to the houſs went haſtily,
And unbeſet it all about.
Quhen thai within hard ſwilk a rout
About the houſs, thai raiſs in hy,
And tuk thair ger rycht haſtily,
And ſchot furth, fra thai harnaſyt war.
Thair fayis thaim met with wapnys bar,
And aſſailyt rycht hardily,
And thai defendyt douchtely
With all thair mycht; till at the laſt
Thair fayis preſſyt thaim ſa faſt,
That thair folk failyt thaim ilkane.
THOMAS RANDELL thar wes tane;
And ALYSANDER STEWART alſua,
Woundyt in a place or twa;
ADAM off GORDOUN fra the fycht,
Quhat throw hys ſtrenth and mycht,
Eſchapyt; and ſer off thair men.
Bot thai that war areſtyt then,

War

War off thair takyng wondre wa.
Bot neidlings behowit it be ſwa.

That nycht the gud Lord off DOWGLAS
Maid to Schyr ALEXANDIR, that was
Hys ennemys ſone, rycht glaidſum cher:
Swa did he als withowtyn wer
Till THOMAS RANDELL, for that he
Wes to the KING in ner degre
Off blud, for hys ſyſtre hym bar.
And on the morn forowtyn mar
Towart the nobill KING he raid,
And with hym bath the twa he had.

The KING off hys preſent wis blyth;
And thankyt hym weill fele ſyth.
And till hys nevo gan he ſay,
" Thou haſt ane quhill renyid thy fay:
" Bot yow reconſalit now mon be."
Then till the KING anſueryt he,
And ſaid, ' Ye chaſty me; bot ye
' Aucht bettre chaſnyt for to be;
' For ſen ye werrayit the king
' Off *Ingland* in playne fechting,
' Ye ſuld preſs to derenyhe your rycht,
' And not with cowardy, na with flycht.'
The KING ſaid, " Yheit fall it may
" Cum, or oucht lang, to ſik aſſay.
" Bot ſen yow ſpekys ſa rudly,
" It is gret ſkill men chaſty

" Thy proud words, till that yow knaw
" The rycht, and bow it as yow aw."
The KING, forowtyn mar delaying,
Send hym to be in ferme keping;
Quhar that he allane ſuld be,
Not all apon hys powſté fre.

THE END OF BUKE IX.

THE

BRUCE.

BUKE X.

ARGUMENT.

The Kyng, at the mountain of Crethinben, defetes th men of Lorn—taks Dunſtafnage.—ALEXANDE *Lord of* ARGYLE *ſubmits, bot his ſon* JOHN o LORN *flees awa be ſe.*—WILLIAM BUNNOC *a farmer, taks Linlithgow fort, for the King, b ſtratageme.*—RANDEL *is maid Erle of* MURE *—and beſiegis Edinburgh caſtel.*—DOUGLAS *tak Roxburgh caſtel.*—RANDEL *taks Edinburgh caſ- tel.—Schir* EDWARD BRUCE *taks Ruthglen fort and Dundee—but gies terms to Strivilin, quhill draw the King of England to quell Scotland.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE X.

QUHEN THOMAS RANDELL, on this wyſs,
Wes takyn, as Ik her dewyſs,
And ſend to duell in gud keping,
For ſpek that he ſpak to the KING;
The gud KING, that thocht on the ſkaith,
The diſpyt and felny bath,
That IHON of LORNE had to hym done,
Hys oſt aſſemblyt he then ſone;
And towart *Lorn* he tuk the way,
With hys men intill gud aray.
Bot IHONE off LORNE off hys cummyng,
Lang or he come, had wittring.
And men on ilk ſid gadryt he,
I trow twa thouſand thar mycht be:
And ſend thaim for to ſtop the way,
Quhar the gud KING behowyt to gay;
And that wes in an ewill plaſs,
That ſa ſtrayt and ſa narow was,

Ver. 10. Auguſt 1308. See ſome latin rimes on this ſubject in Fordun, xii. 18.

That

That twaſum ſamyn mycht not rid
In ſum place off the hills ſid.
The nethyr halff wes parallous;
For a ſchor crag, hey and hidwouſs,
Raucht to the ſe, doun fra the paſs.
On ayther halff the montane was
Swa combrouſs hey, and ſtay,
That it wes hard to paſs that way.
Crethinben hight that montane.
I trow nocht that, in all *Bretane*,
Ane heyar hill may fundyn be.
Thar IHON of LORN gert hys menye
Enbuſchyt, be abowyn the way,
For, giff the KING held tharaway,
He thocht he ſuld ſone wencuſſyt be.
And hymſelff held hym apon the ſe,
Weill ner the paſs with hys galayis.
Bot the KING, that in all aſſayis
Wes fundyn wyſs and awiſé,
Perſawyt rycht weill thair ſutelté;
And that he neid that gait ſuld ga,
Hys men depertyt he in twa;

Ver. 27. Is this *Cruthin-ben*, between Lochs E
Awe, in the direct way from the eaſt to Dunſtafnage

Ver. 35. The chiefs of Argyle, Lorn, and the Ile
of Norwegian extract, had kept up the navy introd
the Norwegians. Tho' the kings of Norway, Denm
Sweden, had all their fleets, it cannot be diſcovered
kings of Scotland ever had any.

And till the gud Lord of DOWGLAS,
Quham in herbryd all worſchip was,
He taucht the archerys euirilkane.
And this gud Lord with hym has tane
Schyr ALYSANDER FRASER the wycht;
And WYLLYAM WYSEMAN, a gud knycht;
And with thaim ſyne Schyr ANDROW GRAY;
Thir with thair mengye held thair way,
And clamb the hill deliuerly.
And, or thai off the tothyr party
Perſawyt thaim, thai had ilkane
The hycht abowyne thair fayis tane.

The KING and hys men held thair way:
And quhen intill the paſs war thai
Entryt, the folk of *Lorne* in hy
Apon the KING rayſyt the cry.
And ſchot, and tumblyt on hym ſtanys,
Rycht gret and hewy for the nanys.

Bot thai ſcaith not gretly the KING.
For he had thar in hys leding
Men, that lycht and deliuer war,
And lycht armours had on thaim thar;
Swa that thai ſtoutly clamb the hill:
And lettyt thair fayis to fulfill
The maiſt pairt off thair felny.
And als, apon the tothyr party,
Come JAMES off DOWGLAS, and hys rout,
And ſchot apon thaim with a ſchout.

And

And woundyt thaim with arows faſt;
And with thair ſuerdys, at the laſt,
Thai ruſchyt amang thaim hardely.
For thai off *Lorne*, full manlely,
Gret and a pert defens gan ma.
Bot quhen thai ſaw that thai war ſwa
Aſſailyt apon twa partyſs;
And ſaw weill that thair ennymyſs
Had all the fayrer off the fycht;
In full gret hy thai tuk thair flycht.

And thai a feloune chaſs gan ma;
And ſlew all that thai mycht ourta.
And thai that mycht eſchap, but delay,
Rycht till ane watyr held thair way,
That ran doun be the hillys ſyd.
It was ſa ſtyth, and depe, and wyd,
That men in na place mycht it paſs,
Bot at ane brig that beneuth thaim was.
To that brig held thai ſtraucht thair way,
And to brek it faſt gan aſſay.
Bot thei that chaſſyt, quhen thai ſaw
Mak thar a reſt, bot drede or aw,
Thai ruſchyt apon thaim hardely,
And diſcomfyt thaim uterly.
And held the brig haill quhill the KING,
With all the folk off hys leding,

Ver. 73. That is 'began to make a great and briſk 'fence.'

Paſſyt the brig all at thair eſe.
To IHONE off LORN it ſuld diſpleſe,
I trow, quhen he hys men mycht ſe,
Owte off hys ſchyppys fra the ſe,
Be ſlayn and chaſſyt in the hill,
That he mycht ſet na help thartill.
Bot it angrys als gretumly,
To gud harts that ar worthy,
To ſe thair fayis fulfill thair will,
As to thaimſelff to thole the ill.

At ſik myſcheyff war thai off *Lorn*.
For fele the lyvys thar has lorne;
And othyr ſum war fled thair way.
The KING in hy gert ſeſe the pray
Off all the land: quhar men mycht ſe
Sa gret habundance cum off ſe,
That it war wondre to behawld.
The KING, that ſtoute wes, ſtark, and bauld,
Till *Dunſtaffynch* rycht ſturdely
A ſege ſet; and beſyly
Aſſailyt the caſtell it to get.
And, in ſchort tyme, he has thaim ſet
In ſwilk thrang, that tharin war than,
That magre thaimis he it wan.
And ane gud wardane tharin ſet,
And betaucht hym bath men, and met,

Ver. 113. Dunſtafnage on the weſtern ſhore of Lorn, a ſtrong caſtle, and the reſidence of the chief. See a deſcription and view of it in Mr. Pennant's Tour.

Swa

Swa that he lang tyme thar mycht be,
Magre thaim all off that countré.

Schyr ALYSANDER off ARGHILE, that ſaw
The KING deſtroy up clene and law
Hys land; ſend treyters to the KING;
And come hys man bot mar duelling.
And he reſawyt hym till hys peſs.
Bot IHONE off LORNE hys ſon, that wes
Rebelland, as he wes wont to be,
And fled with ſchippys on the ſe.

Bot thai, that left apon the land,
War to the KING all obeyſand;
And he thair hoſtage all has tane;
And towart *Perth* agayne is gane,
To play hym thar into the playne.
Yeyt *Lothyane* wes hym agayne.
And at *Lythkow* was than a pele,
Mekill, and ſtark, and ſtuffyt wele

With

Ver. 125. *Treyters* are 'meſſengers to *treat*.'

Ver. 137. The Annaliſt of Scotland dates the taking of Linlithgow fort in 1311. There is therefore a vacancy of two years in this part of the poem, from 1308 to 1311. A peace between England and Scotland was negociating in 1308, 1309, by the mediation of France. Nor was any thing warlike performed till 1310, for the brief ſiege of Rutherglen is very dubious: (Annals, ii. 30). But in 1310 Edward II. made a fruitleſs and inglorious expedition as far as Renfrew: and a famine then raged in Scotland. In 1311 Bruce reſumed

With *Ingliſmen*; and was reſett
To thaim that, with armurs or met,
Fra *Edynburgh* wald to *Strewelyn* gã.
And fra *Strewelyng* agayne alſua
Intill the cuntré did gret ill.
Now may ye her, giff that ye will,
Entremellys, and juperdyſs,
That men aſſayit mony wyſs,
Caſtells and peylls for to ta.
And this *Lithquhow* wes ane off tha:
And I ſall tell yow quhow it wes tane.
In the cuntré thar wenyt ane
That huſband was, and with hys ſe
Offtſyſs hay to the peile led he.
WILYAME BUNNOCK to name he had.
He ſaw ſa hard the cuntré ſtad,
Throw the gret force that it wes then
Gouernyt, and led with *Inglis men*;
Thai trawaillyt men outour meſure.
He wes a ſtout carle and a ſture;
And off hymſelff dour, and hardy;
And had freynds wonnand hym by.
And ſchawyt to ſum hys priueté;
And apon hys conwyne gat he
Men that mycht ane enbuſchement ma,
Quhill that he with hys wayn ſuld ga

ſumed his operations. We may regret that Barbour has omitted two great incidents, the expedition of Edward II. and the famine.

Ver. 151. A *huſband* is a farmer, *villicus*.

To lede thaim hay into the pele.
Bot hys wayne ſuld be ſtuffyt wele:
For aucht men, in the body
Off hys wayne, ſuld ſit priuely,
And with hay helyt be about.
And hymſelff, that wes dour and ſtout,
Suld by the wayne gang ydilly;
And ane yuman, wyght and hardy,
Befor ſuld dryve the wayne; and ber
Ane hachat, that war ſcharp to ſcher,
Undre hys belt: and quhen the yat
War opynnyt; and thai war tharat,
And he hard hym cry ſturdely
"Call all! Call all!" than haſtely
He ſuld ſtryk with the ax in twa
The ſoyme; and than in hy ſuld tha,
That war within the wayne, cum out,
And mak debat, quhill that thair rout
That ſuld ner by enbuſchyt be,
Cum for to manteyne the mellé.

This wes intill the herwyſt tyd,
Quhen felds, that ar fayr and wyd,
Chargyt with corne all fully war;
For ſyndry cornys that thai bar
Wox ryp to wyn, to mannys fud:
That the treys all chargyt ſtud
With ſer fruts, on ſyndry wyſs.
In this ſuete tyme, that I dewyſs,

Ver. 180. *Soyme*, a rope uſed in drawing carriages.

Thai

Thai off the pele had wonnyn hay,
And with this BUNNOK ſpokyn had thai,
To lede thair hay, for he wes ner;
And he aſſentyt but daunger.
And ſaid that, in the mornyng
Weill ſone, a fothyr he ſuld bryng,
Fayrar, and gretar, and weill mor,
Than he broucht ony that yer befor.
And held thaim cunnand ſekyrly.
For that nycht warnyt he priuely
Thaim that in the wayne ſuld ga,
And that in the buſchment ſuld be alſua.

And thai ſa graithly ſped thaim thar,
That or day thai enbuſchyt war,
Weill ner the pele; quhar thai mycht her
The cry, als ſone as ony wer.
And held thaim ſua ſtill, but ſtering,
That nane off thaim had perſawing.

And this BUNNOK faſt gan hym payne
To dreſs hys menye in hys wayne;
And all, a quhile befor the day,
He had thaim helyt weile with hay.
And made hym to yok hys ſe,
Till men the ſun ſchynand mycht ſe.
And ſum that war within the pele
War iſchyt on thair awne unſele,
To wyn the herwyſt ner tharby.
Than BONNOK with the cumpany,

That in hys wayne cloſyt he had,
Went on hys way, but mar debaid,
And callyt hys men towart the pele.
And the portar, that ſaw hym wele
Cum ner the yat, it opnyt ſone.
And than BONNOK, forowtyn hone,
Gert call the wayne deliuerly.
And quhen it wes ſet ewynly
Betwix the cheks off the yat,
Swa that men mycht it ſpar na gat,
He cryt, "Theyff! Call all! Call all!"
And he than lete the gad wand fall;
And hewyt in twa the ſoyme in hy.
BONNOK with that deliuerly
Roucht till the portar ſic a rout,
That blud and harnys bath come out.
And thai, that war within the wayne,
Lap out belyff; and ſone has ſlayne
Men off the caſtell, that war by.
Than in a quhile begouth to cry;
And thai that ner enbuſchyt war
Lap out, and come with ſuerds bar,
And tuk the caſtell all but payn:
And has thaim that tharin was ſlayn.
And thai that war went furth beforn,
Quhen thai the caſtell ſaw forlorn,
Thai fled to warand to and fra;
And ſum till *Edinburgh* gan ga;
And till *Strewilline* ar othyr gane;
And ſum intill the gat war ſlayne.

BUNNOK on this wyſs, with hys wayne,
The pele tuk, and the men has ſlayne.
Syne taucht it till the KING in hy,
That hym rewardyt worthely;
And gert dryve it doun to the ground.
And ſyne our all the land gan found,
Settand in peſs all the cuntré,
That at hys obeyſance wald be.

And quhen a litill tyme wes went,
Eſtre THOMAS RANDALL he ſent;
And ſa weill with hym tretyt he,
That he hys man hecht for to be.
And the KING hys ire hym forgave:
And for to hey hys ſtate hym gave
Murreff, and Erle tharoff hym maid.
And othyr ſyndry lands braid
He gave hym intill heretage.
He knew hys worthy waſſelage,
And hys gret wycht, and hys awyſs,
Hys traiſt hart, and hys lele ſeruice.
Tharfor in hym affayit he,
And ryche maid hym off lands and ſe.
As it wer certs rycht worthy,
And off ſa ſowerane gret bounté,
That mekill off hym may ſpokyn be.

Ver. 256. To *found* is to go, to travel.

Ver. 266. The charter, which is curious, is publiſhed by Home, Lord Kaims, in his Eſſays on Britiſh Antiquities, and in Shaw's Hiſtory of Moray. It has no date.

And for I think off hym to redé,
And to ſchaw part off hys gud dede,
I will diſcryve now hys faſſoun,
And part off hys conditioun.
He was off meſurabill ſtatur,
And weile porturat at meſur;
With braid weſage, pleſand and fayr,
Curtaiſs at poynt, and debonayr;
And off rycht ſekyr contenyng;
Lawté he lowyt atour all thing.
Falſet, treſoun, and felony,
He ſtud agayne ay entrely.
He heyit honour ay, and larges,
And ay mantenyt rychtwyſnes.
In cumpany ſolacious
He was; and tharwith amorous.
And gud knychts he luffyt ay.
And, giff I the ſuth ſall ſay,
He was fulfilyt off bounté,
Als off wertuys all maid was he.
I will commend hym her na mar:
Bot ye ſall her wele forthyrmar,
That he, for hys deds worthy,
Suld weill be pryſyt ſouerandly.

Quhen the KING thus was with hym ſaucht,
And gret lordſchippis had hym betaucht,
He woux ſa wyſs, and ſa awiſé,
That hys land fyrſt weill ſtablyſt he.

And

And ſyne he ſped hym to the wer,
To help hys eyme in hys myſter.
And with the aſſent off the KING,
Bot with a ſymple aparaling,
Till *Edinburgh* he went in hy,
With gud men intill cumpany,
And ſet a ſege to the caſtell;
That than was warnyſt wondre weill
With men and wictallis, at all rycht,
Sa that it dred na mannys fycht.

Bot this gud Erle not forthy
The ſege tuk full apertly.
And preſſyt the folk that tharin was
Swa, that not ane the yet durſt paſs.
Thai may abid tharin, and ete
Thair wictaill, quhile thai oucht may get;
Bot I trow thai ſall lettyt be
To purcheſs mar in the cuntré.
That tyme EDUUARD of *Ingland* king
Had gewyn that caſtell in keping
Till Schyr PERYS LOMBERT of *Gaſcone*.
And quhen thai off hys garyſone
Saw the ſege ſet thar ſa ſtythly,
Thai myſtrow hym off tratoury,
For that he ſpokyn had with the KING.
And for that ilk miſtrowing

Ver. 308. 1312.

Ver. 324. Leland, Collect. ii. 546, calls him Piers *Leland*, perhaps from nominal affection.

Thai tuk hym, and put hym in preſoun,
And off thair awyn natioun
Thai maid a conſtabill, thaim to lede,
Bath wyſs, and war, and wycht of dede.
And he ſet wyt, and ſtrenth, and ſlycht,
To kepe the caſtell at hys mycht.

Bot now off thaim I will be ſtill;
And ſpek a litill quhill I will
Off the douchty lord off DOWGLAS,
At that tyme in the Foreſt was.
Quhar he mony a juperty,
And fayr poynts off chewalry,
Serwyt as weill be nycht as day,
Till thaim that in hys caſtells lay,
Till *Roxburch* and *Jedwort*; bot I
Will lat fele off thaim paſs for by;
For I can noucht reherſs thaim all.
And thoucht I couth, weill trow ye ſall,
That I mycht not ſuffyce tharto,
Thar ſuld ſa mekill be ado.
Bot thai, that I wate wyttrely,
Eftre my wytt reherſs will I.

This tyme that the gud Erle THOMAS
Aſſegyt, as the lettre ſayis,

Ver. 339. 1312.

Ver. 353. 'As the lettre ſays,' only implies, as in this book has been ſaid before.

Edinburgh,

Edinburgh, JAMES off DOWGLAS
Set all hys wyt for to purchas
How *Roxburch*, throw ſutelté
Or ony craft, mycht wonnyn be.
Till he gert SYME off the LEIDHOUSS,
A crafty man and a curiouſs,
Off hempyn rapis leddres ma,
With irne ſteppis bundyn ſwa,
That brek wald not on na kyn wiſs.
A cruk thai maid at thair deuiſs
Off irne, that wes ſtyth and ſquar,
That fra it in ane kyrneill war,
And the leddre tharfra ſtraitly
Strekyt, it ſuld ſtand ſekyrly.
This gud Lord off DOWGLAS, alſone
As this deuiſit wes and done,
Gadryt gud men in priueté,
Thre ſcor, I trow, thai mycht be.
And on the Faſtryngs-ewyn rycht,
In the beginning off the nycht,
To the caſtell thai tuk thair way.
With blak frogs helyt war thai,
The armours that thai on thaim had.
Thai come ner by thair, but abad,

Ver. 365. A kernil is one of the low interſtices of wall on the battlements.

Ver. 372. Faſtrens-even is the eve of Lent. 6 March 1313.

Ver. 375. A *frog*, now ſpelt *frock*, is an upper-coat.

And

And ſend haly thair horſs tharfra.
And thai on rawnge, in an route gan ga
On hands and fete, quhen thai war ner,
Rycht as thai ky or oxin wer,
That war wont to be bondyn left tharout;
It was rycht myrk withoutyn dout.
The quheyn ane, on the wall that lay,
Beſid hym till hys fere gan ſay,
"This man thinks to mak gud cher,"
(And nemyt ane huſband tharby ner)
"That has left all hys oxin owt."
The tothyr ſaid, 'It is na dout
'He ſall mak mery to nycht, thocht thai
'Be with the DOWGLAS led away.'
Thai wend the DOWGLAS and hys men
Had bene oxyn; for thai yeid then
On hands and fete, ay ane and ane.
The DOWGLAS rycht gud tent has tane
To thair ſpek: bot alſone thai
Held carpand inwart thair way.

DOWGLAS' men tharoff war blyth.
And to the wall thai ſped thaim ſwyth:
And ſone has up thair leddres ſet,
That maid a clap quhen thai cruchet
Wes fixit faſt in the kyrneill.
That herd ane off the wachis weill;
And buſkyt thyddirwart, but baid.
Bot LEDDEHOUSE, that the leddre maid,

Sped hym to clymb fyrſt to the wall:
Bot or he wes up gottyn all,
He at that ward had in keping,
Met hym rycht at the upcumming.
And for he thoucht to ding hym doun,
He maid na noyis, na cry, na ſoun,
Bot ſchot to hym deliuerly.
And he that was in jupperty
To de, a launce he till hym maid,
And gat hym be the nek but baid;
And ſtekyt hym upwart with a knyff;
Quhill in hys hand he left the lyff.
And quhen he ded ſwa ſaw hym ly,
Upon the wall he went in hy,
And doun the body keſt thaim till;
And ſaid, "All gangs as we will.
"Spede yow upwarts deliuerly."
And thai did ſwa, in full gret hy.
Bot, or thai wan up, thar come ane,
And ſaw LEDHOUSS ſtand hym allane,
And knew he was not off thair men.
In hy he ruſchyt till hym then;
And hym aſſaylit ſturdely,
Bot he ſlew hym deliuerly;
For he wes armyt, and wes wycht;
The tothyr nakit wes, Ik hycht,
And had noucht for to ſtynt the ſtrak.
Sic mellé thairup gan he mak,
Quhill DOWGLAS, and hys mengye all,
War cummyn up apon the wall.

Then in the tour thai went in hy:
The folk wes that tyme halyly
Intill the hall, at thair daunſing,
Synging, and other wayis playing;
As apon Faſtyryngs-ewyn is
The cuſtume to mak joy and blyſs,
Till folk that ar into pouſté;
Swa trowyt thai that tyme to be.

Bot, or thai wyſt, rycht in the hall
DOWGLAS, and hys route, cummyn war all.
And cryt on hycht, DOWGLAS! DOWGLAS!
And thai, that ma war than he was,
Hard DOUGLAS! cryt hydwyſsly;
Thai war abayſit for the cry;
And ſchuip rycht na defens to ma.
And thai but pité gan thaim ſla,
Till thai had gottyn the ourhand.
The tothyr fled to ſek warand.
That out off meſur ded gan dreid.
The wardane ſaw how that it yeid
That callyt was GILMYN DE FYNYS;
In the gret toure he gottyn is,
And othyrs off hys cumpany,
And ſparryt the entré haſtely.
The lave, that lewyt war without,
War tane, or ſlayn, thar is na dout,

Ver. 456. Gillemin de Fiennes. Annals, ii. 37.

Bot

iff that any lap the wall.
Dowglas that nycht held the hall,
ich hys fayis tharoff wer wa.
nen was gangand to and fra,
w out the caſtell all that nycht.
n the morne, that day wes lycht,
vardane, that wis in the tour,
was a man off gret walour,
IYN THE FYNYS, quhen he ſaw
:aſtell tint, be cleue and law,
t hys mycht for to defend
:our; but thai without hym ſend
yis in ſa gret quantité,
anoyit tharoff wes he.

: till the tothyr day not forthy
ld the tour full ſturdely.
hen at ane aſſalt he was
idyt ſa felly in the face,
he wes dredand off hys lyff;
or he tretyt thar beliff;
auld the tour on ſic maner,
he, and all that with hym wer,
aufly paſs in *Ingland*.
GLAS held thaim gud conand,
:owoid thaim to thair cuntré.
ar full ſchort tyme levyt he:
hrow the wound intill the face,
:yt ſone, and beryit was.

DOWGLAS

DOWGLAS the caſtell ſeſyt all,
That than was cloſyt with ſtalwart wall;
And ſend this LEIDHOUSS till the KING,
That maid hym full gud rewarding.
And hys brothyr in full gret hy,
Schyr EDUUARD, that wes ſa douchty,
He ſend thyddyr to tumble it doun,
Bath tour, and caſtell, and dungeoun.
And he come with gret cumpany,
And gert trawaill ſa beſyly,
That tour and wall, rycht to the ground,
War tumblyt in a litill ſtound.
And duelt thar quhill all *Tewidale*
Come to the KINGS peſs, all haile,
Owtane *Jedwort*, and othyr that ner
The *Ingliſmennys* bounds wer.

Quhen *Roxburch* wonyn was on this wyſs,
The Erle THOMAS, that hey empriſs
Set ay on ſouerane hey bounté,
At *Edynburgh* with hys mengye
Was liand at a ſege, as I
Tauld you befor all opynly.
Bot fra he hard how *Roxburch* was
Tane with a trayne, all hys purchas,
And wyt, and beſynes, Ik hycht,
He ſet for to purches ſum ſlycht,
How he mycht help hym, throw body
Mellyt with hey chewalry,

T

To wyn the wall off the caſtell
Throw ſum kyn ſlycht. For he wyſt weill
That na ſtrenth mycht it plainly get,
Quhill thai within had men and met.

Tharfor priuely ſperyt he
Giff ony man mycht fundyn be,
That couth fynd any juperty
To clymb the wallis priuely:
And he ſuld have hys waryſoun.
For it wes hys ententioun
To put hym till all awentur,
Or that a ſege on hym mysfur.

Than wes thar ane WILYAME FRANCUSS,
Wycht, and apert, wyſs, and curyuſs,
That intill hys youthheid had bene
In the caſtell; quhen he has ſene
The Erle ſua enkerly hym ſet
Sum ſutelté, or wile, to get,
Quhar throw the caſtell have mycht he,
He come to hym in priueté;
And ſaid, "Methink ye wald blythly
"That men fand yow ſum juparty,
"How ye mycht our the wallis wyn:
"And certs giff ye will begyn
"For till aſſay on ſic awyſs,
"Ik undirtak, for my ſeruice,
"To ken yow to clymb to the wall;
"And I ſall formaſt be off all;

" Quhar with a ſchort leddre may we,
" I trow off twelf fute it may be,
" Clym to the wall up all quytly.
" And giff that ye will wyt how I
" Wate this, I ſall yow blythly ſay.
" Quhen I was young this hendre day,
" My fadyr wes keper off yone houſs,
" And I wes ſum deill walgeouſs,
" And lovyt a wench her in the toun.
" And for I, bot ſuſpicioun,
" Mycht repayr till hyr priuely,
" Off rapys a leddre to me mad I:
" And tharwith our the wall I ſlaid.
" A ſtrayt roid, that I ſperyt had,
" Intill the crage, ſyne doun I went;
" And offtſyſs come till myn intent.
" And quhen it ner drew to the day,
" I held agayne that ilk way:
" And ay come in but perſawing.
" Ik uſyt lang that trawailling;
" Sa that I can that roid ga rycht,
" Thoucht men ſe newyr ſa myrk the nycht;
" And giff ye think ye will aſſay
" To paſs up eftre me that way;
" Up to the wall I ſall yow bring,
" Giff God us ſawys fra perſawing
" Off thaim, that wachys on the wall.
" And giff that us ſwa fayr may fall,
" That we owr leddres up may ſet,
" Giff a man on the wall may get,

" He

« He ſall defend, and it be ned,
« Quhill the remanand up thaim ſped."

The Erle wes blyth off hys carping,
And hycht hym fayr rewarding;
And undretuk that gat to ga.
And bad hym ſone hys leddre ma,
And hald hym priué quhill thai mycht
Set for thair purpoſe on a nycht.

Sone eftre was the leddre maid;
And then the Erle, but mar abaid,
Puruayt hym a nycht preuély,
With threty men, wycht and hardy;
And in a myrk nycht held thair way
That put thaim till full hard aſſay;
And to gret perill ſekyrly.
I trow, mycht thai haiff ſene clerly,
That gat had not bene undretane,
Thouch thai to let thaim had not ane.
For the crag wes hey, and hidwouſs,
And the clymbing rycht parallous:
For hapnyt ony to ſlid and fall,
He ſuld ſone be to fruſchyt all.

The nycht wes myrk, as Ik hard ſay,
And to the fute ſone cummyn ar thai
Off the crag; that wes hey and ſchor.
Than WILYAM FRANSOYS thaim befor

Clamb in crykes forouth ay;
And at the bak hym followyit thai,
With mekill payne; quhile to quhile fra,
Thai clamb into the crykys ſwa,
Quhile halff the craig thai clumbyn had,
And thar a place thai fand ſa brad,
That thai mycht ſit on anerly.
And thai war handles and wery:
And thair abad thair aynd to ta.
And rycht as thai war ſittand ſwa,
Rycht aboune thaim, up apon the wall,
The chak-wachys aſſemblyt all.
Now help thaim God, that all thing mai!
For in full gret perill ar thai;
For mycht thai ſe thaim thar, ſuld nane
Eſchape out off that place unſlane:
To dede with ſtanys thai ſuld thaim ding,
That thai mycht help thaimſelwyn nathing.

Bot wondre myrk wes the nycht,
Swa that thai off thaim had na ſycht.
And not forthy yeit wes thar ane
Off thaim, that ſwappyt doun a ſtane,
And ſaid, "Away! I ſee yow weille."
The quheyr he ſaw thaim not a deile.
Owt our thair heds flaw the ſtane;
And thai ſat ſtill lurkand ilkane.

The wachys, quhen thai herd noucht ſter,
Fra that ward ſamyn all paſſyt er,

And

And carpand held fer by thar way.
The Erle THOMAS, alſone and thai
That on the crag thar ſat hym by,
Towart the wall clamb haſtily,
And thyddyr cam, with meikle mayn,
And not but gret perill and payn.
For fra thyne up wes grewouſer
To clymb up, ne beneth befer.

Bot quhat kyn payn ſua euir thai had,
Rycht to the wall thai come but bad,
That had weill ner twelf fute off hycht.
And, forowt perſawing or ſycht,
Thai ſet thair leddres to the wall.
And ſyne FRANSOYS, befor thaim all,
Clamb up; and ſyne Schyr ANDROW GRAY;
And ſyne the Erle hymſelf, perfay,
Wes the thrid, that the wall gan ta.
Quhen thai thar doune thair Lord ſwa
Saw clymbyne up apon the wall,
As woud men thai clamb eftre all.

Bot or all up clumbyn war thai,
Thai that war wachys till aſſay,
Hard ſtering, and priué ſpeking,
And alſwa fraying off armyng.
And on thaim ſchot full ſturdely;
And thai met thaim rycht hardely;
And ſlew off thaim diſpiteouſly.
Than throw the caſtell raiſs the cry,

"Treſoun! Treſoun!" thai cryt faſt.
Than ſum off tham war ſwa agaſt,
That thai fled, and lap our the wall.
Bot to ſay ſuth, thai fled not all.

For the conſtabill, that wes hardy,
All armyt ſchot furth to the cry;
And with hym fele hardy and ſtout.
Yeyt wes the Erle, with hys rout,
Fechtand with thaim apon the wall;
Bot ſone he diſcomfyt thaim all.
Be that hys men war cummyn ilk ane
Up to the wall, and he has tane
Hys way doun to the caſtell ſone.
In gret perill he hes hym doyn,
For thai war fer ma men tharin,
(And thai had bene off gud cowyne)
Than he; bot thai effrayit war.
And not for this, with wapnys bar,
The conſtabill, and hys cumpany,
Met hym and hys, rycht hardely.

Thar mycht men ſe gret bargane riſs:
For with wapnys off mony wiſs
Thai dang on othyr, at thair mycht,
Quhill ſwerds that war fayr and brycht
War till the hilts all bludy.
Than hidwyſly begouth the cry:
For thai that fellyt, or ſtekyt, war,
Hidwyſly gan cry and rar.

The

The gud Erle, and hys cumpany,
Faucht in that ſycht ſa ſturdyly,
That all thair fayis ruſchyt war,
The conſtabill wes ſlane rycht thar.
And fra he fell the remanand
Fled, quhar thai beſt mycht, to warand.
Thai durſt not bid to ma debate.
The Erle was handlyt thar ſa hat,
That had it not hapnyt throw caſs,
That the conſtabill thar ſlayn than was,
He had bene in gret perell thar.
Bot quhen thai fled thar was na mar;
Bot ilk man, to ſauff hys lyff,
Fled furth hys dayis for to dryve.
And ſum ſlaid doun out our the wall.
The Erle has tane the caſtell all;
For thar wes nane durſt hym withſtand.
I hard newyr quhar, in na kin land,
Wes caſtell tane ſa hardely,
Owtakyn *Treile* anerly,
Quhen ALEXANDER the cunquerour,
That conqueryt *Babilonys* tour,
Lap on bar forſs fra the wall;
Quhar he amang hys fayis all,

Ver. 701. Edinburgh caſtle was taken 14th March 1313, Fordun xii. 19.

Ver. 705. Editions read *Tyre*, abſurdly. It was in a town of the Oxydracæ that Alexander incurred this danger. Arrian. lib. vi. p. 394, ed. Blancardi. But the name is unknown, and Barbour's authority eſcapes me.

Defendyt hym full douchtely,
Quhill hys nobill chewalry,
With leddres our the wall yeid,
That nothyr left for dede na dreid.
For fra thai wyſt weill that the king
Wes in the toun, thar was nathing
Intill that tyme that ſtynt thaim moucht,
For all perill thai ſet at noucht.
Thai clamb the wall; and ARISTE'
Come fyrſt to the gud king, quhar he
Defendyt hym, with all hys mycht;
That then ſa hard wes ſet, Ik hycht,
That he wes fellyt on a kne;
He till hys bak had ſet a tre,
For dred thai ſuld behind aſſaile.
ARISTE' then to the bataille
Sped hym in hy, all ſturdely,
And dang on thaim ſa douchtely,
That the king weille reſkewit was.
For hys men, into ſyndry plas,
Clamb our the wall and foucht the king,
And hym reſkewyt with hard fechting;
And wanne the toun deliverly.
Owtane this taking enerly,
I herd neuir, in na tyme gane,
Quhar caſtell was ſa ſtoutly tane.

And off this taking that I mene
Saint MARGARET, the gud haly quene,

Wyſt

Ver. 737. Margaret, the queen of Malcom III. a woman worth

Wyſt in hyr tyme, throw reweling
Off hym that knaws and wate all thing.
Tharfor, inſted of prophecy,
Sche left taknyng rycht joly,
That is yeit intill hyr chapele.
Sche gert weill portray a caſtell,
A leddre up to the wall ſtandand,
And a man up tharapon clymband.
And a wrote oucht hym, as auld men ſayis,
In *Frankis, Gardys vouys de Franſais.*
And for this word ſche gert wryt ſwa,
Men wend the *Frankis men* ſuld it ta.
Bot for FRAWNSOUS hattyn wes he,
That ſwa clamb up in priueté,
Sche wrat that, as in prophecy:
And it fell eſtrewart ſothly
Rycht as ſhe ſaid; for tane it was,
And FRANSOYS led thaim up that paſs.

On this wyſs *Edinburgh* was tane;
And thai that war tharin ilkane
Othyr tane, or ſlane, or lap the wall.
Thair guds haiff thai lefyt all;

worth a thouſand ſaints. See the life of her, by her confeſſor, in the *Vitæ Antiquæ Sanctorum Scotiæ*, Londini, 1789, 8vo.

Ver. 746. Editions read:

And wrote on him, as old men ſayes.

We ſhould ſurely read 'ovvr him,' over him, above him.

And ſouch the houſs euirilkane.
Schyr PERS LUMBART that was tane,
As I ſaid er befor, thai fand
In boyis, and hard feſtnyng ſittand.
Thai broucht hym to the Erle in hy,
And he gert louſs hym haſtely;
Then he become the KING's man.
Thai ſend word to the KING rycht than,
And tauld how the caſtell wes tane.
And he in hy is thyddar gane;
With mony ane in cumpany,
And gert myne doun all halyly,
Bath tour and wall rycht to the grond.
And ſyne our all the land gan fond,
Seſand the cuntré till hys peſs.
Off this deid, that ſa worthy wes,
The Erle was preſyt gretumly.
The KING that ſaw hym ſa worthy,
Was blyth, and joyfull our the lave,
And to mantayne hys ſtat he gave
Rents and lands, fayr inewch.
And he to ſa gret worſchip dreuch,
That all ſpak off hys gret bounté.
Hys fayis gretly ſtonayit he;
For he fled neuir for force off fycht.
Quhat ſall I mar ſay off hys mycht?
Hys gret manheid, and hys bounté,
Gerrs hym yeit renownyt be.

In

In this tyme, that thir jupertyſs
Off thir caſtells, that I dewiſs,
War eſchewyt ſa hardely,
Schyr EDUUARD the BRUCE, the hardy,
Had all *Galloway* and *Nidyſdale*
Wynnyn till hys liking all haile.
And dingyn doun the caſtells all
Rycht in the dyk, bath tour and wall.

He hard than ſay, and knew it weile,
That in *Ruglyn* wes a pele.
Thyddir he went, with hys menye,
And wonnyn it in ſchort tyme has he.
Syne to *Dundé* he tuk the way,
That then wes halden, as I herd ſay,
Agayne the KING. Tharfor in hy
He ſet a ſege tharto ſtoutly;
And lay thar quhill it yolden was.
To *Strewillyne* ſyne the way he taes;
Quhar gud Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
That was ſa douchty at aſſay,
Was wardane; and had in keping
That caſtell, off the *Inglis* king.

Thartill a ſege thai ſet ſtythly:
Thai bekkyryt offtſyſs ſturdely;
Bot gret chewalry done wes nane.
Schyr EDUUARD, fra the ſege wes tane,

A weill

In

A weill lang tyme about it lay,
Fra the Lentryne, that is to ſay,
Quhill forouth the Saint Ihonys meſs;
The *Inglis* folk, that tharin wes,
Begouth to failye wictaill be than.
Than Schyr PHILIP, that douchty man,
Tretyt quhill thai conſentyt war,
That giff at Midſomer, the neiſt yer
To cum, it war not with bataill
Reſkewyt; than that, forowtyn faill,
He ſuld the caſtell yauld quytly.
That connand band thai ſekyrly.

Ver. 815, 816. From Lent 1313 to 24th June.

THE END OF BUKE X.

THE BRUCE.

BUKE XI.

ARGUMENT.

Thilk, and the twa folowand bukes, contein the Kyng of England's array again Scotland, and the battel of Bannocburn. EDWARD II. *assemblis anè gret hoſt, dividit intil ten battels, of ten thouſand men ilkane—marchis till Edenborrow.—King* ROBERT *ſummounis his armie of thritty thuſand, and ma, and dividis tham into four battels—his ſtratageme —he orders the ſma folk, carriage, and vittail, fra him.—The Inglis advaunce to Falkirk.—The Erle of* MUREF, *with fyve hundred men, aſſalis eight hundred.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE XI.

AND quhen this cunand thus was maid,
Schyr PHILIP intill *Ingland* raid;
And tauld the King all hale his tale,
How he a twelf moneth all hale
Had, (as it wryttin wes in their tailé),
To reſkew *Strewillyne* with bataillé.

And quhen he hard Schyr PHILIP ſay
That *Scotts men* had ſet a day
To fycht; and that ſic ſpace he had
To purway him; he wes rycht glaid.
And ſaid, it wes gret ſukudry
That ſet thaim apon ſic foly.
For he thocht to be, or that day,
Sa purwayit, and in ſic aray,
That thar ſuld nane ſtrenth hym withſtand.
And quhen the lords off *Ingland*
Herd that this day wes ſet planly,
Thai jugyt it all for to failly,

Ver. 5. *Tailé* is covenant, agreement.

And

And thoucht to haiff all thair liking,
Giff men abaid thaim in fechting.

Bot oft faillys the fulis thoucht:
And yheit wyſmennys ay cummys nocht
To ſik end, as thai weine, alwayis.
A litill ſtane oft, as men ſayis,
May ger weltyr a mekill wayne.
Na mannys mycht may ſtand agayne
The grace of God, that all thing ſters.
He wate quhat till all thing affers;
And diſponys at hys liking
Off hys ordynance all thing.

Quhen Schyr EDUUARD, as I yow ſay,
Had gevyn ſwa owtrageouſs a day
To yeld, or reſkew, *Strewillyne*,
Rycht to the KING he went hym ſyne.
And tauld quhat tretyſs he had mad;
And quhat day he thaim gevyn had.
The KING ſaid, quen he hard the day,
" It wes unwiſely doyn perfay!
" Ik herd neuir quhar ſa lang warnyng
" Wes gevyn to ſa mychty a King,
" As is the King off *Ingland*.
" For he has now intill hand
" *Ingland*, *Ireland*, and *Walis* alſua,
" And *Aquitangue* yheit, with all tha;
" And off *Scotland* yeit a party
" Dwells undre hys ſenyowry.

" And

" And off treſour ſa ſtuffyt is he,
" That he may wageours haiff plenté.
" And we ar quhoyne, agayne ſa fele.
" God may rycht weill owr werdys dele!
" Bot we ar ſet in juperty,
" To tyne, or wyn, than haſtily."

Schyr EDUUARD ſaid, ' Sa God me rede!
' Thoch he, and all that he may lede,
' Cum; we ſall fecht all, war thai ma.'
Quhen the KING hard hys brodyr ſay ſwa
Spek to the bataill ſa hardely,
He preſyt hym in hys hart gretumly.
And ſaid, " Brodyr, ſen ſwa is gane,
" That this thing thus is undretane,
" Schap we us tharfor manlely;
" And all that luffs us tendrely,
" And the fredome off this cuntré,
" Purway thaim at that tyme to be
" Boune, with all the mycht that euir thai may.
" Swa giff that our fayis aſſay
" To reſkew *Strewilline*, throw bataill,
" That we off purpoſs ger thaim faill."

To thys thai all aſſentyt ar,
And bad thair men all mak thaim yar
For to be boune, agayne that day,
On the beſt wyſs that euir thai may.

Then

Then all, that worthy war to fycht,
Off *Scotland* ſet all hale thair mycht,
To purway thaim, agayne that day.
Wappnys and armowrs purwayit thai;
And all that affers to fychting.
And in *Ingland* the mychty King
Purwayit hym in ſa gret aray,
That, certs hard I neuir ſay,
That *Inglis men* mar aparaile
Maid, than thai did for bataile.

For quhen the tyme wes cummyn ner,
He aſſemblyit all hys power.
And, but hys awne chewalry,
That wes ſa gret it wes ferly,
He had off mony fer cuntré
With hym gud men off gret bounté.
Off *Fraunce* worthy chewalry
He had intill his cumpany;
The Erle off *Henaud* als was thar,
And with hym men that worthy war;
Off *Gaſcoyne*, and off *Almany*,
And off the worthyaſt off *Bretaynguy*,
He had wycht men, and weill farand,
Armyt clenly, bath fute and hand.
That nane left that mycht wappnys weld,
Or mychty war to fecht in feld.
All *Walis* als with hym had he;
And off *Irland* a gret mengye;

Off

Off *Pontyne*, *Aquitane*, and *Bayone*,
He had mony off gret renoune.
ANE HUNDRE THOUSAND men, and ma;
And fourty thouſand war off tha
Armyt on horſs, bath heid and hand.
And off thaim yeit war thre thouſand,
With helyt horſs in plate and mailye,
To mak the front off the batailye.
And fyfty-twa thouſand off archers
He had, forowtyn hobelers.
And men of fute and ſmal rangale,
That yemyt harnays and wittaile,
He had ſa fele, it wes ferly.
Off carts als that raid thaim by
Sa fele that, but all thai that bar
Harnays, and als that chargyt war
With pailyownys, and weſchall withall,
And aparaile off chambyr and hall,

Ver. 103. This number ſeems not exaggerated. See *Annals*, ii. 41, 42. Edward ſummoned the whole power of his kingdom; *totum ſervitium noſtrum*. Rymer's Fœdera, iii. 478. With half the number he might probably have been victorious. An army exceeding 40,000 ſeems, from ancient and modern hiſtory, to be only calculated for miſmanagement and defeat. March, 1314.

Ver. 107. That is, horſes covered with mail: a very ancient practice among the Sarmatæ, or Slavonic nations, as appears from Trajan's pillar, and other ancient monuments, collated with ancient authors: and which continued among the Gothic nations to the lateſt times of chivalry.

And wyne, and wax, ſchot, and wictaille,
Aucht ſchor, chargyt with pulaile.
Thai war ſa fele quhar that thai raid,
And thair batailles war ſa braid,
And ſwa gret rowme held thair char,
That men that mekill oft mycht ſe [far]
Ourtak the lands largely.
Men mycht ſe then, that had bene by,
Mony a worthy man, and wycht;
Mony ane armour gayly dycht,
And mony ane ſturdy ſtering ſted,
Arayit intill ryche wede;
Mony helmys, and haberiownys;
And ſa many a combly knycht,
That it ſemyt that into ſycht
Thai ſuld wencuſs the warld all haile.
Quhy ſuld I mak ſa lang my taile?
To *Berwik* ar cummyn ilk ane;
And ſum tharin has innys tane;
And ſum logyt withowt the townys,
In tents and in pailyownys.

And

Ver. 120. Editions read, '*fewal.*' *Poulaile* is ſurely poultry.

Ver. 123, 124, 125. The MS. is here corrupt. It reads:

And ſwa gret rowme held thair char
[*A blank ſpace left for a line*]
That men that mekill oft mycht ſe,
Ner by quhen ſa wald be,
Ourtak the lands largely.
Men mycht ſe then, that had bene by.

The third line is ſuperfluous nonſenſe: and this corruption is

And quhen the King hys oft has ſene
Sa gret; and ſa gude men, and clene;
He was rycht joyfull in hys thoucht.
And weill ſuppoſit that thar wes noucht
In warld a king mycht hym withſtand.
Hym thoucht all wonnyn till hys hand;
And largly amang hys men
The land off *Scotland* delt he then.
Off othyr mennys thing larg wes he.
And thai, that war off hys mengye,
Manauſyt the *Scotts men* haly
With gret words. But not forthy,
Or thai cum all to thair entent,
Howys in hale claith ſall be rent.

The King, throw cunſaile off hys men,
Hys folk delt in bataills ten.
In ilkane war weile ten thouſand,
That lete thai ſtalwartly ſuld ſtand
In the bataill, and ſtythly fycht;
And leve not for thair fayis mycht.
He ſet leders till ilk bataile,
That knawin war off gud gouernaile.
And till renownyt Erls twa,
Off GLOSYSTER and HERFURD war tha,
Thai had the waward in leding,
With mony men at thair bidding,

is eaſily remedied from the editions; which however for *thair thar* read, *they there*.

Ver. 153. That is, 'holes muſt be made in ſound cloth.'

Ordanyt into full gud aray.
Thai war ſa chewalrows, that thai
Trowyt, giff thai come to fycht,
Thar ſuld na ſtrenth withſtand thair mycht.
And the King, quhen hys mengye wer
Dewyſit intill bataill ſer,
Hys awne bataill ordanyt he;
And quha ſuld at his bridill be.
Schyr GILIS DE ARGENTE' he ſett
Apon a halff, hys reyngye to kept;
And off WALENCE Schyr AYMERY
On othyr halff, that wes worthy;
For in thair ſouerane bounté
Owtowr the lave affayit he.

Quhen the King, apon this kyn wiſs,
Had ordanyt, as Ik her deuiſs,
Hys batailles, and hys ſtering,
He raiſs arly in a mornyng,
And fra *Berwik* he tuk the way.
Bath hillis and walis helyt thai,
As the batailles, that war braid,
Departyt our the felds raid.
The ſon wes brycht, and ſchenand cler,
And armours that burnyſyt wer,
Sa blomyt with the ſonnys beme
That all the land wes in a leme.

Ver. 174. Sir Giles de Argentine, a foreign warrior of great fame, but unknown extract: probably of Flanders.

Ver. 184. June, 1314.

Baners

Baners rycht fayrly flawmand,
And penſeles to the wynd wawand,
Swa fele thar war off fer quentiſs,
That it war gret ſlycht to deuiſs.
And ſuld I tell all thair affer,
Thair cuntenance, and the maner,
Thouch I couth, I ſuld combryt be.
The King, with all that gret mengye,
Till *Edynburgh* he raid hym rycht.
Thai war all owt to fele to fycht
With few folk, off a ſymple land.
Bot quhar God helpys quhat may withſtand?

The King ROBERT, quhen he hard ſay
That *Inglis men* in ſic aray,
And into ſwa gret quanteté,
Come in hys land; in hy gert he
Hys men be ſumound generaly.
And thai come all, full wilfully,
To the *Torwood*, quhar that the KING
Had ordanyt to mak thair meting.

Schyr EDUUARD the BRUCE, the worthy,
Come with a full gret cumpany
Off gud men, armyt weill at rycht,
Hardy, and forſy for to fycht.
WALTRE STEWART off SCOTLAND ſyne,
That than wes bot a berdleſs hyne,

Ver. 193. Penſils are ſmall penons, with which the ſpears of knights were ornamented.

Come with a rout off nobill men,
That men mycht be contynence ken.
The gud lord off DOWGLAS alſua
Broucht with hym men, Ik undreta,
That weile war uſyt in fechting;
Thai ſall the les haiff abayſing,
Giff thaim betid in thrang to be,
Awantage thai ſall tittar ſe,
For to ſtonay thair fayis mycht,
Than men that uſis not to fycht.
The Erle off MURREFF with hys men,
Arayit weille come alſua then,
Into gud cowine for to fycht,
And gret will for to manteyne thair mycht.
Owtakyn thair mony barownys,
And knychts that off gret renoune is,
Come, with thair men, full ſtalwartly.
Quhen thai war aſſemblyt halely,
Off fechtand men I trow thai war
THRETY THOUSAND, and ſome deill mar;
Forowtyn cariage, and pettaill,
That yemyt harnayis, and wittaill.

Our all the oſt then yeid the KING;
And beheld to thair contenyng,
And ſaw thaim off full fayr affer;
Off hardy cuntenance thai war,
Off liklynes the maſt cowart
Semyt full weill to do hys part.

The

ING has ſene all thair hawing,
ew hym weill into ſic thing,
v thaim all commonnaly
cuntenance, and ſa hardy,
effray or abayſing,
iart had he gret liking.
ɔucht that men off ſa gret will,
ii wald ſet thair will thartill,
full hard to wyn perfay.
he met thaim in the way,
cumyt thaim with glaidſum far,
d gud words her and thar.
ii that thair Lord ſa mekly
lcum thaim, and ſa hamly,
hai war: and thoucht that thai
wele to put thaim till aſſay
d fechtand, or ſtalwart ſtur,
maynteyne hys honour.

worthy KING, quhen he has ſene
aſſemblyt all bedene;
v thaim willfull to fulfill
ing, with gud hart and will;
maynteyne will thair franchiſs;
reioſyt mony wiſs.
lyt all hys cunſaile priué,
d thaim, "Lords, now ye ſe
Inglis men, with mekill mycht,
ll diſponyt thaim for the fycht;

" For thai yone caſtell wald reſkew.
" Tharfor is gud we ordane now
" How we may let thaim off thair purpos;
" And ſwa to thaim the wayis cloſs,
" That thai paſs not, bot gret letting.
" We haiff her with us at bidding
" Weile threty thouſand men, and ma.
" Mak we four batailles off tha;
" And ordane us in ſic maner
" That when our fayis cummys ner,
" We to the *New Park* hald owr way.
" For thar behowys thaim nede a way,
" Bot giff that thai will beneuch us ga,
" And our the merraiſs paſſand ſwa,
" We ſall be at awantage thar.
" And methink that richt ſpedful war
" To gang on fute to this fechting,
" Armyt bot in litill armyng;
" For ſchuip we us on horſs to fycht,
" Sen our fayis ar mar off mycht,
" And better horſyt than ar we,
" We ſuld into gret perill be.
" And giff we fycht on fute perfay
" At awantage we ſall be ay.
" For in the park, amang the treys,
" The horſs men ar cumbryt alwayis.
" And the ſyks alſua, that ar thardoun,
" Sall put thaim to confuſioun."

Ver. 274. Stirling caſtle, within view.

All

All thai conſentyt till that ſaw.
And than, intill a litill thraw,
Thair four bataills ordanyt thai.
And till the Erle THOMAS perfay
Thai gaiff the waward in leding;
For in his nobill gouerning,
And in hys hey chewalry,
Thai aſſoweryt rycht ſoueranly.
And, for to maynteyne hys baner,
Lords, that of gret worſchip wer,
War aſſygnyt, with thair mengye,
Intill hys bataille for to be.
The tothyr bataile wes gevyn to led
Till hym, that douchty wes of deid,
And preſyt off hey chewalry,
That wes Schyr EDUUARD, the worthy.
I trow he ſall maynteyne it ſua
That, howſaeuir the gamyn ga,
Hys fayis to plenye ſall matre haf.
And ſyne the thred bataill thai gaff
Till WALTRE STEWART for to leid;
And to DOWGLAS douchty off deid.
Thai war coſyngs in ner degre,
Tharfor till hym betaucht wes he.
For he wes young, bot not forthy
I trow he ſall ſa manlily
Do hys deuour, and wirk ſa weill,
That hym ſall nede ne mar yeinſeill.
The ferd bataill the nobill KING
Tuk till hys awne gowerning.

And

And had intill hys cumpany
The men of *Carrik* halely,
And off *Argbile*, and off *Kyntyr*,
And off the *Ilis*, quharoff was Syr
ANGUSS off *Ile* and *But:* all tha
He off the plane land had alſua,
Off armyt men a mekill rout:
Hys bataill ſtalwart wes and ſtout.
He ſaid the rerward he wald ma;
And ewyn befor hym ſuld ga
The waward; and, on aythir hand,
The tothyr bataillis ſuld be gangand,
Beſid on ſid a litill ſpace:
And the KING, that behind thaim was,
Suld ſe quhar thar war maſt miſter,
And releve thar with hys baner.

The KING, thus, that wes wycht and v
And rycht awiſé at dewiſs,
Ordanyt hys men for the fychting
In gud aray, in allkyn thing.

And on the morn, on Settreday,
The KING hard hys diſcourours ſay
That *Inglis men*, with mekill mycht,
Had lyin at *Edinburch* all nycht.

Ver. 333, 334. That is, he joined thoſe of C
whom he moſt confided, with thoſe in whom he tru
that the former might check the later.

Tharfor, withowtyn mar delay,
He till the *New Park* held hys way,
With all that in hys leding war,
And in the park thaim herbyryt thar.

And in a plane feld, be the way,
Quhar he thoucht ned behowyd to gay
The *Inglis men*, giff that thai wald
Throw the park to the caſtell hald,
He gert men mony potts ma,
Off a fute braid round; and all tha
War dep uptill a mannys kne;
Sa thik, that thai mycht lyknyt be
Till a wax kayme, that beis mais.
All that nycht trawailland he wais,
Swa that or day he hes maid
The potts, and thaim helyt haid
With ſtykks, and with gres all grene,
Swa that thai moucht not weill be ſene.

On Sonday than, in the mornyng,
Weile ſone eftre the ſone ryſyng,
Thai hard thair meſs commonnaly.
And mony thaim ſchraiff full devotly,
That thoucht to dey in that mellé,
Or than to mak thair cuntré fre.
To God, for thair rycht, prayit thai;
Thar deyt nane off thaim that day.

Ver. 377. Many *ſhrove*, or confeſſed their ſins to the prieſts.

Bot

Bot for the vigil off Saint Ihane
Thai faſtyt water and breid ilkane,

The KING that, when the meſs wes done,
Went furth to ſe the potts ſone,
And at hys liking ſaw thaim mad.
On aythir ſyd, rycht weill braid,
It wis pittyt, as Ik haiff tauld.
Giff that thair fayis on horſs wald hald
Furth in that way, I trow thai ſall
Not weill eſchaip forowtyn a fall.
Throwout the oſt than gert he cry
That all ſuld arm thaim haſtily,
And buſk thaim on thair beſt maner;
And quhen thai aſſemblyt wer,
He gert aray thaim for the fycht.
And ſyne gert cry our all on hycht
That quha ſa euir he war, that fand
Hys hart not ſekyr for to ſtand,
To wyn all, or dey with honour,
For to manteyne that ſtalwart ſtour,
That he betyme ſuld hald hys way.
And nane ſuld duell with hym bot thai
That wald ſtand with hym to the end,
And tak the ure that God wald ſend.
Than all anſweryt with a cry,
And with a woce ſaid generaly,
That nane for dout off deid ſuld faile,
Quhill diſcomfyt war the gret bataile,

Quhen

Quhen the gud KING has hard hys men
Sa hardely hym anſuer then,
Sayand that nothyr dede, na dreid,
Till ſic diſcomfort ſuld thaim leid,
That thai ſuld eſkew the fechting,
In hart he had gret reioſing.
For hym thocht men off ſic cowyne,
Sa gud, and hardy, and ſa fyne,
Suld weill in bataill hald thair rycht,
Agayne men off full mekill mycht.

Syne all the ſmall folk, and ſpitall,
He ſend with harneyſs and with wictaill
Intill the park, weill fer hym fra;
And fra the bataillis gert thaim ga.
And as he bad thai went thair way,
Twenty thouſand weill ner war thai.
Thai held thair way till a walé.
The KING left bot a clene mengye,
The quithyr thai war threty thouſand,
That I trow ſall ſtalwartly ſtand;
And do thair deuour as thai aw.
Thai ſtud thaim rangyt all on raw,
Redy for to giff hard bataill,
Giff ony folk wald thaim aſſaill.
The KING gert thaim all buſkyt be,
For he wyſt in certanté
That hys fayis all nycht lay
At the *Fawkyrk*; and ſyne that thai

Held

Held towart hym the way all ſtraucht;
With mony men off mekill maucht.
Tharfor till hys newo bad he,
The Erle off MURREFF, with hys mengye,
Beſid the kyrk to kepe the way,
That na man paſs that gat away,
For to debate the caſtell.
And he ſaid himſelf ſuld weill
Kep the entré with hys bataill,
Giff that ony wald thar affaill.
And ſyne hys brodyr, Schyr EDUUARD,
And young WALTRE alſua STEWARD,
And the Lord off DOWGLAS alſua,
With thair mengye, gud tent ſuld ta,
Quhilk off thaim had of help miſter,
And help with thaim that with hym wer.

The KING ſend than JAMES off DOWGLAS,
And Schyr ROBERT the KEYTH, that than was
Mariſchell off all the oſt off fé,
The *Inglis mennys* comyng to ſe.
And thai lap on, and furth thai raid,
Weill horſyt men with thaim thai haid;
And ſone the gret oſt haiff thai ſene,
Quhar ſchelds ſchynand war ſa ſchene,
And baſſynetts burnyſt brycht,
That gave agayne the ſone gret lycht,
Thai ſaw ſa fele brawdyne baners,
Standars, and pennownys, and ſpers,

And

And ſa fele knychts apon ſteds,
All flawmand in thair weds;
And ſa fele batailles, and ſa braid,
And tuk ſwa gret rowme as thai raid,
That the maiſt oſt, and the ſtouteſt,
Off Cryſtyndome, and the gretteſt,
Suld be abayſit for to ſe
Thair fayis into ſic quantité,
And ſwa arayit for to fycht.
Quhen thair diſcurriours has had ſycht
Off thair fayis, as I yow ſay,
Towart the KING thai tuk thair way,
And tauld hym, into priueté,
The multitud, and the beauté,
Off thair fayis, that come ſa braid,
And off the gret mycht that thai had.
Than the KING bad thaim thai ſuld ma
Na contenance that it war ſua,
Bot lat them into comowne ſay,
That thai come intill ewyll aray;
To comfort hys on that wyſs.
For oftſyſs throw a word may ryſs
Diſcomford, and tynſaill with all.
And throw a word, als weill may fall,
Comford may ryſs, and hardyment
May ger men do thair intent.
On the ſamyn wiſs it ded er.
Thair comford, and thair hardy cher,
Comford thaim ſa gretumly,
Off thair oſt, that the leyſt hardy

Be contenance wald formaſt be
For to begyne the gret mellé.

Apon this wyſs the nobill KING
Gaiff all hys men recomforting,
Throw hardy contenance of cher,
That he maid on ſa gud maner.
Thaim thoucht that na myſcheiff mycht be
Sa gret with this thai hym mycht ſe
Befor thaim, ſwa that thaim ſuld greve
That in hys worſchip ſuld thaim releve.
Hys worſchip comfort thaim ſwa,
And contenance that he gan ma,
That the maſt coward wes hardy.
On othyr halff, full ſturdely,
The *Inglis men* on ſic aray,
As ye haiff herd me forouth ſay,
Come with thair bataille approchand,
The baners to the wynd wawand.

And quhen thai cummyn war ſa ner,
That bot twa myle betwix thaim wer,
Thai cheſyt a joly cumpany
Off men, that wycht wer and hardy,
On fayr courſers armyt at rycht.
Four lordys off mekill mycht
War capitanys off that route.
The Schyr the CLYFFURD, that wes ſtout,

Ver. 514. The day before the battle of Bannocburn, or 23d June, 1314.

Wes

Wes off thaim all ſowerane leidar:
Aucht hundre armyt, I trow, thai war.
Thai war all young men, and joly,
Yarnand to do chewalry
Off beſt of ywill the oſt war thai
Off contenance, and off aray:
Thai war the fayreſt cumpany
That men mycht fynd off ſa mony.

To the caſtell thai thoucht to far,
For giff that thai weill mycht cum thar,
Thai thoucht it ſuld reſkewyt be.
Furth on thair way held thys mengye,
And towart *Strewilline* held thair way.
The *New Park* all eſchewit thai,
For thai wyſt weill the KING was thar,
And newth the *New Park* gan thai far;
Weill newth the kyrk, intill a rout.
The Erle THOMAS, that wes ſa ſtout,
Quhen he ſaw thaim ſa ta the plane,
In gret hy went he thaim agayne,
With fyve hundre, forowtyn ma,
Anoyit in hys hart and wa,
That thai ſa fer war paſſyt by.
For the KING had ſaid hym rudely,
That "a roſe off hys chaplete
"Was fallyn;" for quhar he wes ſet

To

Ver. 526. Editions read:
The beſt of all the hoſt were they.

Ver. 547. That is a roſe of his chaplet, or wreath of flowers:

To kep the way thaiſe men war paſt.
And tharfor he haſtyt hym ſa faſt,
That cummyn in ſchort tyme wes he
To the plane feld, with hys menye.
For he thoucht that he ſuld amend
That he treſpaſſit had, or than end.

And quhen the *Inglis men* hym ſaw
Cum on, forowtyn dyn or aw,
And tak ſa hardely the plane,
In hy thai ſped thaim hym agane;
And ſtrak with ſpurs the ſteds ſtyth,
That bar thaim ewyn hard and ſwyth.
And quhen the Erle ſaw that mengye
Cum ſa ſtoutly, to hys ſaid he,
" Be not abayſit for thair ſchor,
" Bot ſetts ſpers yow befor.
" And bak to bak for all your rout
" And all the ſpers poynts owt.
" Swa gate us beſt defend may we,
" Enweronyt with thaim giff we be."

And as he bad thaim thai haiff done:
And the tothyr come on alſone.
Befor thaim all come prykkand
A knycht, hardy of hart and hand,

ers: a proverbial metaphor. The Annaliſt, ii. 44, ſ
miſunderſtands the paſſage.

And a weile gret lord at hame,
Schyr GILYAME DE AMECOT wes hys name.
And prykkyt on thaim hardyly,
And thai met hym ſwa ſturdely,
That he and horſs wes borne doune,
And ſlayne rycht thar forowtyn ranſoun.
With *Inglis men* gretly wes he
Menyt that day, and hys bounté.
The lave come on rycht ſturdely,
Bot nane off thaim ſa hardely
Ruſchyt amang thaim, as did he.
Bot with fer mar maturyté,
Thai aſſemblyt all in a rout,
And enweround thaim all about,
Aſſailyand thaim on ilka ſid.
And thai with ſpers wownds wid
Gaff till the horſs, that cum thaim ner.
And thai that ridand on thaim wer,
That doune war borne, loſyt thair lyvis.
And othyr ſpers, darts, and knyffs,
And wapynnys on ſer maner,
Keſt amang thaim that fechtand wer;
That thaim defendyt ſwa wittily,
That thair fayis had gret ferly.
For ſum wald ſchout out off thair rout,
And off thaim that aſſailyt about,

Ver. 573. Editions ſay Sir William the Hawcourt. From the Annals, ii. 44, it appears that *Daynecourt* is the real name.

Stekyt ſteds, and bar down men.
The *Inglis men* ſa rudly then
Keſt amang thaim ſuerds and maſs,
That ymyd thaim a monteyle was,
Off wappnys, that war warpyt thar.
The Erle and hys thus fechtand war
At gret myſcheyff, as I yow ſay.
For fewar, be full fer, war thai
Than thair fayis; and all about
War enweround: quhar mony rout
War roucht full diſpiteouſly.
Thair fayis demanyt thaim full ſtarkly.
On ayther half thai war ſa ſtad,
For the rycht gret heyt that thai had,
For fechtyn, and for ſonnys het,
That all thair fleſs off ſwate was wete.
And ſic a ſtew raiſs out off thaim then,
Off ane ding bath off horſs and men,
And off powdyr; that ſic myrknes
Intill the ayr abowyne thaim wes,
That it wes wondre for to ſe.
Thai war in gret perplexité.
Bot with gret trawaill not forthy
Thai thaim defendyt manlily:
And ſet bath will, and ſtrenth and mycht,
To ruſche thair fayis in that fycht,
That thaim demanyt angyrly:
Bot giff God help thaim haſtily,

Ver. 616. *Powder* is *duſt*.

Th

Thai ſall thair fill haiff off fechtyng.
Bot quhen the nobill renownyt KING,
With othyr Lords that war hym by,
Saw how the Erle abandonnly
Tuk the playne feld, JAMES off DOWGLAS
Come to the KING, rycht quhar he was,
And ſaid, "A Schyr! Sanct Mary!
"The Erle off MURREFF opynly
"Tayſs the playne feld, with hys menye.
"He is in perill but he be
"Sone helpyt; for hys fayis ar ma
"Than he, and horſyt weill alſua.
"And with your leve I will me ſpeid
"To help hym, for he has ned;
"All umbeweround with hys fayis is he."
The KING ſaid, 'Sa our Lord me ſe!
'A fute till him yow ſall not ga.
'Giff he weill dois, let hym weill ta,
'Quheyr euir hym happyn to wyn or loſs,
'I will not for hym brak purpos.'
"Certs," ſaid JAMES, "I ma na wiſs
"Se that hys fayis hym ſurpriſs,
"Quhen that I may ſet help thartill,
"With your leve ſekyrly I will
"Help hym, or dey into the payn."
'Do than, and ſpeid ye ſone agayn,'

The KING ſaid. And he held hys way:
Giff he may cum in tyme perfay,
I trow he ſall hym help ſa weill,
That all hys fayis ſall it feill.

THE END OF BUKE XI.

THE BRUCE.

BUKE XII.

The KING ſaid. And he held hys way:
Giff he may cum in tyme perfay,
I trow he ſall hym help ſa weill,
That all hys fayis ſall it feill.

THE END OF BUKE XI.

TH

THE

BRUCE.

BUKE XII.

ARGUMENT.

The King of Scotland kills Schir HENRY DE BOHUN.—*The Erle of* MUREF *defeats the Inglis partie.*—*Kyng* ROBERT *avisis with his men*—*makis a lang speche to thaim.*—*Thai remain on armis all nicht.*—*Next day is the* BATTEL OF BANNOCBURN.—*The armies joyn in fecht.*—*Dedis of the Erle of* MUREF.

THE BRUCE.

BUKE XII.

NOW DOWGLAS furth hys wayis tais;
And in that ſelff tyme fell, throw caiſs,
That the king off *Ingland*, quhen he
Wes cummyn with hys gret menye
Ner to the place, as I ſaid ar,
Quhar *Scotts men* arayit war,
He gert areſt all hys bataill.
And othyr alſua to tak conſaill,
Quhar thai wald herbery thaim that nycht;
Or than but mar ga to the fycht.

The waward, that wyſt na thing
Off this areſt, na hys duelling,
Raid to the *Park* all ſtraucht thair way,
Forowtyn ſtynting, in gud aray.

And quhen the KING wyſt that thai wer
In hale bataill, cummand ſa ner,

Hys

Hys bataill gert he weill aray.
He raid apon a litill palfray,
Laucht; and joly arayand
Hys bataill, with an ax in hand.
And on hys baſſinet he bar
An hat off tyre aboune ay quhar;
And tharapon, into taknyng,
Ane hey crown, that he wes king.

And quhen GLOSYSTER and HERFURD war,
With thair bataill, approachand ner,
Befor thaim all thar come rydand,
With helm on heid, and ſper in hand,
Schyr HENRY THE BOUNE, the worthy,
That wes a wycht knycht, and a hardy;
And to the Erle off HERFURD cuſyne;
Armyt in armys gud and fyne;
Come on a ſted, a bow-ſchote ner,
Befor all othyr that thar wer.
And knew the KING, for that he ſaw
Hym ſwa rang hys men on raw;
And by the crown, that wes ſet
Alſua apon hys baſſynet.
And towart hym he went in hy.
And the KING ſua apertly

Ver. 18. Editions read:

Himſelf rade on a gray palfray.

This palfrey, or little horſe, Robert only uſed in arraying his army, becauſe more manageable than a war-horſe.

Ver. 29. Sir Henry de Bohun.

Saw

Saw hym com, forouth all hys fers,
In hy till hym the horſs he ſters.
And quhen Schyr HENRY ſaw the KING
Cum on, forowtyn abayſing,
Till hym he raid in full gret hy.
He thoucht that he ſuld weill lychtly
Wyn hym, and haf hym at hys will,
Sen he hym horſyt ſaw ſa ill.
Sprent thai ſamyn intill a ling.
Schyr HENRY myſſit the nobill KING.
And HE, that in hys ſterapys ſtud,
With the ax, that wes hard and gud,
With ſa gret mayn raucht hym a dynt,
That nothyr hat na helm mycht ſtynt
The hewy duſche, that he hym gave,
That neir the heid till the harnys clave.
The hand-ax ſchaft fruſchyt in twa;
And he doun to the erd gan ga
All flatlynys, for hym faillyt mycht.
This wes the fyrſt ſtrak off the fycht,
That wes performyſt douchtely.
And quhen the KING's men ſa ſtoutly
Saw hym, rycht at the fyrſt meting,
Forowtyn dout or abayſing,
Haiff ſlayne a knycht, ſa at a ſtrak,
Sic hardyment tharat gan thai tak,
That thai come on rycht hardely.
Quhen *Inglismen* ſaw thaim ſa ſtoutly

Ver. 49. They *ſprang* forward at once, in full and ſtrait career.

Cum

Cum on, thai had gret abayſing:
And ſpecially for that the KING
Sa ſmertly that gud knycht has ſlayne;
That thai withdrew thaim euirilkane;
And durſt not ane abyd to fycht:
Sa dreid thai for the KING's mycht.

And quhen the KING's men thaim ſa
Swa in hale bataill thaim withdraw,
A gret ſchout till thaim gan thai mak.
And thai in hy tuk all the bak;
And thai that folowit thaim has ſlane
Sum off thaim that thai haf ourtane.
Bot thai wer few, forſuth to ſay,
Thair horſs' fete had all away.
Bot, how ſa quhoyne deyt thar,
Rebutyt foulily thai war;
And raid thair gait, with weill mar ſchame
Be full fer than thai come fra hame.

Quhen that the KING reparyt was,
That gert hys men all leve the chas,
The lords off hys cumpany
Blamyt hym, as thai durſt, gretumly,
That he hym put in awentur,
To mete ſa ſtyth a knycht, and ſtur,
In ſic poynt as he then wes ſene.
For thai ſaid weill, it mycht haiff bene
Cauſe off thair tynſaill euir ilkane.
The KING anſuer has maid thaim nane.

Bot

Bot menyt hys hand-ax ſchaft ſua
Wes with the ſtrak brokyn in twa.

The Erle THOMAS wes yeit fechtand
With ſayis apon ayther hand,
And off thaim a quantité:
Bot wery wes hys men and he.
The quheyr with wapynys ſturdely
Thai thaim defendyt manlily;
Quhill that the DOWGLAS come ner,
That ſped hym on gret maner.
And *Ingliſmen*, that war fechtand,
Quhen thai the DOWGLAS ſaw nerhand
Thai wandyſt, and maid an opyning.
JAMES off DOWGLAS, be thair relyng,
Knew that thai war diſcomfyt ner:
Than bad thaim, that with hym wer,
Stand ſtill, and preſs na furthyr mar.
"For thai that yondre fechtand ar,"
He ſaid, "ar off ſa gret bounté,
"That thair ſayis weill ſone ſall be
"Diſcomfyt, throw thair awne mycht,
"Thouch na man help thaim for to fycht.
"And come we now to the fechting,
"Quhen thai ar at diſcomfyting,
"Men ſuld ſay we thaim fruſchyt had;
"And ſwa ſuld thai, that caſs has mad

Ver. 97. An unaffected ſtroke of heroiſm!

"With

" With gret trawaill and hard fechting,
" Loſs a part off thair lowing.
" And it war ſyne to leſs thair pryſs,
" That off ſa ſouerane bounté is;
" And he, throw plane and hard fechting,
" Has her eſchewyt unlikly thing.
" He ſall haff that he wonyn has."
The Erle with that, that fechtand was,
Quhen he hys fayis ſaw brawland ſua,
In hy apon thaim gan he ga:
And preſſyt hym ſa wondre faſt
With hard ſtrakys, quhill at the laſt
Thai fled that durſt abid na mar.
Bath horſs and men ſlane left thai thar;
And held thair way, in full gret hy,
Not altogyddyr bot ſyndryly.
And thai that war ourtane war ſlayn;
The lave went till thair oſt agayn,
Off thair tynſaill ſary and wa.
The Erle, that had hym helpyn ſwa,
And hys als, that war wery,
Hynt off thair baſſynetts in hy,
Till awent thaim, for thai war wate,
Thai war all helyt into ſwate.
Thaim ſemyt men, forſuth Ik hycht,
That had fadyt thair force in fycht;
And ſwa did thai full douchtely.
Thai fand off all thair cumpany

Ver. 144, 145. They took off their helmets, to have freſh air.

That

That thar was bot a yuman ſlayne.
And lowyt God: and wes full fayne,
And blyth, that thai eſchapyt ſwa.
Towart the KING than gan thai ga.
And till hym weill ſone cummyn ar.
He wyttyt at thaim off thair far;
And gladſum cher to thaim mad,
For thai ſa weill thaim borne had.
Than all preſſyt into gret daynté
The Erle off MURREFF for to ſe;
For hys hey worſchip, and gret walour,
All yarnyt to do hym honour.
Sa faſt thai ran to ſe hym thar,
That ner all ſamyn aſſemblit ar.

And quhen the gud KING gan thaim ſe
Befor him ſwa aſſemblyt be;
Blyth and glad, that thair fayis war
Rabutyt apon ſic maner;
A litill quhill he held hym ſtill;
Syne on this wyſs he ſaid hys will.

Ver. 155, 156. The MS. by a miſtake ariſing from an omiſſion, in a tranſcript of two columns, being taken into the wrong column, here inſerts lines 169, 170.

A litill quhill he held hym ſtill;
Syne on this wyſs he ſaid hys will.

But they are quite foreign to this paſſage; and the editions rightly place them before the ſpeech of Robert.

« Lordings,

" Lordings, we aucht to love and luff
" Almychty God, that ſitts abuff,
" That ſends us ſa fayr beginnyng.
" It is a gret diſcomforting.
" Till our fayis, that on this wyſe
" Sa ſone has bene rabutyt twiſs.
" For quhen thai off thair oft ſall her,
" And knaw ſuthly on quhat manner
" Thair waward, that wes ſa ſtout;
" And ſyne yone othyr joly rout,
" That I trow off the beſt men war,
" That thai mycht get amang thaim thar,
" War rabutyt ſa ſedanly;
" I trow, and knawis it full clerly,
" That mony a hart ſall wawerand be,
" That ſemyt er off gret bounté.
" And, fra the hart be diſcumfyt,
" The body is not worth a myt.
" Tharfor I trow that gud ending
" Sall folow till our begynnyng.
" And quheyr I ſay not this yow till,
" For that ye ſuld folow my will
" To fycht: bot in yow all ſall be.
" For giff yow thinks ſpeidfull that we
" Fecht; we ſall: and, giff ye will,
" We leve; your liking to fulfill.

Ver. 171. To *love* or *lofe* is to praiſe; *lof*, *laus*. Belg. et Iſl. To *luff* is to *love*.

Ver. 193. That is, ' but all this ſhall be as you chuſe.'

" I ſall

"I ſall conſent, on all kyn wyſs,
"To do, rycht as ye will dewyſs.
"Tharfor ſayis off your will planly."
And with a woce than gan thai cry:
'Gud KING! forowtyn mar delay,
'To morne alſone as ye ſe day,
'Ordane yow hale for the bataill;
'For doute of dede we ſall not faill.
'Na na payn ſall refuſyt be,
'Quhill we haiff maid our cuntré fre!'

Quhen the KING had hard ſa manlily
Thai ſpak to fechting, and ſa hardely,
In hart gret glaidſchaip gan he ta.
And ſaid, "Lordings, ſen ye will ſua,
"Schaip we us tharfor in the mornyng,
"Swa that we, be the ſone ryſing,
"Haff herd meſs; and buſkyt weill
"Ilk man intill hys awn eſchell,
"Without the pailyownys, arayit
"In bataillis, with baners diſplayit.
"And luk ye na wyſs brek aray.
"And, as ye luff me, I yow pray
"That ilk man for hys awne honour,
"Purway hym a gud baneour.
"And, quhen it cumys to the fycht,
"Ilk man ſet hart, will, and mycht,

Ver. 210. This long ſpeech of the king's is far from being void of martial eloquence, and peculiarly adapted to the time, and to the hearers.

" To ſtynt our fayis' mekill prid.
" On horſs thai will arayit rid;
" And cum on yow in full gret hy.
" Mete thaim with ſpers hardely.
" And think than on the mekill ill,
" That thai and thairs has done us till;
" And ar in will yeit for to do,
" Giff thai haſs mycht to cum tharto.
" And certs me think weill that ye
" Forowt abayſing aucht to be
" Worthy, and off gret waſſelags.
" For we haiff thre gret awantags.
" The fyrſt is, that we haiff the rycht;
" And for the rycht ay God will fycht.
" The tothyr is, that thai cummyn ar,
" For lyppynnyng off thair gret powar,
" To ſek us in our awne land;
" And has broucht her, rycht till our hand,
" Ryches into ſa gret quantité,
" That the powereſt off yow ſall be
" Bath ryche, and mychty tharwithall,
" Giff that we wyne, as weill may fall.
" The thred is, that we for our lyvys,
" And for our childre, and for our wywis,
" And for owr fredome, and for our land,
" As ſtrenyeit into bataill ſtand.
" And thai, for thair mycht anerly,
" And for thai lat off us leychtly,
" And for thai wald deſtroy us all,
" Maiſs thaim to fycht: bot yeit may fall

" That

"That thai ſall rew thair barganyng.
"And certs I warne yow off a thing
"That happyn thaim, as God forbed
"That deyt on roid for mankyn heid!
"That thai wyn us opynly,
"Thai ſall off us haf na merey.
"And, ſen we knaw thair feloun will,
"Methink it ſuld accord to ſkill,
"To ſet ſtoutnes agayne felony;
"And mak ſa gat a juperty.
"Quharfor I yow requer, and pray,
"That with all your mycht, that you may,
"Ye preſs yow at the beguining,
"Bot cowardyſs or abayſing,
"To mete thaim at thair fyrſt aſſemble
"Sa ſtoutly that the henmaiſt tremble.
"And menys off your gret manheid,
"Your worſchip, and your douchty deid;
"And off the joy that we abid,
"Giff that us fall, as weill may tid,
"Hap to wencuſs this gret bataill.
"In your handys without fayle
"Ye ber honour, price, and riches;
"Fredome, welth, and blythnes;
"Giff ye contene ye manlily.
"And the contrar all halyly
"Sall fall, giff ye lat cowardyſs
"And wykkytnes yow ſuppriſs.
"Ye mycht haf lewyt into threldome.
"Bot, for ye yarnyt till haff fredome,

" Ye ar aſſemblyt her with me.
" Tharfor is nedfull that ye be
" Worthy and wycht, but abayſing.
" And I warne yow weill off a thing;
" That mar meyſcheiff may fall us nane,
" Than in thair handys to be tane:
" For thai ſuld ſlaw us I wate weill
" Rycht as thai did my brothyr NELE.
" Bot quhen I mene off your ſtoutnes,
" And off the mony gret prowes,
" That ye haf doyne ſa worthely;
" I traiſt, and trowis ſekyrly,
" To have plane victour in this fycht.
" For thouch our fayis haff mekill mycht,
" Thai haf the wrang, and ſuccudry,
" And cowartyſs of ſenyowry,
" Amowys thaim forowtyn mor.
" Na us thar dreid thaim, bot befor;
" For ſtrenth off this place, as ye ſe,
" Sall let us enweronyt to be.
" And I pray yow als ſpecially,
" Bath mar and les commonaly,
" That nane off yow for gredynes
" Haff ey to tak off thair ryches;
" Na priſoners for to ta;
" Quhill ye ſe thaim contreryt ſa,

Ver. 300. That is, 'Nor can we have any cauſe to apprehend their attacking us, but in front:' the ground was ſo well choſen.

" That

"That the feld anerly yowrs be.
"And than, at your liking, may ye
"Tak all the ryches that thar is.
"Giff ye will wyrk apon this wyſs,
"Ye ſall haiff wictour ſekyrly.
"I wate not quhat mar ſay ſall I.
"Bot all wate ye quhat honour is:
"Contene thaim on ſic awiſs,
"That your honour ay ſavyt be.
"And Ik hycht her in leauté,
"Giff ony deys in this bataille,
"Hys ayr, but ward, releff, or taile,
"On the fyrſt day ſall weld;
"All be he neuir ſa young off eld.
"Now makys yow redy for to fycht.
"God help us, that is maiſt off mycht!
"I rede armyt all nycht that we be,
"Purwayit in bataill ſwa, that we
"To mete our fayis ay be boune."
Than anſueryt thai all, with a ſoune,
'As ye dewiſs all ſall be done.'
Than till thair innys went thai ſone;
And ordanyt thaim for the fechting.
Syne aſſemblyt in the ewynyng,
And ſwa gat all the nycht bad thai,
Till on the morn that it wes day.

Quhen the CLYFFURD, as I ſaid ar,
And all hys rout, rabutyt war;

And thair gret waward alſua,
War diſtrenyeit the bak to ta;
And thai had tauld thair rebuting,
Thai off the waward, how the KING
Slew at a ſtrak, ſa apertly,
A knycht, that wycht wes and hardy;
And how all hale the KING's bataill
Schup thaim rycht ſtoutly till aſſaill;
And Schyr EDUUARD the BRUCE alſua;
Quhen thai all hale the bak gan ta:
And how thai left off thair men.
And CLYFFURD had tauld alſua then,
How THOMAS RANDALL tuk the plane,
With a few folk; and how wes ſlane
Schyr GILYAME DAINECOURT the worthy
And how the Erle faucht manly,
That, as ane hyrchoune, all hys rout
Gert ſet owt ſpers all about;
And how that thai war put agayne,
And part off thair gud men ſlayne.
The *Inglis* ſik abayſing
Tuk, and ſik dreid off that tithyng,
That in fyve hundre plaes and ma
Men mycht ſe ſamyn routand ga;
Sayand, "Our lords, for thair mycht,
"Will allgate fycht agane the rycht.
"Bot quhaſa werrayis wrangwyſly,
"Thai fend God all to gretummly.
"And thaim mycht happyn to mysfall.
"And ſwa may tid that her we fall."

And quhen thair lordys had perſawing
Off diſcumfort, and rownnyng,
That thai held ſamyn twa and twa;
Throw out the oſt than gart thai ga
Heralds, to mak a crye,
That nane diſcomfort ſuld be;
For in punye is oft happyne
Quhile for to wyn, and quhill to tyne.
And that into the gret bataille,
That apon na maner may faill.
Bot giff the *Scotts* fley thair way,
Sall all amendyt be perfay.
Tharfor thai monyſt thaim to be
Off gret worſchip, and off bounté;
And ſtoutly in the bataill ſtand,
And tak amendys at thair hand.

Thai may weill monyſs as thai will:
And thai may hecht als to fulfill,
With ſtalwart hart, thair bidding all.
Bot not forthy I trow thai ſall
Intill thair harts dredand be.
The King, with hys cunſaill priué,
Has tane to rede, that he wald noucht
Fecht or the morne, that he war ſoucht.
Tharfor thai herberyd thaim that nycht
Doune in the *Kers*. And gert all dycht,
And maid redy thair apparaill
Agayne the morne, for the bataill.

And, for in the *Kers* pulis war,
Houſſis thai brak, and thak bar,
To mak bryggs, quhar thai mycht paſs.
And ſum ſayis yeit the folk that was
In the caſtell quhen nycht gan fall,
For that thai knew the meyſcheiff all,
Thai went full ner all that thai war,
And durs and wyndowis with thaim bar;
Swa that thai had, befor the day,
Briggit the puls; ſwa that thai
War paſſyt our ilkane all hale,
Arayit intill thair apparaill.

The *Scottſmen*, quhen it wes day,
Thair mes devotly gert thai ſay.
Syne tuk a ſop: and maid thaim yar.
And quhen thai all aſſemblyt war;
And in thair bataillis all purwayit,
With thair braid baners all diſplayit,
Thai maid knychts; as it affers
To men that uſys thais myſters.
The KING maid WALTRE STEWART knycht;
And JAMES off DOWGLAS, that wes wycht:
And othyrs als off gret bounté
He maid, ilk ane in thair degre.

Ver. 395. *Pulis* are *pools*.

Ver. 407. The day of the battle of Bannocburn, 24th June, 1314. A plan of this battel may be found in Nimmo's hiſtory of Stirlingſhire.

Ver. 409. A ſop is a ſlight meal, probably of Scotiſh potage, oat-meal and water boiled.

Quhen

Quhen this wes doyne, that I yow ſay,
Thai went all furth in gud aray:
And tuk the plane full apertly.
Mony gud man, wycht and hardy,
That war fulfillyt off gret bounté,
Intill thaiſe routs men mycht ſe.

The *Inglis men*, on othyr party,
That as angelis ſchane brychtly,
War not arayit on ſic maner:
For all thair batailles ſamyn wer
In a ſchilthrum. Bot quheythir it was
Throw the gret ſtretnes off the place
That thai war in, to bid fechting;
Or that it wes for abayſing;
I wate not. But in a ſcheltrum
It ſemyt thai war all and ſum;
Owtane the awaward anerly,
That rycht with a gret cumpany,
Be thaim ſelwyn, arayit war.
Quha had bene by mycht haff ſene thar
That folk ourtak a mekill feld
On breid; quhar mony a ſchynand ſcheld,
And mony a burnyſt brycht armur,
And mony man off gret walur,
Mycht in that gret ſcheltrum be ſene;
And mony a brycht baner and ſchene.

Ver. 429. From Hearne's Robert of Glouceſter it appears that a *ſhiltrum* is an hoſt ranged in a round form.

And

And quhen the King off *Ingland*
Saw the *Scotts* ſa tak on hand,
Takand the hard feld opynly,
And apon fute, be had ferly;
And ſaid, " Quhat! will yone *Scotts* fycht?"
' Ya ſekyrly!' ſaid a knycht,
(Schyr INGRAME the UMPHRAWEILL hat he
And ſaid) ' Forſuth now, Schyr, I ſe,
' It is the maſt ferlyfull fycht
' That euir I ſaw, quhen for to fycht
' The *Scotts men* haff tane on hand:
' Agayne the mycht off *Ingland*,
' In plane hard feld, to giff bataill.
' Bot, an ye will trow my cunſaill,
' Yow ſall diſcomfyt thaim lychtly.
' Withdrawis yow hyne ſedanly,
' With bataillis, and with penownys,
' [Quhyle that we pas owr paliounys;]
' And ye ſall ſe alſone that thai,
' Magre thair lordys, ſall brak aray,
' And ſcaile thaim our harnayis to ta.
' And, quhen we ſee thaim ſcailyt ſua,
' Prik we than on thaim hardely,
' And we ſall haff thaim weill lychtly.
' For than ſall nane be knyt to fycht,
' That may withſtand your mekill mycht.'
" I will not," ſaid the King, " perfay,
" Do ſa: for thar ſall na man ſay

Ver. 462. Wanting in MS.

" I

"That I ſall eſchew the bataill,
"Na withdraw me for ſic rangaile."

Quhen this wes ſaid, that er ſaid I,
The *Scotts men* commonnaly
Knelyt all doun, to God to pray.
And a ſchort prayer thar maid thai
To God, to help thaim in that fycht.
And quhen the *Inglis* King had ſycht
Off thaim kneland, he ſaid in hy,
"Yone folk knele to aſk mercy."
Schyr INGRAHAME ſaid, 'Ye ſay ſuth now.
'Thai aſk mercy: but nane at yow.
'For thair treſpas to God thai cry.
'I tell yow a thing ſykyrly,
'That yone men will all wyn or de.
'For doute off dede thai ſall not fle.'
"Now be it ſa than!" ſaid the King.
And than, but langar delaying,
Thai gert trump till the aſſemblé.
On aythir ſid men mycht than ſe
Mony a wycht man, and worthy,
Redy to do chewalry.

Thus war thai boune on aythir ſid.
And *Ingliſmen*, with mekill prid,
That war intill thair awaward,
To the bataill that Schyr EDUUARD
Gouernyt and led, held ſtraucht thair way.
The horſs with ſpurs hardynyt thai;
And prykkyt apon thaim ſturdely;
And thai met thaim rycht hardyly.

Swa

Swa that, at thair aſſemble thar,
Sik a fruſching off ſpers war,
That fer away men mycht it her,
That at that meting forowtyn wer.
War ſteds ſtykyt mony ane;
And mony a gud man borne doune and ſlane;
And mony hardy men, and douchty,
Wes thar eſchewyt for hardely.
Thai dang on othyr with wapnys ſer.
Sum off the horſs, that ſtekyt wer,
Ruſchyt, and relyt rycht rudlye.
Bot the remanand not forthy,
That mycht come to the aſſembling,
For that let maid na ſtynting.
Bot aſſemblyt full hardely;
And thai met thaim full ſturdyly,
With ſpers that war ſcharp to ſcher,
And axys that weill groundyn wer;
Quharwith wes roucht mony a rout.
The fechting wes thar ſa fele and ſtout,
That mony a worthy man, and wycht,
Throw forſs wes fellyt in that fycht,
That had na mycht to ryſs agane.
The *Scottsmen* faſt gan thaim payne.
Thair fayis mekill mycht to fruſch,
I trow thai ſall na payn refuſe,
Na perill, quhill thair fayis be
Set in weill hard perplexité.
And quhen the Erle off MURREFF ſwa
Thair waward ſaw, ſa ſtoutly, ga
The way to Schyr EDUUARD all ſtraucht,
That met thaim with full mekill maucht;

He

He held hys way, with hys baner,
To the gret rout quhar ſamyn wer
The nyne bataills, that war ſa braid;
That ſa fele baners with thaim haid,
And off men ſwa gret quantité,
That it war wondre for to ſe.

The gud Erle thyddyr tuk the way
With hys bataill, in gud aray.
And aſſemblyt ſa hardely,
That men mycht her, that had bene by,
A gret fruſch off the ſpers that braſt:
For thair fayis aſſemblit faſt,
That on ſteds, with mekill prid,
Come prikkand, as thai wald ourrid
The Erle, and all hys cumpany.
Bot thai met thaim ſa ſturdely,
That mony off thaim till erd thai bar.
For mony a ſted wes ſtekyt thar;
And mony gud man fellyt undre fet,
That had na hap to ryſs up yete.
Thar mycht men ſe a hard bataill,
And ſum defende, and ſum aſſaile;
And mony a reale romble rid
Be roucht, thar apon aythir ſid;
Quhill throw the byrnyſs bryſt the blud,
That till erd doune ſtremand yhude.
The Erle off MURREFF, and hys men,
Sa ſtoutly thaim contenyt then,
That thai wan place, ay mar and mar,
On thair fayis; quheyr thai war

Ay ten for ane, or mar, perfay;
Swa that it ſemyt weill that thai
War tynt, amang ſa gret menye,
As thai war plungyt in the ſe.
And quhen the *Inglis men* has ſene
The Erle, and all hys men, bedene
Faucht ſa ſtoutly, but effraying,
Rycht as thai had nane abayſing;
Thaim preſſyt thai with all thair mycht.
And thai, with ſpers and ſuerds brycht,
And axis that rycht ſcharply ſchar,
Ymydds the weſage, met thaim thar.
Thar mycht men ſe a ſtalwart ſtour;
And mony men off gret walour,
With ſpers, maſes, and knyffs,
And othyr wapynys, wyſſyllyt thair lyvis:
Swa that mony fell doune all dede.
The greyſs woux with the blud all reid.
The Erle, that wycht wes and worthy,
And hys men, faucht ſa manlily,
That quhaſa had ſene thaim that day,
I trow forſuth that thai ſuld ſay
That thai ſuld do thair dewor wele,
Swa that thair fayis ſuld it fele.

THE END OF BUKE XII.

THE

THE

BRUCE.

BUKE XIII.

ARGUMENT.

BATTEL OF BANNOCBURN CONTINUIT.—*Dedis of* STUART *and* DOUGLAS.—*Rage of the fecht.—The Scotyſh ſwayns appear in array —The Inglis flee.—Deth of Schyr* GILES DE ARGYNTYNE.—DOUGLAS *perſews the Inglis King.—The Erle of* HERREFURD *is ſavit in Bothwel caſtel.—Gret riches of the Inglis camp.—Eſcape of the Inglis King.—Bothwell takin; and the Erle of* HEREFURD *exchanged for the Quein, and her daughter.—Kyng* ROBERT *ravagis Northumerland.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE XIII.

QUHEN thir twa fyrſt batills wer
Aſſemblyt, as I ſaid yow er,
The STEWART, WALTRE that then was,
And the gud Lord als off DOWGLAS,
In a batill, quhen that thai ſaw
The Erle, forowtyn dreid or aw,
Aſſembill with hys cumpany
On all that folk ſa ſturdely,
For till help thaim thai held thair way.
And thair batill, in gud aray,
Thai aſſemblyt ſa hardyly
Beſid the Erle, a littill by,
That thair fayis feld thair cumyn weille.
For with wapynys ſtalwart of ſtele
Thai dang apon, with all thair mycht.
Thair fayis reſawyt wele, Ik hycht,
With ſwerds, ſpers, and with maſe.
The batill thair ſa feloun was,
And ſwa rycht gret ſpilling of blud,
That on the erd the ſlouſſis ſtud.

Amang the horſs-men, that thair raid;
And wounds wyd to thaim thai maid:
And ſlew off thaim a full gret dele.
Thai bar thaim hardely and wele.
For fra thair fayis archers war
Scalit, as I ſaid till yow ar,
That ma na thai wer, be gret thing,
Swa that thai dreid not thair ſchoting,
Thai woux ſa hardy, that thaim thoucht
Thai ſuld ſet all thair fayis at noucht.

The merſchell, and hys cumpany,
Was yheit, as to yow er ſaid I,
Amang the archers, quhar thai maid
With ſpers rowme, quhar that thai raid;
And ſlew all that thai mycht ourta.
And thai weill lychtly mycht do ſua:
For thai had noucht a ſtrak to ſtynt,
Na for till hald agayne a dynt.
And agayne armyt men to fycht
May nakyt men haiff litill mycht.
Thai ſcalyt thaim on ſic maner,
That ſum to thair gret bataill wer
Withdrawyn thaim, in full gret hy:
And ſum war fled all utrely.

Bot the folk that behind thaim was,
That for thair awne folk had na ſpace,

Ver. 85. That is, 'that were more (numerous) than they (the Scotiſh archers).'

Yheyt

ıeyt to cum to the aſſembling,
ı agayne ſmertly gan thai ding.
ıe archers that thai met fleand,
ıat then war maid ſa recreand,
ıat thair harts war tynt clenly,
ow thai ſall not ſchute gretly
ıe *Scotts men* with ſchote, that day.
d the gud KING ROBERT, that ay
as fellyt off full gret bounté,
v how that hys bataills thre
hardely aſſemblyt thar,
d ſa weill in the fycht thai bar;
d ſwa faſt on thair fayis gan ding,
at hym thoucht nane had abayſing;
l how the archers war ſcalyt then;
wes all blyth. And till hys men
aid, " Lordings, now luk that ye
Vorthy, and off gud cowyne be,
.t thys aſſemble, and hardy.
.nd aſſembill ſa ſturdely
hat nathing may befor yow ſtand.
ur men ar ſa freſchly fechtand
hat thai thair fayis has grathyt ſua,
hat be thai preſſyt, Ik undreta,
litill fayſter, ye ſall ſe
hat thai diſcomfyt ſone ſall be."
Quhen

r. 130. Editions add fourteen lines,

Now go we on them ſo hardily,
And ding on them ſo doughtily,

Quhen this wes ſaid, thai held thair way,
And on ane feld aſſemblyt thai
Sa ſtoutly, that at thair cummyng
Thair fayis war ruſchyt a gret thing.
Thar mycht men ſe men felly fycht;
And men, that worthy war and wycht,
Do mony worthy waſſellage.
Thai faucht, as thai war in a rage.
For quhen the *Scotts* archery
Saw thair fayis ſa ſturdely
Stand into bataill, thaim agayne;
With all thair mycht, and all thair mayne,
Thai layid on, as men out off wyt.
And quhar thai, with full ſtrak, mycht hyt,
Thar mycht na armur ſtynt thair ſtrak.
Thai to fruchyt that thai mycht ourtak.

That they may feil at our coming
That we them hate in meikle thing.
For great cauſe they have us made,
That occupied our lands brade;
And put all to ſubjection.
Your goods they made all theirs common,
Our kin and friends, for thair awn,
Diſpiteouſly hanged and drawn:
And would deſtroy us, if they might.
But I trow God, through his foreſight,
This day has granted us his grace
To wrek us on thaim in this place.

They are certainly better out: and it is ſuſpected that the author had at firſt inſerted them, but upon an after reviſion, perceiving the ſpeech too long for the occaſion, had cancelled them, as they are not in the MS.

And

vith axys ſuch duſches gave,
thai helmys, and heds, clave.
hair fayis rycht hardely
haim, and dang on thaim douchtely,
wapynys that war ſtyth off ſtele.
wes the bataill ſtrekyt weill.
:t dyn thar wes off dynts,
ıpynys apon armur ſtynts;
)ff ſpers ſa gret breſting;
ic thrang, and ſic thryſting;
rnyng, granyng; and ſa gret
ris, as thai gan othyr beit:
nſenyeys on ilka ſid:
nd, and takand, wownds wid:
it wes hidwyfs for to her.
ur thair batails with that wer
and, in a frount halyly.
chty God! how douchtely
EDUUARD the BRUCE, and hys men,
g thair fayis contenyt thaim then!
and in ſa gud cowyne,
dy, worthy, and ſa fyne,
thair waward ruſchyt was;
naugre thairis, left all the place:
ill thair gret rout, to warand,
went; that tane had apon hand
:t anoy, that thai war effrayit,
cotts, that thaim hard aſſaiyt;
than war in a ſchiltrum all.
hapnyt into that fycht to fall,

I trow agayne he ſuld not ryſs.
Thar mycht men ſe, on mony wyſs,
Hardements eſchewit douchtely:
And mony, that wycht war and hardy,
Sone liand undre fete all dede;
Quhar all the feld off blud wes rede.
Armys, and quhytyſs, that thai bar,
With blud wes ſa defoulyt thar,
That thai mycht not deſcryſit be.
A mychty God! quha then mycht ſe
That STEWART, WALTRE, and hys rout,
And the gud DOWGLAS, that wes ſa ſtout,
Fechtand into that ſtalwart ſtour;
He ſuld ſay that till all honour
Thai war worthy, that, in that fycht,
Sa faſt preſſyt thair fayis mycht,
That thaim ruſchyt quhar thai yeid.
Thar men mycht ſe mony a ſteid
Fleand on ſtray, that lord had nane.
A Lord! quha then gud tent had tane
Till the gud Erle off MURREFF,
And hys, that ſa gret routs geff,
And faucht ſa faſt in that bataill,
Tholand ſic paynys, and trawaill,
That thai and thairs maid ſic debat,
That quhar thai come thai maid thaim gat.

Ver. 183. *Quhytyſs* are *coats*: the word is disfigured by an odd orthography.

Thar

Thar mycht men her enſeynyeis cry:
And *Scotts* men cry hardely,
"On thaim! On thaim! On thaim! Thai faile!"
With that ſa hard thai gan aſſaile,
And ſlew all that thai mycht ourta.
And the *Scotts* archers alſua
Schot amang thaim ſa deleuerly,
Engrewand thaim ſa gretumly,
That quhat for thaim, that with thaim faucht,
That ſwa gret rowts to thaim raucht,
And preſſyt thaim full egrely;
And quhat for arowis, that fellonly
Mony gret wounds gan thaim ma,
And ſlew faſt off thair horſis alſua;
That thai wandyſt a litill wei.
Thai dreid ſa gretly than to dey,
That thair cowyn wes wer and wer:
For thai, that fechtand with thaim wer,
Set hardement, and ſtrenth, and will,
And hart, and corage als, thartill;
And all thair mayne, and all thair mycht,
To put thaim fully to the flycht.

In this tyme, that I tell off her,
At that bataill, on this maner,
Wes ſtrykyn, on ayther párty
That war fechtand enforcely;
Yomen, and ſwanys, and pitaill,
That in the *Park* yemyt wictaill,

War

War left; quhen thai wyſt but leſing
That thair lords with full fychtyng
On thair fayis aſſemblyt war;
Ane off thair ſelwyn that war thar
Capitane off thaim all thai maid.
And ſchets, that war ſum dele braid,
Thai feſtnyt inſteid off baners,
Apon lang treys and ſpers.
And ſaid that thai wald ſe the fycht;
And help thair lords at thair mycht.
Quhen her till all aſſentyt wer,
In a rout aſſemblit er,
Fyften thowſand thai war, or ma.
And than in gret hy gan thai ga,
With thair baners, all in a rout,
As thai had men bene ſtyth and ſtout.
Thai come, with all that aſſemblé,
Rycht quhill thai mycht the bataill ſe;
Than all at anys thai gave a cry,
"Sla! ſla! Apon thaim haſtily!"
And tharwith all cummand war thai:
Bot thai war wele fer yete away.
And *Inglis men*, that ruſchyt war
Throw forſs off fycht, as I ſaid ar,
Quhen thai ſaw cummand, with ſic a cry,
Towart thaim ſic a cumpany,
That thaim thoucht weill als mony war,
As that wes fechtand with thaim thar;
And thai befor had not thaim ſene;
Than wit ye weill, withowtyn wene,

Thai

Thai war abayſit ſa gretumly,
That the beſt and the maiſt hardy,
That war intill thair oſt that day,
Wald with thair menſk haf bene away.

The King ROBERT, be thair relying,
Saw thai war ner at diſcomfiting,
And hys enſenye gan hely cry.
Than, with thaim off hys cumpany,
Hys fayis he preſſyt ſa faſt that day,
Thai wer intill ſa gret effray,
That thai left place, ay mar and mar,
For all the *Scottſmen* that thar war,
Quhen thai ſaw thaim eſchew the fycht,
Dang on thaim with all thair mycht,
That thai ſcalyt thaim in troplys ſer;
And till diſcomfitur war ner,
And ſum off thaim fled all planly.
Bot thai, that wycht war and hardy,
That ſchame lettyt to ta the flycht,
At gret myſcheiff mantenyt the fycht;
And ſtythly in the ſtour gan ſtand.
And quhen the King off *Ingland*
Saw hys men fley, in ſyndry place,
And ſaw hys fayis rout, that was
Worthyn ſa wycht, and ſa hardy,
That all hys folk war halyly
Sa ſtonayit, that thai had na mycht
To ſtynt thair fayis in the fycht;

He wes abayſit ſa gretumly,
That he, and hys cumpany,
Fyve hundre, armyt all at rycht,
Intill a fruſch all tok the flycht;
And to the caſtell held thair way.
And yheit haiff Ik hard ſom men ſay,
That off WALLENCE Schyr AYMER,
When he the feld ſaw wencuſſyt ner,
Be the reyngye led away the King,
Agayne hys will, fra the fechting.
And quhen Schyr GYLIS the ARGENTE'
Saw the King thus, and hys menye,
Schap thaim to fley ſa ſpedely,
He come rycht to the King in hy,
And ſaid, "Schyr, ſen it is ſua
"That ye thus gat your gat will ga,
"Hawys, gud day! For agayne will I.
"Yheit fled I neuir ſekyrly.
"And I cheyſs her to bid, and dey;
"Than for to lyve ſchamly, and fley."

Hys brydill, but mar abad,
He turnyt; and agayne he rad.
And on EDUUARD the BRUYSS' rout,
That wes ſa ſturdy, and ſa ſtout,
As dred off na kyn thing had he,
He prikyt; cryand, "The ARGENTE'!"
And thai with ſpers ſwa hym met,
And ſwa fele ſpers on hym ſet,

That

he and horſs war chargyt ſwa,
: bathe till the erd gan ga.
in that place thar ſlayn wes he.
hys deid wes rycht gret pité.
wes the thrid beſt Knycht, perfay,
at men wyſt lewand in hys day.
: ded mony a fayr journy.
n *Saryſynys* thre derenyeys faucht he:
nd, intill ilk derenye off tha,
ſe wencuſſyt *Saryſynys* twa.

Hys gret worſchip tuk thar ending.
And fra Schyr AYMER with the King
Wes fled, wes nane that durſt abid;
Bot fled ſcalyt on ilka ſid.
And thair fayis thaim preſſyt faſt.
Thai war, to ſay ſuth, ſwa agaſt,
And fled ſa faſt, rycht effrayitly,
That off thaim a full gret party
Fled to the watre off *Forth*; and thar
The maiſt part off thaim drownyt war.
And *Bannok burne*, betwix the brays,
Off men, off horſs, ſwa ſtekyt wais,
That, apon drownyt horſs, and men,
Men mycht paſs dry outour it then.
And ladds, ſwanys, and rangaill,
Quhen thai ſaw wencuſſyt the bataill,
Ran amang thaim; and ſa gan ſla,
As folk that na defens mycht ma,

That

That war pitté for to ſe.
Ik hard neuir quhar, in na countré,
Folk at ſwa gret myſcheiff war ſtad.
On ane ſid thai thair ſayis had,
That ſlew thaim doun, forowtyn mercy:
And thai had, on the tothyr party,
Bannok burne, that ſua cumbyrſum was,
For ſlyk and depnes for to pas,
That thar mycht nane outour it rid:
Thaim worthys, maugre thairs, abid.
Swa that ſum ſlayne, ſum drownyt, war:
Mycht nane eſchap that euir come thar.
The quheyr mony gat away,
That ellys war fled as I ſall ſay.

The King, with thaim he with hym had,
In a rout till the caſtell rad,
And wald haff bene tharin, for thai
Wyſt not quhat gat to get away.
Bot PHILIP the MOWBRAY ſaid hym till,
'The caſtell, Schyr, is at your will.
'Bot cum ye in it, ye ſall ſe
'That ye ſall ſone aſſegyt be.
'And thar ſall nane off *Ingland*
'To mak yow reſcourſs tak on hand.
'And, but reſcours, may na caſtell
'Be haldyn lang, ye wate this weill.

Ver. 358. That fled otherwiſe.
Ver. 360. Of Stirling.

'Tharfor

'Tharfor comfort yow, and rely
'Your men about yow rycht ſtarkly;
'And halds about the *Park* your way,
'Rycht als ſadly as ye may.
'For I trow that nane ſall haff mycht,
'That chaſſys, with ſa fele to fycht.'

And hys cunſaill thai haff doyne;
And benewth the caſtell went thai ſone,
Rycht by the *Round Table* away;
And ſyne the *Park* enweround thai;
And towart *Lithkow* held in hy.
Bot I trow thai ſall haſtily
Be conweyit with ſik folk, that thai,
I trow, mycht ſuffre weill away.
For Schyr JAMES Lord off DOWGLAS
Come to the KING, and aſkyt the chace;
And he gaff hym it, but abaid.
Bot all to few off horſs he haid:
He had not in hys rout ſexty.
The quheyr he ſped hym haſtily
The way eftyr the King to ta.
Now lat hym on hys wayis ga;

Ver. 379. The Round Table is an artificial mount near Stirling caſtle. Chivalry, univerſal over Europe from the twelfth century, ſpred romantic names in moſt countries. In Britain Arthur's fabulous exploits were predominant. Nimmo, in his hiſtory of Stirlingſhire, mentions a round artificial mount ſtill exiſting in the gardens of Stirling caſtle, and ſeems rightly to imagine that it is here implied by Barbour.

And

And eftre this we ſall weill tell
Quhat hym, intill the chace, befell.

Quhen the gret bataill on this wyſe
Wes diſcomfyt, as Ik dewyſe,
Quhar threty thouſand weill war ded,
Or drownyt in that ilk ſted;
And ſum war intill hands tane;
And othyr ſum thair gat war gane;
The Erle off HERFURD, fra the mellé,
Departyt with a gret mengye;
And ſtraucht to *Bothwell* tok the way,
That than in the *Inglijs mennys* fay
Wes, and haldyn as place off wer.
Schyr WALTRE GILBERTSON wes ther
Capitane, and it had in ward.
The Erle of HERREFURD thyddyrward
Held, and wes tane in, our the wall;
And fyfty off hys men with all;
And ſet in houſſis ſyndryly
Swa that thai had thar na miſtry.
The lave went towart *Ingland*.
Bot off that rout, I tak on hand,
The thre parts war ſlane or tane.
The lave with gret payn hame ar gane.

Schyr MAWRICE alſua the BERCLAY
Fra the gret bataill held hys way,
With a gret rout off *Walis men*.
Quhareuir thai yeid men mycht thaim ken,

For

For thai wele ner all nakyt war;
Or lynnyn clathys had but mar.
Thai held thair way in full gret hy.
Bot mony off thair cumpany,
Or thai till *Ingland* come, war tane;
And mony als off thaim war ſlayne.

Thar fled als othyr wayis fer.
Bot to the caſtell, that wes ner,
Off *Strewillyne* fled ſic a mengye,
That it war wondre for to ſe.
For the craggs all helyt war
About the caſtell, her and thar,
Off thaim, that for ſtrenth off that fled,
Thyddyrwart to warrand fled.
And for thai war ſa fele that thar
Fled undre the caſtell war,
The KING ROBERT, that wes witty,
Held in hys gud men ner hym by,
For drede that riſs agayne ſuld thai.
This waſs the cauſs, for ſuth to ſay,
Quharthrouch the King off *Ingland*
Eſchapyt hame, intill hys land.

Quhen that the feld ſa clene wes maid
Off *Inglis men*, that nane abaid,

Ver. 421. This anecdote of the Welch, in the fourteenth century, is curious. They appeared naked even to Scotiſh peaſants.

The *Scotts men* ſone tuk in hand
Off thair's all that euir thai fand;
That mony man mychty wes maid
Off the rychys, that thai thar haid.

Quhen this wes doyne, that her ſay I,
The KING ſend a gret cumpany
Up to the crag thaim till aſſaile,
That war fled fra the gret bataill,
And thai thaim yauld forowtyn debate,
And in hand has tane thaim ſute hate.
Syne to the KING thai went thair way.
Thai diſpendyt haly that day
In ſpulyeing, and ryches takyng,
Fra end wes maid off the fychting.
And quhen thai takyt ſpulyeit war,
That war ſlane in the bataill thar,
It wes forſuth a gret ferly
To ſe ſamyn ſa fele dede ly.
Twa hundre payr of ſpurs reid
War tane off knychts that war deid.
The Erle off GLOSYSTRE ded wes thar,
That men callyt Schyr GILBERT of CLAR.
And GYLIS de ARGENTE' alſua;
And PAYN TYPONTS; and othyrs ma;
That thair namys not tell can I.
And, apon *Scotts menys* party,

Ver. 454. Editions read;
And them in hand they took full hait.

Thar

Thar wes ſlayne worthy knychts twa;
WILYAME the WEPOYNT wes ane off tha;
And Schyr WALTRE off Ross ane othyr,
That Schyr EDUUARD, the KINGS brothyr,
Luffyt, and had in ſic daynté
That as hymſelff hym luffyt he.
And quhen he wyſt that he wes ded,
He wes ſa wa, and will off reide,
That he ſaid, makand iwill cher,
That hym war lewer that journay wer
Undone, than he ſwa ded had bene.
Owtakyn hym men has not ſene
Quhar he, for ony man, maid menyng.
And the cauſs wes off hys luffyng,
That he hys ſyſtre per amours
Luffyt, and held all at rebours
Hys awne wyff dame YSABELL.
And tharfor ſa gret diſtance fell
Betwix hym, and the Erle DAWY
Off ATHOLE, brothyr to this lady,
That he apon Sayint Thomys nycht,
Quhen bath the Kings war boune to fycht,
In *Camyſkynnell* the KINGS wictaill
He tuk; and ſadly gert aſſaile
Schyr WILLYAM of KETH, and hym ſlew;
And with hym men ma then ynew.
Tharfor ſyne intill *Ingland*
He wes bannyſt; and all hys land

Ver. 493. 'Cambuſkenneth;' *ed.*

Wes ſeſyt as forfaut to the KING,
That did tharof ſyne hys liking.

Quhen the feld, as I tauld yow ar,
Wes diſpulyeit, and left all bar,
The KING, and all hys cumpany,
Blyth and joyfull, glaid and mery,
Off the grace that thaim fallyn was,
Towart thair innys thair wayis tais,
To reſt thaim fer thai werie war.
Bot for the Erle GILBERT off CLAR,
That ſlayne wes in the bataill place,
The KING ſum dele anoyit was:
For till hym wele ner ſib was he.
Then till a kyrk he gert hym be
Broucht, and walkyt all that nycht.
And on the morn, quhen day wes lycht,
The KING raiſs as hys wills was.
Than an *Ingliſs* knycht, throw caſs,
Hapnyt that he yeid wawerand,
Swa that na man laid on hym hand,
In a buſk he with hys armyng,
And waytyt quhill he ſaw the KING
In the morne cum forth arly:
Till hym than is he went in hy.
Schyr MARMEDUK TWEMYNE he hycht.
He raykyt till the KING all rycht,
And halyſt hym apon hys kne.
"Welcum, Schyr MARMEDUK," ſaid he;

"To

"To quhat man art thow preſoner?"
'To nane,' he ſaid, 'bot to yow her.
'I yeld me at your will to be.'
"And I reſſave ye, Schyr," ſaid he.
Then gert he tret hym curtaſly.
He duelt lang in hys cumpany;
And ſyne till *Ingland* hym ſend he,
Arayit weile, but ranſoun, fre;
And geff hym gret gyffts tharto.
A worthy man that ſua wald do,
And mak hym gretly for to priſe!
Quhen MARMYDUK, apon this wyſs,
Was yoldyn, as Ik to yow ſay,
Than come Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
And to the KING yauld the caſtell.
Hys cunnand hes he haldyn well.
And with hym tretyt ſua the KING,
That he belewyt off hys duelling;
And held hym lely hys fay,
Quhill the laſt end off hys lyff day.

Now will we off the Lord DOWGLAS
Tell, how that he folowit the chaſs.
He had to quhene in hys cumpany;
Bot he ſped hym in full gret hy.
And as he throuch the *Torwod* fur,
Sa met he ridand on the mur
Schyr LAURENCE off ABERNETHY,
That, with twenty-four in cumpany,

Come for till help the *Ingliſmen*;
For he was *Ingliſman* yet then.
But quhen he hard how that it wes,
He left the *Inglis mennys* peſs;
And to the Lord DOWGLAS ryeht thar
For to be lele and trow he ſwar.

And than thai bath folowit the chaſs;
And or the King off *Ingland* was
Paſſyt *Lythkow*, thai come ſa ner,
With all the folk that with thaim war,
That weill amang thaim ſwyth thai mycht;
Bot thai thoucht thaim to few, to fycht
With the gret rout, that thai had thar:
For fyve hundre armyt thai war.
Togyddir ſarraly raid thai;
And held thaim apon bridill ay.
Thai war gouernyt wittily;
For it ſemyt ay thai war redy
For to defend thaim, at thair mycht,
Giff thai aſſaillyt war in fycht.
And the Lord off DOWGLAS, and hys men,
How that he wald not ſchaip hym then
For to fycht with thaim all planly,
He conwayit thaim ſa narowly,
That off the henmaiſt ay tuk he:
Mycht nane behind hys fallowis be
A penneſtane caſt, na he in hy
Wesdede, or tane deleuerly,

Ver. 581. As far as a quoit can be thrown.

That

That nane recourſs wald till him ma,
Althouch he lewyt hym neuir ſua.

On this maner conwoyit he
Quhill that the King, and hys menye,
To *Wenchburg* all cummyn ar.
Than lychtyt all that thai war,
To bayt thair horſs, that wer wery.
And DOWGLAS, and hys cumpany,
Baytyt alſua beſid thaim ner.
Thai war ſa fele withoutyn wer,
And in armys ſa clenly dycht,
And ſwa arayit for to fycht;
And he ſa quhoyne, and but ſupleyng;
That he wald not, in plane fechting,
Aſſaile thaim: bot ay raid thaim by,
Waytand hys poynt ay ythandly.

A litill quhill thai baytyt thar:
And ſyn lap on; and furth thai far;
And wes alwayis by thaim ner:
He leyt thaim not haff fic layſer,
As anys watre for to ma.
And giff ony ſtad war ſa
That he behind left ony ſpace,
Seyſyt alſone in hand he wes.
Thai conwoyit thaim on fic awiſs
Quhill that the King, and hys rout, is

Ver. 587. Wynchbrugh on the weſt of the river Cramond, between Linlithgow and Edinburgh.

Cummyn to the caſtell off *Dunbar*;
Quhar he, and ſum off hys menye, war
Reſawyt rycht weile; for yete than
The Erle PATRIK wes *Ingliſman*.
That gert with mete, and drynk alſua,
Refreſche thaim weill: and ſyne gert ta
A bate; and ſend the King be ſe,
To *Bawmburgh*, in hys awne countré.
Thair horſs thar left thai all on ſtray;
Bot ſeſyt I trow weill ſone war thai:
The lave, that lewyt thar without,
Adreſſyt thaim intill a rout,
And till *Berwik* held ſtraucht thair way
In route: botand we ſuth ſay,
Stad thai war full narrowly,
Or thai come thar. Bot noucht forthy
Thai come to *Berwik* weill; and thar
Into the toune reſſawyt war;
Ellys at gret myſcheiff had thai bene.
And quhen the Lord off DOWGLAS has ſene
That he had leſyt all hys payne,
Towart the KING he went agayne.

This King eſchapyt on this wyſs.
Lo quhat fading in fortoun is!
That will apon a man quhill ſmyle;
And prik on hym ſyne anothyr quhill.

Ver. 616. Banborough.

In

In na tyme ſtable can ſche ſtand.
This mychty King off *Ingland*
Sche had ſet on hyr quheill, on hycht,
Quhen, with ſa ferlyfull a mycht,
Off men, off armys, and archers,
And off ſute-men, and hobilers,
He come; ridand out off hys land,
As I befor haſe borne on hand.
And in a nycht ſyne, and a day,
She ſet hym in ſa hard aſſay,
That he, with few men, in a bate
Wes fayne for till hald hame hys gate.

Bot off this ilk quhely's turnyng
King ROBERT ſuld mak na murnyng.
For on hys ſyd the quheyle on hycht
Raiſs, quhen the tothyr doun gan lycht.
And that it undre lawth was ar,
Mon lep on loft in the contrar.
Sa fure it off thir Kings twa.
Quhen the King ROBERT ſtad was ſwa
That in gret myſcheiff wes he,
The tothyr was in maieſté.
And quhen the King EDUUARD's mycht
Was lawyt, King ROBERT wes on hycht:
And now ſic fortoun fell hym till,
That he wes hey and at hys will.

At *Strewillyne* wes he yeyt liand;
And the gret lords, that he fand

Ded

Ded in the feld, he gert bery
In haly place honorabilly.
And the lave fyne, that dede war thar,
Into gret pytts erdyt war.
The caſtell, and the towrs, ſyne
Rycht till the ground doune gert he myn.

And ſyne to *Bothwell* ſend he
Schyr EDUUARD, with a gret menye;
For thar wes than ſend to hym word
That the ryche Erle off HERFORD,
And othyrs mychty als, war thar.
Sa tretyt he with Schyr WALTRE,
That Erle, and caſtell, and the lave,
In Schyr EDUUARD's hand he gave.
And till the KING the Erle ſend he,
That gert hym rycht weill yemit be.
Quhill at the laſt thai tretyt ſwa
That he till *Ingland* hame ſuld ga,
Forowtyn paying off ranſoume, fre;
And that for hym ſuld changyt be
Byſchop ROBERT that blynd was maid;
And the Queyne, that thai takyn haid
In preſoune, as befor ſaid I;
And hyr douchtre dame MAIORY.
The Erle wes changyt for thir thre.
And, quhen thai cummyn war hame all fre,

Ver. 683. Robert Wiſhart Biſhop of Glaſgow. This patriotic biſhop died in 1316.

The

The King hys douchtre, that wes far,
And wes als aperand ayr,
With WALTRE STEWART gan he wed.
And thai wele ſone gat off thair bed
A knaw child, throw our Lord's grace,
That eftre hys gud eld fathyr wes
Callyt ROBERT; and ſyne wes King;
And had the land in gouerning,
Eftyr hys worthy eyme DAWY;
That regnyt twa yer and fourty.
And in the tyme off the compiling
Off this buk, this ROBERT wes KING.
And off hys kynryk paſſyt wes
FYVE yer; and wes the yer of grace
A THOUSAND, THRE HUNDRE, SEUENTY
And FYVE; and off hys eld SEXTY.
And that wes eftre that the gud KING,
ROBERT, wes broucht till hys ending,
FYVE and FOURTY wintres, bot mar.
God grant that thai that cummyn ar
Off hys offſpring manteyne the land,
And hald the folk wele to warand!
And maynteyne rycht, and leawté
As weill as, in hys tym, did he!

Ver. 693. A *knøve child*, a boy.

Ver. 695. Robert II. the firſt of the Stuarts, reigned from 1371 till 1390.

Ver. 706. Robert the Great, the hero of this poem, who died 7th June 1329.

KING

KING ROBERT now wes well at hycht,
For ilk day than grew hys mycht.
Hys men woux rych: and hys cuntré
Haboundyt weill off corne, and fe;
And off alkyn othyr ryches.
Myrth, and ſolace, and blythnes,
War in the land commonaly,
For ilk man blyth war and joly.

The KING, eftre the gret journé,
Throw rede off hys conſaill priué,
In ſer tounys gert cry on hycht,
That quha ſa clemyt till haff rycht
To hald in *Scotland* land, or fe,
That in thir twelfmoneth ſuld he
Cum, and clam yt; and tharfor do
To the KING that pertenyt tharto.
And giff thai cum not in that yer,
Than ſuld thai wit, withowtyn wer,
That hard thareftre nane ſuld be.
The KING, that wes off gret bounté,
And beſynes, quhen this wes done,
Ane oft gert ſummound eftre ſone.
And went thaim intill *Ingland*;
And our raid all *Northummyrland*.
And brynt houſis; and tuk thair pray;
And ſyne went hame agayn thair way.

Ver. 732. November 1314.

I lat

lat it ſchortly paſs for by,
or thar wes done na chewalry
rowyt, that is to ſpek off her.
he KING went oft in this maner
i *Ingland*, for to rich hys men;
hat in ryches haboundyt then.

THE END OF BUKE XIII.

THE

THE

BRUCE.

BUKE XIV.

ARGUMENT.

Thilk twa bukes followand, and half the neiſt, are cheiflie occupyit with the actiouns of EDWARD DE BRUYSE *in Ireland.—Erl* EDWARD *gaes to Ireland, be invitation of the Iriſhry—wins a battel neir Craigfergus.—The Erl of* MUREF *gets for hym the paſs of Endnellan.—Erl* EDWARD *ganis the battel of Dundalk.—Thrid battel near Cogners, wun be Erl* EDWARD *agayn Schyr* RICHARD DE CLARE, *lufetenand of Ireland.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE XIV.

THE Erle off CARRIK, Schyr EDUUARD,
That ſtoutar wes than a libbard,
And had na will to be in peſs,
Thoucht that *Scotland* to litill wes
Till hys brodyr, and hym alſua.
Tharfor to purpoſs gan he ta
That he of *Irland* wald be king.
Tharfor he ſend and had tretyng
With *Hyrſery* off *Irland*;
That in thair leawté tuk on hand
Off all *Irland* to mak hym king.
With thy that he with hard fychting
Mycht ourcum the *Ingliſmen*,
That in the land war wonnand then;

Ver. 1. Edward Bruce now appears with the title of Earl of Carrick. His actions in Ireland, May 1315 to October 1318, occupy this and the next book, and half of the xvith.

Ver. 9. *Hyrſery*, or *Erſchery*, are wild Iriſh: it is added 'of Ireland,' to diſtinguiſh them from the highlanders or Iriſh of Scotland, alſo called *Erſchery* by our poet.

And thai ſuld help with all thair mycht.
And he that hard thaim mak ſic hycht,
Intill hys hart had gret liking:
And, with the conſent off the KING,
Gadryt hym men off gret bounté.
And at *Ayr* ſyne ſchippyt he,
Intill the neyſt moneth off May.
Till *Irland* held he ſtraucht hys way.

He had thar in hys cumpany
The Erle THOMAS, that wes worthy;
And gud Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
That ſekyr wes in hard aſſay;
Schyr IHONE the SOULLS, ane gud knycht;
And Schyr IHONE STEWART, that wes wycht.
The RAMSAY als off *Ouchtre houſs*,
That wes wycht and chewalrouſs;
And Schyr FERGUS off ADROSSANE:
And othyr knychts mony ane.

In *Wokings fyrth* arywyt thai
Sauffly, but bargane or aſſay:
And ſend thair ſchyppys hame ilkane.
A gret thing haff thai undretane,

Ver. 21. On the 25th May, 1315. *Annals.*

Ver. 24. Thomas Randel, Earl of Moray.

Ver. 33. I am not ſufficiently verſed in Iriſh topography to trace accurately Edward's progreſs in Ireland: but this port muſt have been near Carrickfergus.

That

That, with ſwa quhoyne as thai war thar,
That war ſex thowſand men, but mar,
Schuip to werray all *Irland*,
Quhar thai ſall ſe mony thouſand
Cum armyt on thaim for to fycht.
Bot thoucht thai quhone war, thai war wycht.
And, forowt drede or effray,
In twa bataills tuk thair way
Towart *Cragfergus*, it to ſe.
Bot the lords off that countré,
MANDWEILL, BESAT, and LOGANE,
Thair men aſſemblyt euirilkane.
The SAWAGES war alſua thar.
And quhen thai aſſemblyt war,
Thar war wele ner twenty thowſand.
Quhen thai wyſt that intill thair land
Sic a mengue aryvyt war,
With all the folk that thai had thar,
Thai went towart thaim in gret hy.
And fra Schyr EDUUARD wyſt ſuthly
That ner to hym cummyn wer thai,
Hys men he gert thaim wele aray.
The awaward had the Erle THOMAS;
And the rerward Schyr EDUUARD's was.

Thair fayis approchyt to the fechting;
And thai met thaim but abayſing.

Ver. 49. The Savages were a powerful family in Ireland. The editions erroneouſly imply this term to be given laxly to the people, 'ſavages.'

Thar mycht men ſe a gret mellé:
For Erle THOMAS, and hys menye,
Dang on thair fayis ſa douchtely,
That in ſchort tyme men mycht ſe ly
An hundre, that all blody war.
For hobynys, that war ſtykyt thar,
Relyt, and flang, and gret rowme mad,
And keſt thaim that apon thaim rad.
And Schyr EDUUARD's cumpany
Aſſemblyt ſyne ſa hardely,
That thai thair fayis ruſchyt all.
Quha hapnyt in that fycht to fall,
It wes perill off hys ryſing.
The *Scotts men* in that fychting
Swa apertly, and wele, thaim bar,
That thair fayis ſwa ruſchyt war,
That thai haly the flycht has tane.
And in that bataill wes tane or ſlane
All hale the flur off *Ullyſter*.
The Erle off MURREFF gret priſe had ther,
For hys worthy chewalry
Comfort all hys cumpany.

This wes a full fayr beginnyng;
For, newlings at thair arywing,

Ver. 68. Hobynys are war or carriage horſes; ſtrong horſes. Barbour, in moſt of his battle pieces, ſeems fond of repreſenting the confuſion cauſed by the wounded ſteeds.

Ver. 81. *Ullyſter* is Ulſter.

In

In plane bataill thai diſcomfyt thar
Thair fayis, that four ay for ane war.
Syne to *Cragfergus* ar thai gane,
And in the toune hes innys tane.
The caſtell weill wes ſtuffyt then
Off new with wictaill, and with men.
Thartill thai ſet a ſege in hy.
Mony eſchewe full apertly
Wes maid, quhill thar the ſege lay:
Quhill trewys at the laſt tuk thai.

Quhen that the folk off *Hallyſter*
Till hys peſs haly cummyn wer,
Schyr EDDUARD wald tak on hand
To rid furth further in the land.
Off the Kings off that countré,
That come till hym, and maid fewté,
Weyll ten or twalf, as Ik hard ſay;
Bot thai held hym ſchort quhill thair fay.
For twa off thaim; ane MAKGULLANE,
And ane othyr hat MAKARTANE,
Withſet a paſs intill hys way,
Quhar hym behowyt ned away,
With twa thowſand off men with ſpers,
And als mony off thair archers.
And all the catell off the land
War drawyn thyddar to warand.
Men callys that place *Innuermallane*:
In all *Irland* ſtraytar is nane.

For Schyr EDUARD that kepyt thai;
Thai thoucht he ſuld not thar away.
Bot he hys wiage ſone hes tane;
And ſtraucht towart the paſs is gane.
The Erle off MURREFF, Schyr THOMAS,
That put hym fyrſt ay till aſſayis,
Lychtyt on fute, with hys menye,
And apertly the paſe tuk he.
Thir *Irſch* Kings I ſpak off ar,
With all the folk that with thym war,
Let hym rycht ſturdely: bot he
Aſſaylyt ſwa with hys menye,
That mawgre thairs, thai wan the paſs.
Slayn off thair fayis many thar was.
Throw out the wod thaim chaſſyt thai;
And ſeſyt in ſic fuſioune the pray,
That all the folk off thair oſt war
Refreſchyt weill, ane wouk or mar.

At *Kilſagart* King EDUUARD lay;
And wele ſone he has hard ſay
That at *Dundalk* wes aſſemblé
Maid off the lords off that cuntré.
In oſt thai war aſſemblyt thar.
Thar wes fyrſt Schyr RICHARD of CLAR,
That in all *Irland* lufftenande
Was off the King off *Ingland*;

Ver. 133. *Kilſagart* I cannot find.

The

The Erle off DESMOND als wes thar;
And the Erle alſua off KILDAR;
The BREMAN, and WODOUNE,
That war lords off gret renowne;
The BUTLER alſua thar was;
And Schyr MORYSS LE FYSS THOMAS.

Thai with thair men ar commyn thar:
A rycht gret oſt forſuth thai war.
And Schyr EDUUARD wyſt futhly
That thai war ſwilk chewalry.
Hys oſt in hy he gert aray;
And thyddyrwarts tuk the way:
And ner the toune tuk hys herbery.
Bot for he wyſt all wittily
That in the toune war mony men,
Hys bataills he arayit then;
And ſtud arayit in bataill,
To kep thaim giff thai wald aſſaile.

And quhen that Schyr RICHARD of CLAR,
And othyr lords that war thar,
Wyſt that the *Scottſmen* ſa ner
With thair bataillis wer,
Thai tuk to conſaile that that nycht,
For it wes layt, thai wald not fycht:
Bot on the morne, in the mornyng,
Weile ſone eftre the ſone ryſyng,
Thai ſuld iſch furth all that thar war.
Tharfor that nycht thai did na mar:

Bot herberyt thaim, on aythir party.
That nycht the *Scotts* cumpany
War wachyt weill, rycht all at nycht.
And on the morne, quhen day wes lycht,
In twa bataills thai thaim arayit.
Thai ſtud with baners all diſplayit,
For the bataill all redy boun.
And thai, that war within the toun,
Quhen ſone wes ryſyn ſchenand cler,
Send furth off thaim that within wer,
Fyfty, to ſe the contenyng
Off *Scotts men*, and thair cummyng.
And thai raid furth, and ſaw thaim ſone;
Syne come agane withowtyn hone.

And quhen thai ſamyn lychtyt war,
Thai tauld thair lords, that war thar,
That *Scotts men* ſemyt to be
Worthy and off gret bounté.
Bot thai ar not, withowtyn wer,
Haff dell a dyner till us her.
The lordys had off this tithing
Gret joy, and gret recomforting.
And gert men throw the cité cry
That all ſuld arme thaim haſtily.

Quhen thai war armyt, and purwayit;
And for the fycht all hale arayit;
Thai went thaim furth in gud aray.
Sone with thair ſayis aſſemblyt thai;

That

That kepyt thaim rycht hardily,
The ſtour begouth thar cruelly,
For aythir part ſet all thair mycht
To ruſche thair fayis in the fycht;
And with all mycht on othyr dang.
The ſtalwart ſtour leſtyt wele lang,
That men mycht na perſave, na ſe,
Quha maiſt that thar abowe ſuld be.
For fra ſone eftre the ſone ryſſing,
Quhill eftre myd morne, the fechting
Leſtyt intill ſik a dout.
Bot than Schyr EDUUARD, that wes ſtout,
With all thaim off hys cumpany,
Schot apon thaim ſa ſturdely,
That thai mycht thole na mar the fycht.
All in a fruſche thai tuk the flycht.
And thai folowyt full egrely:
In all the toun commonaly
Thai entryt, bath entre mellé.
Thar men mycht feloune ſlauchtre ſe:
For the rycht nobill Erle THOMAS
That with hys rout folowyit the chaſs,
Maid ſwilk a ſlauchtre in the toun,
And ſwa feloune occiſioun,
That thais rewys all bludy war
Off ſlayne men, that war liand thar.

The lords war gottyn all away.
And quhen the toun, as I yow ſay,

Ver. 221. *Rewys* are ſtreets: *rues*, Fr.

Wes

Wes throw gret force off fechting tane,
And all thair fayis fled or ſlayne;
Thai herberyt thaim all in the toun.
Quhar off wictaill wes ſic fuſioun,
And ſwa gret haboundance off wyne,
That the gud Erle had dowtyne
That off thair men ſuld drunkyn be,
And mak in drunkynes ſoim mellé.
Tharfor he maid off wyne leveré
To ilk man, that he payit ſuld be,
And thai had all yneuch perfay.
That nycht rycht weill at eſe war thai;
And rycht blyth off the gret honour
That thaim befell for thair walour.

Eftyr this fycht thai ſoiournyt thar
Into *Dundalk*, thre dayis but mar.
Syne tuk thai ſuthwarts thair way.
The Erle THOMAS wes forouth ay.
And, as thai raid throw the countré,
Thai mycht apon the hyllis ſe
Swa mony men, it wes ferly.
And quhen the Erle wald ſturdely
Dreſs hym to thaim with hys baner,
Thai wald fley all that thar wer;
Swa that in ſycht not ane abaid.
And thai ſuthwarts thair wayis raid
Quhill till a gret foreſt come thai,
Kylroſe it hat, as lk hard ſay.

Ver. 252. *Kylroſe* is alſo unknown to the editor.

And

And thai tuk all thair herbery thar.
In all this tyme RICHARD off CLAR,
That wes the King's luftenand
Off the barnage off *Irland*,
A gret oft he aſſemblyt had.
Thai war fyve batailles, gret and braid,
That ſoucht Schyr EDUUARD and hys men.
Weill ner hym war thai cummyn then.
He gat ſone wittring that thai wer
Cummand on hym; and war ſa ner.
Hys men he dreſſyt, thaim agayn,
And gert thaim ſtoutly to the playn.
And ſyne the Erle thaim come to ſe;
And Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY ſend he,
And Schyr IHONE STEWART went alſua,
Furth to diſcouer the way thai ta.

Thai ſaw the oft ſone cum at hand;
Thai wer to geſs fyfty thowſand.
Hame till Schyr EDUUARD raid thai then,
And ſaid weill thai war mony men.
He ſaid agayne, "The ma thai be,
"The mar honour all out haff we,
"Giff that we ber us manlily.
"We ar ſet her in juparty
"To wyn honour, or for to dey.
"We ar to fer fra hame to fley.
"Tharfor lat ilk man worthy be.
"Yone ar gadryngs off this countré;

" And thai ſall fley, I trow, lychly,
" And men aſſaile thaim manlily."

All ſaid than that thai weile ſuld do.
With that approchand ner thaim to
The batailles come, redy to fycht;
And thai met thaim with mekill mycht;
That war ten thowſand worthy men.
The *Scotts men* all on fute war then,
And thai on ſtedys trappyt weile;
Sum helyt all in irne and ſtele.

Bot *Scotts men*, at thair meting,
With ſpers perſyt thair armyhg;
And ſtekyt horſs, and men doun bar.
A feloun fechting wes then thar.
I cannot tell thair ſtrakys all;
Na quha in fycht gert othyr fall.
Bot in ſchort tyme, Ik undreta,
Thai off *Irland* war conqueryt ſua,
That thai durſt than abid na mar;
Bot fled ſcalyt, all that thai war.
And levyt in the bataill ſted
Weill many off thair gud men ded.
Off wappnys, armyng, and dede men,
The feld wes hely ſtrowyt then.

That gret oft rudly ruſchyt was:
Bot Schyr EDUUARD let na ma chas.

Bot

Bot with priſouners, that thai had tane,
Thai till the woud agayne ar gane:
Quhar that thair harnayſs levyt wer.
That nycht thai maid thair men gud cher;
And lovyt God faſt off hys grace.
The gud knycht, that ſa worthy was,
Till JUDAS MACHABEUS mycht
Be liknyt weill, into that fycht;
Forſuk na multitud off men,
Quhill he had ane aganys ten.

Thus I ſaid RICHARD off CLAR,
And hys gret oſt, rebutyt war.
Bot he about hym not forthy
Was gaderand men ay ythenly.
For he thoucht yheit to cower hys caſt:
It angyrryt hym rycht ferly faſt,
That twiſs intill bataill wes he
Diſcomfyt, with a few menye.

And *Scotts men*, that to the foreſt
War rydand, for to mak thair reſt,
All thais twa nychts thar thai lay,
And maid thaim myrth, ſolace, and play.

Towart *Ydymſy* ſyne thai raid.
Ane *Irſche* King, that ayth haid maid

Ver. 329. *Ydymſy* is unknown. Editions read *Endreſſy*.

To

To Schyr EDUUARD off fewté,
For forouth thar hym preſyt he,
To ſe hys land, that na wictaill,
Na noucht, that mycht thaim help, ſuld faill.
Schyr EDUUARD trowyt in hys hycht;
And with hys rout raid thyddir rycht.
A gret rewyr he gert hym paſs;
And in a rycht fayr place, that was
Lawch by a bourne, he gert thaim ta
Thair herbery: and ſaid he wald ga
To ger men wictaill to thaim bring.
He held hys way, but mar duelling:
For to betraiſs thaim wes hys thoucht.
In ſic a place he hes thaim broucht,
For off twa journais weill, and mar,
All the catell withdrawyn war.
Swa that thai in that land mycht get
Nathing that worth war for till ete.
With hungyr he thoucht thaim to feblis,
Syne bryng on thaim thair enemyſs.

This fals traytour's men had maid,
A litill quhar he herbryit had
Schyr EDUUARD and the *Scattiſmen*,
The iſchow off a louch to den;
And leyt it out into the nycht.
The watre than, with ſwilk a mycht,

Ver. 345. That is, the cattle were removed to a diſtance of two days' march.

On

On Schyr EDUUARD's men com doun,
That thai in perill war to droun.
For or thai wyſt on flot war thai;
With mekill payn thai gat away:
And held thair lyff, as God gaff grace.
Bot off thair harnyſs tynt thar was.
He maid thaim na gud feſt, perfay;
And not forthy yneuch had thai.
For thouch thaim failyt off the mete,
I warn yow weill thai war wele wet.

In gret diſtreſs thar war thai ſtad:
For gret default off mete thai had.
And thai betwix rewers twa
War ſet; and mycht paſs nane off tha.
The *Bane* that is ane arm off the ſe,
That with horſs may not paſſyt be,
Wes betwix thaim, and *Hullyſter*.
Thai had bene in gret perill ther;
Ne war a ſcowmar off the ſe,
THOMAS off DOWNE hattyn wes he,
Hard that the oft ſa ſtraytly than
Was ſtad; and ſalyt up the *Ban*,
Quhill he come wele ner quhar thai lay.
Thai knew hym wele, and blyth war thai.

Ver. 363, 364. 'He gave them no good entertainment, in faith, and yet they had enough.'

Ver. 371. The river Boyne?

With four ſchyppis, that he had tane,
He ſet thaim our the *Ban* ilkane.
And quhen thai com in biggit land,
Wictaill and mete yneuch thai fand.
And in a wod thaim herberyt thai;
Nane off the land wyſt quhar thai lay.
Thei eſyt thaim, and maid gud cher.
Intill that tym beſid thaim wer
With a gret oſt Schyr RYCHARD off CLAR;
And othyrs gret off *Irland* wer
Herbyryt in a foreſt ſyd.
And ilk day thai gert men ryd,
To bryng wictaill on ſer manerys
To thaim, fra the toun off *Coigners*;
That wele ten gret myle wes thaim fra.
Ilk day, as thai wald cum and ga,
Thai come to the *Scotts* oſt ſa ner,
That bot twa myle betwix thaim war.
And quhen the Erle THOMAS perſawing
Had off thair cummyng and thair ganging,
He gat hym a gud cumpany,
Thre hundre on horſs, wycht and hardy;
Ther wes Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
And Sir JOHN STEWART als perfay;
And Schyr ALANE STEWART alſua,
Schyr ROBERT BOID; and othyr ma.

Ver. 383. 'Biggit land' is land where there were houſes or buildings.

Ver. 394. Coyners. *Annals.*

Thai

Tha raid to mete the wictalers,
That with thair wictall fra *Coigners*
Come haldand to thair oſt the way.
Swa ſedanly on thaim ſchot thai,
That thai war ſua abayſit all,
That thai leyt all thair wapnys fall;
And mercy pitouſly gan cry.
And thai tuk thaim in thair mercy,
And has thaim up ſa clenly tane,
That off thaim all eſchapyt nane.

The Erle off thaim gatt wittring
That off thair oſt, in the ewynyng,
Wald cum out at the wodds ſid,
And agaynys thair wictaill rid:
He thoucht than on a juperty,
And gert hys mengye halely
Dycht thaim in the priſonours aray:
Thair penownys als with thaim tuk thai.
And quhill the nycht wes ner thai bad,
And ſyne towart the oſt thai raid.
Sum off thair mekill oſt has ſene
Thair come; and wend thai had bene
Thair wictalours. Tharfor thai raid
Agaynes thaim, ſcalyt, for thai had
Na dred that thai thair fayis war;
And thaim hungryt als weill ſar.
Tharfor thai come abandounly.
And quhen thai wer ner, in gret hy

The Erle, and all that with hym war,
Ruſchyt on thaim with wapnys bar;
And thair enſenyeis hey gan cry.
Than thai, that ſaw ſwa ſedanly
Thair fayis ding on thaim, war ſa rad,
That thai na hart to help thaim had.
Bot to the oſt thair way gan ta;
And thai chaſſyt, and ſwa fele gan ſla,
That all the feldys ſtrowyt war.
Ma than a thowſand ded war thar.
Rycht till thair oſt thai gan thaim chaſs;
And ſyne agayne thair wayis tais.

In this wyſs wes the wictaill tane;
And off the *Irche men* mony ſlane.
The Erle ſyne, with hys cumpany,
Preſoners and wictallers halily,
Thai broucht till Schyr EDUUARD all ſwyth;
And he wes off thair cummyn blyth.
That nycht thai maid thaim mery cher;
For rycht all at thair eyſs thai wer:
Thai war ay walkyt ſykyrly.
And thair fayis, on the tothyr party,
Quhen thai hard how thair men war ſlayne,
And how thair wictal als wes tane,
Thai tuk to conſaill that thai wald
Thair way towart *Coigners* hald;
And herbery in the cité ta.
And then in gret hy thai haff don ſua;

And

And raid be nycht to the cité.
Thai fand thair off wictaill gret plenté;
And maid thaim rycht mery cher,
For all traiſt in the toun thai wer.

Apon the morn thai ſend to ſpy
Quhar *Scotts men* had tane herbery.
Bot thai with all als tane,
And broucht rycht till the oſt ilkane.
The Erle off MURREFF rycht mekly
Speryt at ane of thair cumpany,
Quhar thair oſt wes; and quhat thai thoucht
To do? And ſaid hym, giff he moucht
Fynd that to hym the ſuth ſaid he,
He ſuld gang hame but ranſoum fre.
He ſaid, "Forſuth I ſall yow ſay,
"Thai thynk to morne, quhen it is day,
"To ſek yow, with all thair mengye,
"Giff thai may get wit quhar ye be.
"Thai haff gert throw the countré cry,
"Off payne off lyff, full fellounly,
"That all the men off this countré
"To nycht into the cyté be.
"And trewly thai ſall be ſa fele
"That ye ſall na wyſs with thaim dele."
'Depardew,' ſaid he, 'weill may be!'
To Schyr EDUUARD, with that, yeid he;
And tauld hym utrely this tale.
Than haff thai tane for cunſaill hale

Abad ſtoutly to ma debate:
And othyr ſum ar fled thair gate.
And into wele ſchort tyme war tha,
That maid a reſt, contreryit ſua,
That thai fled halyly thair gat.
And thai thaim chaſſyt rycht to the yat;
And a gret part off thaim hes ſlayn;
And ſyne went till thair oſt agayn.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE BRUCE;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF ROBERT I. KING OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN SCOTISH VERSE
BY JOHN BARBOUR.

THE FIRST GENUINE EDITION,
PUBLISHED FROM A MS. DATED 1489;
WITH NOTES AND A GLOSSARY
BY J. PINKERTON.

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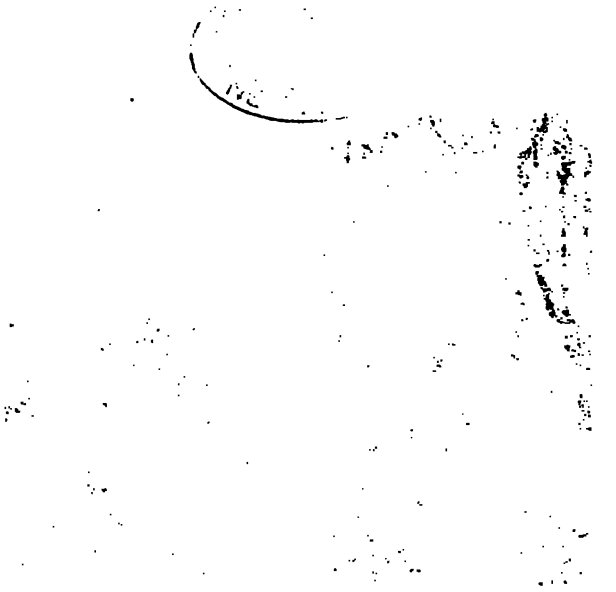

THE

BRUCE.

BUKE XV.

ARGUMENT.

The ferd battle wan be Erl EDWARD *in Irland—he is declarit King of Irland.—Deth of Schir* NEIL FLEMING.

The poet returnis to King ROBERT, *quha ſubdues the Ilis.*—DOUGLAS *kills* EDMOND DE CAILLOW, *and Schir* ROBERT NEVIL.

THE BRUCE.

BUKE XV.

QUHEN thai within hes ſene ſua ſlayn
Thair men, and chaſſyt hame agayn,
Thai war all wa; and in gret hy
" Till armys !" hely gan thai cry.
Than armyt thaim all that thar war,
And for the bataill maid thaim yar.
Thai iſchyt owt, all wele arayit,
Into the bataill, baner diſplayit;
Bowne on thair beſt wiſs till aſſaill
Thair fayis into ſele bataill.

And quhen Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY
Saw thaim iſch in ſa gud aray,
Till Schyr EDUUARD the BRUYSS went he;
And ſaid, " Schyr, it is gud that we
" Schap for ſum ſlycht that may awaile,
" To help us into this bataill.
" Our men ar quhoyne, but thai haff will
" To do mar than thai may fulfill.

Ver. 1. April 1316.

" Tharfor I rede our cariage,
" Forowtyn ony man or page,
" Be thaimſelwyn arayit be;
" And thai ſall ſeyme far mar than we.
" Set we befor thaim our baners,
" Yone folk that cumys out of *Coigners*,
" Quhen thai our baners thar may ſe,
" Sall trew traiſtly that thar ar we:
" And thyddir in gret hy ſall thai rid.
" Cum we then on thaim at a ſid,
" And we ſall be at awantage;
" For fra thai in our cariage
" Be entryt, thai ſall cumbryt be;
" And than, with all our mycht, may we
" Lay on, and do all that we may."
All as he ordanyt done haff thai.
And thai that come out off *Coigners*
Addreſſyt thaim to the baners;
And ſmate with ſpurs in hy;
And ruſhit amang tham ſedanly.
The barrell ferrars that war thar
Cumbryt thaim faſt that rydand war.

And then the Erle, with hys bataill,
Come on, and ſadly gan aſſaill.
And Schyr EDUUARD, a litill by,
Aſſemblyt ſua rycht hardely,
That mony a fey fell undre fete.
The feld wox ſone off blud all wete.

With

With ſa gret felny thar thai faucht;
And ſic routs till othyr raucht,
With ſtok, with ſtane, and with retret,
As aythir part gan othyr bet;
That it wes hidwyſs for to ſe.
Thai mantenyt that gret mellé
Sa knychtlyk apon aythir ſid,
Giffand and takand routs roid,
That pryme wes paſſyt, or men mycht ſe,
Quha maſt at thar abow mycht be.
Bot ſone eftre that pryme wes paſt
The *Scotts men* dang on ſa faſt,
And ſchot on thaim at abandoun,
As ilk man war a campion,
That all thair fayis tuk the flycht.
Wes nane off thaim, that wes ſa wycht,
That ewir durſt abid hys fer;
Bot ilk man fled hys wayis ſer.

To the toun fled the maiſt party.
And Erle THOMAS ſa egryly,
And hys route, chaſſyt with ſwerds bar,
That all amang thaim mellyt war,
That altogyddir come in the toun.
Than wes the ſlauchtre ſa feloune,
That all the ruys ran off blud.
Thaim that thai gat to dede all yhud;
Swa that than weill ner war dede
As fele as in the bataill ſtede.

The Syvewarme wes takyn thar.
Bot ſa rad wes RYCHARD off CLAR,
That he fled to the ſouth countré.
All that moneth I trow that he
Sall haf na gud will for to fycht.
Schyr IHONE STEWART, a noble knycht,
Wes woundyt throw the body thar,
With a ſper that ſcharply ſchar.
Bot to *Montpeller* went he ſyne,
And lay thar lang intill helyne:
And at the laſt helyt wes he.
Schyr EDUUARD than, with hys menye,
Tuk in the toun thair herbery.
That nycht thai blyth war, and joly,
For the victour that thai had thar.
And on the morne, forowtyn mar,
Schyr EDUUARD gert men gang and ſe
All the victaill off that cyté;
And thai fand ſic foyſoun tharin
Off corne, and flour, and wax, and wyne,
That thai off it had gret ferly.
And Schyr EDUUARD gert halily
Intill *Cragfergus* caryit be.
Syne thyddir went hys men and he,
And held the ſege full ſtarwartly,
Quhill Palme Sonday wes paſſit by.

Ver. 75. Editions read the 'The *Swaryn*.' I cannot interpret either.

Ver. 83. Hence it appears that, even in theſe times, Montpelier was famous for it's invigorating clime.

Than,

Than, quhill the Twyſday in Payſs-wouk,
On ayther half thai trewys touk;
Swa that thai mycht that haly tid
In pennance, and in pryer bid.

Bot, apon the Paſche-ewyn rycht,
To the caſtell, into the nycht,
Fra *Dewillyne* ſchippys come fyften,
Chargyt with armyt men bedene:
Four thowſand trow I weill thai war.
In the caſtell thai entryt ar:
The MAWNDWEILL auld Schyr THOMAS
Capitane off that menye was.

Intill the caſtell priuely
Thai entryt, for thai had gret ſpy
That mony off Schyr EDUUARDS men
War ſcalyt in the countré then.
Tharfor thai thoucht in the mornyng
Till iſch, but langer delaying,
And to ſuppriſs thaim ſuddanly;
For thai thoucht thai ſuld traiſtly,
For the trewys that takyn war.
Bot I trow falſet euirmar
Sall haif unfayr and ewill ending.
Schyr EDDUARD wyſt off this nathing;
For off treſoun had he na thoucht.
Bot for the trew he lewyt noucht

Ver. 107. Dublin, on ancient coins *Dyſin.*

To ſet wachis to the caſtell:
Ilk nycht he gert men walk it wele.
And NELE FLEMYNG wachit that nycht,
With ſexty men, worthy and wycht.

And alſone as the day wes cler,
Thai that within the caſtell wer
Had armyt thaim, and maid thaim boun,
And ſone thair bryg awalyt doun,
And iſchit into gret plenté.
And quhen NELE FLEMMING gan thaim ſe,
He ſend ane to the King in hy;
And ſaid to thaim that war hym by,
"Now ſall men ſe, Ik undretak,
"Quha dar dey for hys Lords ſak.
"Now ber yow weill, for ſykyrly
"With all this menye fecht will I.
"Intill bargane thaim hald ſall we,
"Quhill that our mayſter army be."

Ver. 137. Edward Bruce was not crowned king of Ireland till 2d May, 1316. *Annals.*

See a letter from Sir Griffith Lluyd, who rebelled in Wales, to Edward Bruce, in Caradoc of Llancarvon's hiſtory of Wales, London, 1697, 8vo. p. 311. *Nobili in Chriſto Conqueſtori, Edwardo Illuſtriſſimo Regi Hiberniæ*, &c. Sir Griffith entreats his ſupport againſt the king of England. The anſwer of king Edward is given p. 312.

Edward Bruce's conqueſt of Ireland, tho' of ſhort duration, is ſtrong in the tradition of the Iriſh; and many forts are called Bruce's caſtles. See Hamilton's Remarks on the northern parts of Ireland, &c.

And

And with that word aſſemblyt thai.
Thai wer to few all out, perfay,
With ſic a gret rout for to fycht.
Bot not forthy with all thair mycht
Thai dang on thaim ſa hardely,
That all thair fayis had gret ferly,
That thai war all off ſwilk manheid,
As thai na dreid had off thair dede.
Bot thair fayis ſa gan aſſaile,
That na worſchip thar mycht awaill.
Than thai war ſlane up euirilkane,
Sa clene, that thar eſchapyt nane.

And the man that went to the King,
For to warne hym off thair iſching,
Warnyt hym in full gret hy:
Schyr EDUUARD wes comonaly
Callyt the King off *Irland*.
And quhen he hard ſik thing on hand,
In full gret haſt he gat hys ger.
Twelf wycht men in hys chambre wer,
That armyt thaim in full gret hy.
Syne with hys baner hardely
The mydds off the toun he tays.
Weill ner cumand war hys fayis,
That had delt all thair men in thre:
The MAWNDWEILL, with a gret menye,
Rycht throw the toun the way held doun;
The lave on aythir ſyd the toun

Held,

Held, to mete thaim that fleand war.
Thai thoucht that all that thai fand thar
Suld dey, but ranſoun, euirilkane:
Bot othyrwayis the gle is gane.

For Schyr EDUUARD, with hys baner,
And hys twelff I tauld yow off er,
On all the rowte ſwa hardely
Aſſemblyt, that it wes ferly.
For GIB HARPAR befor hym yeid,
That wes the douchteaſt in deid
That than wes leuand, off hys ſtate;
And with an ax maid hym ſic gat,
That he the fyrſt fellyt to ground.
And off thre, in a litill ſtound,
The MAWNDWEILL be hys armyng
He knew, and rout hym ſik a ſwing
That he till erd yeid haſtily.
Schyr EDUUARD, that wes ner hym by,
Reuerſyt hym, and with a knyff
Rycht in that place reft hym the lyff.

With that off *Ardroſſane* FERGUS,
That wes a knycht rycht curageous,
Aſſemblyt with ſexty and ma.
Thai preſſyt than thair fayis ſua,

Ver. 193. Fergus of Ardroſſan, according to the Annaliſt, was ſlain 26th January, 1316. But in 1320 he is one of the Scotiſh Barons who addreſs the famous letter to the Pope.

That

That thai that ſaw thair lord ſlayne,
Tynt hart, and wald haf bene agayne.
And ay as *Scotts men* mycht be
Armyt, thai come to the mellé:
And dang apon thair fayis ſua,
That thai all the bak gan ta;
And thai thaim chaſſyt to the yat,
Thar wes hard fecht, and gret debat.
Thar ſlew Schyr EDUUARD, with hys hand,
A knycht that off all *Irland*
Wes callyt beſt, and off maiſt bounté,
To ſyrnam MAWNDWEILL had he,
Hys awne name I can noucht ſay.
Bot hys folk to ſa hard aſſay
War ſet, as thai off the dungeoun
Durſt opyn na yhat, na brig lat doun.
And Schyr EDUUARD, Ik tak on hand,
Soucht thaim that fled thar to warand
Sa felly, that off all perfay
That iſchit apon hym that day,
Thar eſchapyt neuir ane,
Bot thaim war aythir tane or ſlane.

For to the fycht MAKNAKILL then
Come, with twa hundreth ſpermen.
And thai ſlew all thai mycht to wyn.
This ilk MAKNAKILL, with a gyn,

Ver. 222. A *gyn* is here a ſtratagem.

Wan

Wan off thair ſchippys four or fyve;
And haly reft the men thair lyve.

Quhen end wes maid off this fechting,
Yeit then wes lyffand NELE FLEMYNG.
Schyr EDUUARD went hym for to ſe;
About hym ſlayne lay hys menye
All in a lump, on aythir hand;
And he redy to dey, throwand.
Schyr EDUUARD had off hym pité,
And hym full gretly menyt he;
And regretyt hys gret manheid,
And hys worſchip, and douchty deid.
Sic mayn he maid men had gret ferly;
For he wes not cuſtummabilly
Wont for to mayne men ony thing;
Na wald not her men mak menying.
He ſtud tharby till he wes ded;
And ſyne had hym till haly ſted;
And hym with worſchip gert he be
Erdyt, with gret ſolymnyté.

On this wyſs iſchit MAWNDWEILL.
Bot ſekyrly falſet and gyle
Sall alwayis haf an iwill ending,
As weill is ſene by this iſching.
In tyme off trewys iſchyt thai;
And in ſic tyme as on Paſche-day,

Ver. 225. This battle, in which Sir Neil Fleming was ſlain, was fought on the 11th April, 1316. *Annals.*

Quhen

Quhen God raiſs for to ſauf mankyne,
Fra wein of auld Adamys ſyne.
Tharfor ſa gret myſchance thaim fell
That ilk ane, as ye hard me tell,
War ſlayn up, or takyn thar.
And thai, that in the caſtell war,
War ſet intill ſa gret a ſtour,
For thai couth ſe quhar na ſuccour
Suld come to releyff; and thai
Tretyt; and till a ſchort day
The caſtell till hym yauld fre,
To ſauff thaim lyff, and lym. And he
Held thaim full well hys cunnand.
The caſtell tuk he in hys hand;
And wyttalyt wele; and has ſet
A gud wardane it for to kept.
And a quhill tharin reſtyt he;
Off hym na mar now ſpek will we,

Bot to KING ROBERT will we gang,
That we haff left unſpokyn off lang.
Quhen he had conwoyit to the ſe
Hys brodyr EDUUARD, and hys menye,
And othyr men off gret noblay,
To *Tarbart* thai held thair way,

In

Ver. 267. The poet returns to the year 1315, in which king Robert ſubdued the Hebudes: the chain of Iriſh tranſactions having led him beyond his chronology.

Editions

In galayis ordanyt for thair far.
Bot thaim worthyt draw thair ſchippys thar;
And a myle wes betwix the ſeys,
Bot that wes lompnyt all with treys.
The KING hys ſchyppis thar gert draw.
And for the wynd couth ſtoutly blaw
Apon thair bak, as thai wald ga,
He gert men rapys and maſts ta,
And ſet thaim in the ſchippys hey,
And ſaylls to the toppis tey;
And gert men gang tharby drawand.
The wynd thaim helpyt that wes blawand,
Swa that, in a litill ſpace,
Thair flote all our drawin was.

And quhen thai that in the *Ilis* war
Hard tell how the gud KING had thar
Gert hys ſchippys with ſaills ga
Owt our betwix *Tarbart* twa,
Thai war abayſit ſua uttrely.
For thai wyſt, throw auld prophecy,

Editions after ver. 270 inſert:

With his ſhips he made him yare
Into the Iles for to fare.
Walter Stewart with him took he,
His maich, and with hym gret menye;
And other men, &c.

Rightly it is believed.

The Tarbat is the narrow neck of land at the northern extremity of Cantire. Magnus, king of Norway, is ſaid in 1098 to have, in like manner, drawn his ſhips acroſs this neck of land.

That

That he that ſuld gar ſchyppis ſwa
Betwix the ſeis with ſaills ga,
Suld wyne the *Ilis* ſua till hand,
That nane with ſtrenth ſuld hym withſtand.
Tharfor thai come all to the KING.
Wes nane withſtud hys bidding,
Owtakyn IHONE off LORNE allane.
Bot weill ſone eftre wes he tane;
And preſent rycht to the KING.
And thai thar war off hys leding,
That till the KING had brokyn fay,
War all dede, and deſtroyit away.

This IHONE off LORNE the KING has tane,
And ſend hym furth to *Dumbertane*,
A quhill in priſoun thar to be.
Syne to *Louchlewyn* ſend wes he:
Quhar he wes quhill thar feſtnyng;
I trow he maid tharin ending.

The KING quhen all the *Ilis* war
Broucht till hys liking, les and mar,
All that ſeſoun thar duellyt he,
At hunting, gamyn, and at gle.

Quhen the KING apon this maner
Dawntyt the *Ilis*, as I tell her,

Ver. 306. Now Dunbarton.

Ver. 308. The caſtle in Lochleven, afterward the priſon of the unfortunate Mary.

The

The gud Schyr JAMES off DOWGLAS
Intill the foreſt duelland was,
Defendand worthely the land.
That tym in *Berwik* wes duelland
EDMOUND DE CAILOW, a *Gaſcoune*,
That wes a knycht off gret renoune;
And intill *Gaſcoune*, hys cuntré,
Lord off gret ſenyowry wes he.
He had *Berwik* in keping:
And maid a priué gadryng,
And gat hym a gret cumpany
Off wicht men armit jolely.
And the nethyr ende off *Tewidale*
He prayit doun till hym all hale,
And off the *Mers* a gret party;
Syne towart *Berwik* went in hy,

Schyr ADAM off GORDOUN, that than
Wes becommyn *Scotts man*,
Saw thaim dryf ſua away thair ſe;
And wend thai had bene quhone, for he
Wald

Ver. 336. Editions read:

Saw them drive ſo away his fee;
And weind they wheen were, for that he
Saw but the fleeing ſkail perfay,
And them that ſeezed on the prey.
Than to Sir James of Douglas
In full great hy the way he taes;
And told how Engliſhmen their prey
Had tane; and ſyn wer went away
Toward Berwick with all their fee.
And ſaid they wheen were; and if he
Would

Wald ſped hym, he ſuld weill lichtly
Wyn thaim, and reſkew all the ky.
With knawis and ſwanys, that na mycht
Had for to ſtand in feld and fycht;
The lave behind thaim maid a ſtale.
The DOWGLAS ſaw thair lump all hale;
And ſaw thaim off ſa gud cowine,
And ſaw thai war ſa mony ſyne,
That thai for ane off hys war twa.
" Lordings," he ſaid, " ſen it is ſua
" That we haff chaſſyt on ſic maner,
" That we now cummyn ar ſa ner,
" That we may not eſchew the fycht,
" Bot giff we fouly tak the flycht;
" Lat ilkane on hys leman mene;
" And how he mony tym has bene

Would ſpeed him, he ſhould well lightly
Win them, and reſcue all the ky.
Sir James ſoon gave his aſſent
To follow them: and forth is went,
And followed them in full great hy,
And came well near them haſtily.
For, ere they might fully ſee,
They came well near with their menye.
Bot then both forray, and the ſcail,
Were knit into a ſop all hail;
With knavis and ſwains, &c.

As this account is rather prolix, ſo the reading of the MS. is certainly ſo brief as to injure the meaning.

Ver. 351. Let every one think on his miſtreſs; a common injunction in the days of chivalry.

" In gret thrang, and weill cummyn away;
" Think we to do rycht ſua to day.
" And tak we off this furd herby
" Our awantage; for in gret hy
" Thai ſall cum on us for to fycht.
" Set we than will, and ſtrenth, and mycht,
" For to mete thaim rycht hardely."
And with that word full haſtely
He diſplayit hys baner,
For hys fayis war cummyn ner.
That quhen thai ſaw he wes ſa quhoyne,
Thoucht thai ſuld with thaim ſone haff done,
And aſſemblyt full hardely.
Thar men mycht ſe men fycht fely,
And a rycht cruell mellé mak;
And mony ſtrakys giff and tak.

The DOWGLAS thar weill hard was ſtad.
Bot the gret hardyment that he had
Confort hys men on ſic awyſs,
That na man thoucht on cowardyſs;
Bot faucht ſa faſt, with all thair mayne,
That thai fele off thair fayis has ſlayne.
And thouch thai be weill fer way ma
Than thai, yeit euyr demanyt thaim ſua,
That EDMOUND DE CAILOW wes dede
Rycht in that ilk fechtyn ſtede.
And all the lave, fra he wes done,
War planly diſcomfyt ſone.

And

And thai that chaſſyt ſum has ſlayn,
And turnyt the prayis all agayn.

The hardaſt fycht forſuth this was
That euir the gud Lord off DOWGLAS
Was in, as off ſa few menye.
For not had bene hys gret bounté,
That ſlew thair cheyftane in that fycht;
Hys men had all to dede bene dycht.
He had intill cuſtoume alway,
Quheneuir he come till hard aſſay,
To preyſs hym the cheyftane to ſla,
And her fell hap that he did ſua;
That gert hym haff victour fele ſyſs.
Quhen Schyr EDMOUND apon this wyſs
Wes deid, the gud Lord off DOWGLAS
To the *foreſt* hys wayis tais.
Hys fayis gretly gan hym dreid;
The word ſprang weile fer off hys deid,
Swa that in *Ingland* ner tharby
Men ſpak off it commonaly.
Schyr ROBERT NEVILE that tid
Wonnyt at *Berwik*, ner beſid
The *march*, quhar the Lord DOWGLAS
In the *foreſt* repayrand was;
And had at hym full gret inwy,
For he ſaw hym ſa manlily
Mak ay hys bounds mar and mar.
He hard the folk that with hym war

Spek off the Lord DOWGLAS mycht,
And how he forſye wes in fycht,
And how he fell oft fayr fortoun.
He wrechyt tharat all ſone;
And ſaid, "Quhat wene ye is thar nane
"That euir is worth bot he allane?
"Ye ſet hym as he wer but per.
"Bot Ik awow, befor yow her,
"Giff euir he come intill this land,
"He ſall fynd me ner at hys hand.
"And giff Ik euir hys baner
"May ſe diſplayit apon wer,
"I ſall aſſembill on hym but dout,
"Althouch yhe hald hym neuir ſa ſtout."

Off this awow ſone bodward was
Broucht to Schyr JAMES off DOWGLAS,
That ſaid, "Giff he wald hald hys hycht
"I ſall do ſa he ſall haff ſycht
"Off me, and my cumpany,
"Yheit or oucht lang, weill ner hym by."

Hys retenew than gaderyt he,
That war gud men off gret bounté,
And till the *march*, in gud aray,
Apon a nycht he tuk the way.
Swa that, into the mornyng arly,
He wes, with all hys cumpany,
Befor *Berwik*: and thar he maid
Men to diſplay hys baner brad.

And

And off hys menye ſum ſent he
For to bryn townys twa or thre.
And had thaim ſone agayne thaim ſped;
Swa that on hand, giff thar cum ned,
Thai mycht befor the fycht be redy.
The NEWILL that wyſt wittily
That DOWGLAS cummyn was ſa ner,
And ſaw all brad ſtand hys baner,
Than with the folk that with hym war,
(And he had a gret menye thar;
For all the gud off that countré
Intill that tyme with hym had he;
Swa that he thar with hym had then
Well may than war the *Scotts-men*;)
He held hys way up till a hill.
And ſaid, "Lordings, it war my will
"To mak end off the gret deray
"That DOWGLAS mayis us ilk day.
"Bot me think it ſpedfull that we
"Abid, quhill hys men ſcalyt be
"Throw the countré, to tak thair pray:
"Than forſely ſchout on thaim we may;
"And we ſall haff thaim at our will."
Than all thai gaff aſſent thartill;
And on the hill abaid howand.
The men faſt gadryt of the land,
And drew till hym in full gret hy.
The DOWGLAS than, that wes worthy,
Thoucht it wes foly mar to bid:
Towart the hill than gan he rid.

And quhen the NEWILL ſaw that thai
Wald not paſs furth to the forray,
Bot preſſyt to thaim with thair mycht,
He wyſt weill than that thai wald fycht.
And till hys mengye gan he ſay,
" Lordings, now hald we furth owr way.
" Her is the flour off the countré;
" And may than thai alſua ar we.
" Aſſembill we than hardely,
" For DOWGLAS, with yone yhwmanry,
" Sall haff na mycht till us perfay."
Than in a fruſche aſſemblyt thai.

Than mycht men her the ſpers braſt,
And ilkane ding on oythir faſt;
And blud bryſt owt at wowndis wid.
Thai faucht faſt apon aythir ſid;
For aythir party gan thaim payn
To put thair fayis on bak agayn.

The Lords off NEWILL and DOWGLAS,
Quhen at the fechting fellaſt was,
Met togyddyr, rycht in the preyſs.
Betwix thaim than gret bargane wes.
Thai faucht felly with all thair maucht:
Gret routs ayther othyr raucht.
Bot DOWGLAS ſtarkar wes, Ik hycht,
And mar uſyt alſua to fycht;
And he ſet hart, and will alſua,
For to deleuir hym off hys fa,

Quhill

Quhill at the laſt, with mekill mayn
Off forſs, than NEWILL has he ſlayn.

Then hys enſenye hey gan cry;
And on the lawe ſa hardely
He ruſchyt, with hys menye,
That intill ſchort tyme men mycht ſe
Thair fayis tak thaim to the flycht.
And thai thaim chaſſyt, with all thair mycht.
Schyr RAWFF NEWILL in the chaſs,
And the baron off HILLTOUN was
Takyn; and othyrs off mekill mycht.
Thar wes fele ſlayne into that fycht,
That worthy in thair tyme had bene.
And quhen the feld wes clengyt clene,
Swa that thair fayis euirilkane
War ſlayn, or chaſſyt away, or tane,
Than gert he forray all the land;
And ſeſyt all that euir thai fand.
And brynt townies in thair way;
Syne hale and fer cumyn ar thai.

The preys amang hys menye,
Eftre thair merits, delt he;
And held na thing till hys behuff.
Sic deds aucht to ger men luff

Ver. 514. That is, they came away 'whole and fair,' complete, and in good array.

Thair lord: and ſua thai did perfay.
He tretyt thaim ſua wyſely ay,
And with ſa mekill luff alſua,
And ſic awanſement wald ma
Off thair deid, that the maſt cowart
He maid ſtoutar than a libbart.
With cheryſing this gat maid he
Hys men wycht, and off gret bounté.

Quhen NEWILL thus was broucht to ground,
And off CAILOW auld Schyr EDMOUND,
The drede off the Lord off DOWGLAS,
And hys renoun, ſa ſcalyt was
Throw out the marchis off *Ingland*,
That all that tharin war wonnand
Dred hym, as the fell dewill off hell.
And yheit haf Ik herd oftſyſs tell,
That he ſa gretly dred was than
That quhen wiwys wald childre ban;
Thai wald rycht with an angry face
Beteth thaim to the blak DOWGLAS.
Throw hys gret worſchip and bounté
Swa with hys fayis dred wes he,
That thaim growyt to her hys name.
He may at eſe naw duell at hame
A quhill, for I trow he ſall noucht
With fayis all a quhill be ſoucht.

Ver. 536. A trite illuſtration of a terrible name. It is told of Talbot, of Marlborough, &c. &c.

Now

Now lat hym in the *foreſt* be.
Off hym ſpek now na mar will we;
Bot off Schyr EDUUARD the worthy,
That, with all hys chewalry,
Wes in *Cragfergus* yeit liand,
To ſpek mar we will tak on hand.

THE END OF BUKE XV.

THE

BRUCE.

BUKE XVI.

ARGUMENT.

King ROBERT *paſſis intill Irland to aſſiſt his brother —with five thuſand he fechts again forty thuſand. —Thai march throuch Irland to Limeric, and back to Craigfergus.*

DOUGLAS *ſlais Schir* THOMAS *of* RICHMOUND. *The biſchop of Dunkeld defetis the Inglis ner Dunfermlin.*

King ROBERT *returnis fra Irland.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE XVI.

QUHEN Schyr EDUUARD, as Ik ſaid er,
Had diſcomfyt RICHARD off CLAR,
And off *Irland* all the barnage
Thriſs, throw hys worthy waſſalage,
And ſyne with all hys men off mayn
Till *Cragfergus* wes cummyn agayn;
The gud Erle off MURREFF, THOMAS,
Tuk leyff in *Scotland* for to paſs.
And he hym levyt with a gruching;
And ſyne hym chargyt to the KING,
To pray hym ſpecially that he
Cum intill *Irland*, hym till ſe.
For, war thai bath into that land,
Thai ſuld fynd nane ſuld thaim withſtand.

The Erle furth than hys way has tane,
And till hys ſchipping is he gane;
And ſayllyt weill out our the ſe;
Intill *Scotland* ſone arywit he.

Syne

Syne till the KING he went in hy.
And he reſawyt hym glaidſumly;
And ſperyt off hys brodyr fayr,
And off journayis that thai had thar.
And he him tauld all but leſing.
Quhen the KING left had the ſpering,
Hys charge to the gud KING tauld he.
And he ſaid he wald blythly ſe
Hys brodyr, and ſe the affer
Off that countré, and off thair wer.

A gret mengye than gaddryt he,
And twa lords off gret bounté;
The tane the STEWART, WALTRE, was,
The tothyr JAMES off DOWGLAS,
Wardanys in hys abſence maid he;
For to mayneteyne weill the countré.

Syne to the ſe he tuk the way;
And at *Lochriane* in *Galloway*
He ſchippit, with all hys mengye.
To *Cragfergus* ſone cummyn is he.
Schyr EDUUARD off hys come wes blyth;
And went doun to mete hym ſwyth;
And welcumyt hym with glaidſum cher:
Sa did he all that with hym wer;
And ſpecially the Erle THOMAS
Off MURREFF, that hys newo was.

Ver. 29. Summer 1316.

Syne

Syne till the caſtell went thai yar,
And maid thaim mekill feſt and far.
Thai ſoiournyt thar dayis thre,
And that in myrth and jolyté.

King ROBERT, apon thys kyn wyſs,
Intill *Irland* arywit is,
And quhen in *Cragfergus* had he
With hys men ſoiournyt dayis thre,
Thai tuk to cunſaill that thai wald,
With all thair folk, thair wayis hald
Throw all *Irland*, fra end till othyr.
Schyr EDUUARD than, the KINGS brothyr,
Befor in the awaward raid;
The KING hymſelff the rerward maid,
That had intill hys cumpany
The Erle THOMAS, that wes worthy.
Thair wayis ſouthwart haff thai tane,
And ſone ar paſſyt euirilkane.

This wes in the moneth off May,
Quhen byrds ſyngs on ilka ſpray;
Melland thair nots with ſeymly ſoune,
For ſoftnes off the ſuet ſeſoun.
And levys off the branches ſpreds,
And blomys brycht beſid thaim breds;
And felds ar ſtrowyt with flours,
Weill ſawerand, off ſer colours:
And all thing worthis blyth and gay.
Quhen that this gud KING tuk hys way

To rid ſouthwart, as I ſaid ar,
The wardane than, Schyr RICHARD off CLAR,
Wyſt the KING wes arywyt ſwa,
And wyſt that he ſchuip hym to ta
Hys way towart the ſouth countré.
And off all *Irland* aſſemblyt he
Bath burges and chewalry;
And hobelers and yhumanry;
Quhill he had ner fourty thouſand.
Bot he wald not yeit tak on hand
With all hys fayis in feld to fycht.
Bot he unbethoucht hym off ane ſlycht,
That he with all that gret menye
Wald in wod enbuſchyt be,
All priuely beſid the way,
Quhar that thair fayis ſuld away;
And lat the awaward paſs fer by,
And ſyne aſſembill hardely
On the rereward, with all thair men.
Thai did as thai dewiſit then.
In ane wod thai enbuſchyt wer:
The *Scotts* oft raid by thaim ner;
Bot thai na ſchawing off thaim maid.
Schyr EDUUARD weill fer forouth raid,
With thaim that war off hys menye;
To the rerward na tent tuk he.

And Schyr RICHARD off CLAR in hy,
Quhen Schyr EDUUARD wes paſſyt by,

Send

Send lycht yhumen, that weill couth ſchout,
To bykker the rerward apon fute.
Than twa off thaim that ſend furth war
At the wod ſyd thaim bykkyryt thar;
And ſchot amang the *Scotts* men.
The KING, that had thar with hym then
Weill fyve thouſand, wycht and worthy,
Saw thir twa ſa abandounly
Schut amang thaim, and cum ſa ner;
He wyſt rycht weill, withowtyn wer,
That thai rycht ner ſuppowall had.
Tharfor a bidding has he mad,
That na man ſall be ſa hardy
To prik at thaim, bot ſarraly
Rid redy ay into bataill,
To defend giff men wald aſſaill.
"For we ſall ſone, Ik undreta,"
He ſaid, "haf for to do with ma."

Bot Schyr COLYNE CAMBELL, that ner
War by quhar thaiſe twa yhumen wer,
Schowtand amang thaim hardely,
Prikyt on thaim in full gret hy;
And ſone the tane has he ourtane,
And with the ſper hym ſone hes ſlane.
The tothyr turnyt and ſchot agayne;
And at a ſchot hys horſs hes ſlayne.
With that the KING come haſtily,
And, intill hys malancoly,

With a trounſoune intill hys neve
To Schyr COLYNE ſic duſche he geve,
That he dynnyt on hys arſoun.
That bad he ſmertly tit hym doun.
Bot othyr lords, that war hym by
Ameyſſyt the KING into party.
And he ſaid, " Breking off bidding
" Mycht cauſs all our diſcomfyting.
" Weyne ye yone ribalds durſt aſſaill
" Us ſa ner, intill our bataill,
" Bot giff thai had ſuppowaill ner?
" I wate rycht weill, withowtyn wer,
" That we ſall haf to do in hy;
" Tharfor luk ilk man be redy."

With that weill ner threty, or ma,
Off bowmen come, and bykyrit ſwa
That thai hurt off the KINGS men.
The KING hes gert hys archers then
Schoute, for to put thaiſe men agayne.
With that thai entryt in a playne;
And ſaw arayit agayne thaim ſtand,
In four batails, fourty thouſand.

The KING ſaid, " Now, lordings, lat ſe
" Quha worthy in this fycht ſall be.

Ver. 150. This battle is not duly authenticated. See Lord Hailes's Annals.

" On

" On thaim, forowtyn mar abaid!"
Sa ſtoutly than on thaim thai raid,
And aſſemblyt ſa hardely,
That off thair fayis a gret party
Was laid at erd, at thair meting.
Thar wes off ſpers ſic briſting,
As aythir apon othyr raid,
That it a wele gret fruſche hes maid.
Horſs come thar fruſchand heid for heid,
Swa that fele on the ground fell deid.
Mony a wycht and worthy man,
As ayther apon othyr than,
War duſchyt dede, doun to the ground.
The red blud out off mony a wound
Ruſchyt in ſa gret foyſoun than,
That off the blud the ſtremys ran.
And thai, that wraith war, and angry,
Dang on othyr ſa hardely,
With wapnys that war brycht and bar,
That mony a gud man deyit thar.
For thai that hardy war and wycht,
And ſtoutlynys with thair fayis gan fycht,
Preſſyt thaim formaſt for to be.
Thar mycht men cruell bargane ſe;
And hard bataill, Ik tak on hand.
In all the wer off *Irland*
Sa hard a fychting wes not ſene,
The quheyr of gret victours nynetene
Schyr EDUUARD has, withowtyn wer;
And into les than in thre yer.

And in ſyndry bataills of tha
Wencuſſyt threty thouſand and ma,
With trappyt horſs rycht to the fete.
Bot in all tymys he wes yete,
Ay ane for fyve, quhen leſt, was he.
Bot the KING, into this mellé,
Had alwayis aucht off hys ſamen
For ane. Bot he ſua bar hym then,
That hys gud deid and hys bounté
Comfortyt ſua all hys menye,
That the maſt coward hardy wes.
For quhar he ſaw the thikkeſt preſs,
Sa hardely on thaim he raid,
That thar about hym rowme he maid.
And Erle THOMAS, the worthy,
Wes in all tyme ner hym by;
And faucht as he war in a rage.
Swa that for thair gret waſſalage
Thair man ſic hardyment gan tak,
That thai na perill wald forſak;
Bot thaim abandound ſa ſtoutly,
And dang apon thaim ſa hardely,
That all thair fayis affrayit war.
And thai, that ſaw weill be thair far
That thai eſchewyt ſum dele the fycht,
Than dang thai on with all thair mycht,
And in thair fleyng fele gan ſla.
The KINGS men has chaſſyt ſwa,
That thai war ſcalyt euirilkane.
RYCHARD off CLAR the way has tane

To

To *Dewillyne*, in full gret hy,
With othyr lordis that fled hym by.
And warnyſit bath caſtells and townys,
That war in thair poſſeſſiownys.

Thai war ſa felly fleyit thar
That I trow Schyr RICHARD off CLAR
Sall haff na will to faynd hys mycht,
In bataill na in forſs to fycht,
Quhill King ROBERT, and hys menye,
Is duelland in that cuntré.
Thai ſtuffyt ſtrets on this wiſs.
And the KING, that wes to priſs,
Saw in the feld rycht mony ſlayn.
And ane off thaim, that thar wes tane,
That was arayit jolyly
He ſaw greit, wondre tendrely,
And aſkyt hym quhy he maid ſic cher.
He ſaid hym, " Schyr, withowtyn wer,
" It is na wondre thoucht I gret,
" I ſe fele her loſſyt the ſuet
" The flour off all North *Irland*,
" That hardyaſt war off thair hand,

Ver. 223. Editions read:
They ſtuffed ſtrengths on this wiſe.
That is, they garriſoned the caſtles.

Ver. 228. *Greit* is weep.

Ver. 232. Editions have:
I ſe ſo many ſlain at my feet.

" And maſt dowtyt in hard aſſay."
The KING ſaid, " Yow dow wrang perfay,
" Yow has mar cauſs myrthis to ma,
" For yow the dede eſchapyt ſua."

RICHARD off CLAR, on this maner,
And all hys folk, diſcomfyt wer,
With few folk, as I to yow tauld.
And quhen Schyr EDUARD BRUYSS, the bauld,
Wyſt at the KING had fouchtyn ſwa,
With ſwa fele folk, and he tharfra,
Mycht na man ſe a waer man.
Bot the gud KING ſaid till hym than,
That it wes in hys awne foly,
For he raid ſa unwittely
Sa fer befor, and na waward
Maid to thaim off the rerward:
For he ſaid, quha on wer wald rid
In awaward, he ſuld na tid
Paſs fra hys rerward fer off fycht;
For gret perills ſwa fall thar mycht.

Off this fycht will we ſpek na mar.
Bot the KING, and all that thar war,
Raid furthward in bettre aray,
And nerar togyddyr than er did thai.
Throw all the land planly thai raid.
Thai fand nane that thaim obſtakill maid.
Thai raid ewyn forouth *Drochindra*,
And forouth *Dewillyne* ſyne alſua:

Ver. 261. Drogheda?

And

And to giff bataill nane thai fand.
Syne went thai ſouthwart in the land;
And rycht to *Kynerike* held thair way,
That is the ſouthmaiſt town perfay
That in *Irland* may fundyn be.
Thar lay thai dayis twa or thre:
And buſkyt ſyne agayn to far.
And quhen that thai all redy war,
The KING has hard a woman cry,
He aſkyt quhat that wes in hy.
" It is the layndar, Schyr," ſaid ane,
" That her chyld-ill rycht now hes tane:
" And mon leve now behind us her.
" Tharfor ſche makys yone iwill cher."
The KING ſaid, ' Certs, it war pité
' That ſche in that poynt left ſuld be,
' For certs I trow thar is na man
' That he ne will rew a woman than.'
Hys oft all thar areſtyt he,
And gert a tent ſone ſtintit be;

Ver. 265. Some editions read Limeric. Perhaps *Kinſale* is meant; for Waterford, Cork, and Aghadoe are ſouth of Limeric: Roſs is even ſouth of Kinſale. It is certain, however, from other authorities, that Bruce's army penetrated as far as Limeric. See *Annals*.

Ver. 271. This tale of our hero's humanity crowns his character; and does honour both to him, and the poet, who had a heart good enough to preſerve it.

A *lavender* is a waſherwoman, or laundreſs. *Lavandiere*, Fr.

And gert hyr gang in haſtely,
And othyr wemen to be hyr by.
Quhill ſche was deleueryt he bad;
And ſyne furth on hys wayis raid.
And how ſche furth ſuld caryit be,
Or euir he furth fur, ordanyt he.
This wes a full gret curtaſy,
That ſwilk a King, and ſa mychty,
Gert hys men duell on this maner,
Bot for a pour lauender.

Agayne northwart thai tuk thair way,
Throw all *Irland* than perfay;
Throw all *Conach*, rycht to *Dewillyne*;
And throw all *Methy*, and *Iereby* ſyne;
And ſyne haly throw *Ulſiſter*,
And *Moneſter*, and *Leneſter*;
To *Cragfergus* forowtyn bataill,
For thar was nane durſt hym aſſail.

The Kings off *Irchery*
Come till Schyr EDUUARD halyly,
And thar manredyn gan hym ma.
Bot, gff that it war ane or twa,

Ver. 296. *Methy* is Meath. For *Iereby* editions have *Tyrel*. Our poet's geography of Ireland is very imperfect.

Ver. 304. That is, there was but a ſkirmiſh or two, before they returned to Carricfergus.

Till

Dragfergus thai come agayn,
that way wes nane bargayn.
giff that ony poynye wer,
is noucht for to ſpek off her.

ie *Irſche* Kings than euirilkane
n till thair awne repayr ar gane,
undretuk in all kyn thing
ill obey to the bidding
chyr EDUUARD, that thair King callit thai.
es now weill ſet in gud way
onquer the land halyly;
he had apon hys party
Irſchery, and *Ulſyſter*;
he was ſa furth on hys wer,
t he wes paſſyt throw *Irland*,
end till othyr, throw ſtrenth of hand.
th he haf gouernyt hym throw ſkill,
folowyt not to faſt hys will,
with meſur haf led hys dede,
es weill lik, withoutyn drede,
it he mycht haf conqueryt weill
land off *Irland* ilka dele.
hys utrageouſs ſucquedry,
l will that wes mar than hardy,
purpos lettyt hym perfay;
I hereftre ſall yow ſay.

Ver. 330. The poet paſſes to the year 1317.

Now

Now leve we her the nobill KING,
All at hys eſe, and hys liking,
And ſpek we off the Lord DOWGLAS,
That left to kep the merchis was.
He gert ſet wrychts that war ſleye,
And in the halche off *Lyntailé*
He gert thaim mak a fayr maneer.
And quhen the houſſis biggit wer,
He gert purway hym rycht weill thar;
For he thoucht to mak an infar,
And to mak gud cher till hys men.
In *Rychmound* wes wenand then
The Erle that men callyt Schyr THOMAS.
He had enwy at the DOWGLAS;
And ſaid giff that he hys baner
Mycht ſe diſplayit apon wer,
That ſone aſſembill on it ſuld he.
He herd how DOWGLAS thoucht to be
At *Lyntailey* ane feſt to ma.
And he had wittring weill alſua
That the KING, and a gret menye,
War paſſyt then off the countré;
And the Erle off MURREFF, THOMAS.
Tharfor he thoucht the countré was
Febill off men, for to withſtand
Men that ſuld fecht with ſtalwart hand.
And off the marches than had he
The gouernall, and the pouſté.

He

He gadryt folk about hym then,
Quhill he wes ner ten thouſand men;
And wod axys gert with hym tak;
For he thoucht he hys men wald mak
To hew *Jedwort Foreſt* ſa clene,
That na tre ſuld tharin be ſene.

Thai held thaim forthwart on thair way.
Bot the gud Lord DOWGLAS, that ay
Had ſpyis out on ilka ſid,
Had gud wittring that thai wald rid,
And come apon hym ſedanly.
Than gadryt he rycht haſtily
Thaim that he moucht off hys menye.
I trow that than with hym had he
Fifty, that worthy war and wycht,
At all poynts armyt weill and dycht;
And off archers a gret menye,
Aſſemblyt alſua with hym had he.
A place thar was thar in the way,
Quhar he thoucht weill thai ſuld away,
That had wod apon aythor ſid;
The entré wes weill large and wid,
And as a ſchield it narowit ay,
Quhill at intill a place the way
Wes not a pennyſtane caſt off breid.
The Lord off DOWGLAS thyddir yeid,

Ver. 383. *Pennyſtones* are ſtone quoits ſtill uſed in Scotland.

Quhen

Quhen he wyſt thai war ner cummand,
And in a louch on the ta hand,
Has hys archers enbuſchyt he,
And bad thaim hald thaim all priué,
Quhill that thai hard hym rayſs the cry,
And than thai ſuld ſchout hardely
Amang thair fayis, and ſow thaim ſar
Quhill that he throw thaim paſſyt war;
And ſyne with hym furth hald ſuld thai.
Than byrks on ayther ſyd the way,
That young and thik war growand ner,
He knyt togyddir, on ſic maner
That men mycht not weill throw thaim rid.
Quhen this wes done, he gan abid
Apon the tothyr hald the way.
And RICHMOND, on gud aray,
Come ridand in the fyrſt eſcheill.
The Lord DOWGLAS has ſene hym weill,
And gert hys men all hald thaim ſtill,
Quhill at thair hand thai come thaim till,
And entryt in the narow way.
Than with a ſchout on thaim ſchot thai.
And cryt on hycht, "DOWGLAS! DOWGLAS!"
The RYCHMOND, that than worthy wes,
Quhen he has hard ſua rayſs the cry,
And DOWGLAS' baner ſa planly,

Ver. 386. *Louch* is here uſed in its primitive German meaning, for a cavity in the ground; whence the Scotiſh *loch* for a lake, or cavity filled with water.

He

He dreſſyt thyddirwart in hy.
And thai come on ſua hardely,
That thai throw thaim maid thaim the way;
All that thai met till erd bar thai.
The RYCHMOUND borne doun thar was:
On hym areſtyt the DOWGLAS,
And hym reuerſyt, and with a knyff
Rycht in that place reft hym the lyff.
An hat apon hys helm he bar,
And that tuk with hym DOWGLAS thar,
In tuknyng, for it furryt was.
And ſyne in hy thair wayis tais,
Quhill in the wod thai entryt war:
The archyrs weill has borne thaim thar,
For wele and hardely ſchot thai.
The *Ingiis* rout in gret affray
War ſet, for DOWGLAS ſuddanly,
With all thaim off hys cumpany,
Or euir thai wyſt, war in thair rout,
And thyrlyt thaim weill ner throuchout;
And had almoſt doyn hys dede,
Or thai to help hym couth tak heid.

And quhen thai ſaw thair Lord ſlayn,
Thai tuk hym up, and turnyt agayn,

Ver. 421. As a token, that he might diſcover who the owner was. Lord Hailes remarks, that in Lobineau's hiſtory of Bretagne there is the portrait of an Earl of Richmond, with a furred cap, as here deſcribed.

To

To draw thaim fra thai ſchot away.
Than in a playne aſſemblyt thai,
And for thair Lord, that thar wes dede,
Thai ſchup thaim in that ilk ſtede
For to tak herbery all that nycht.
And than the DOWGLAS, that wes wycht,
Gat wittring ane clerk ELYSS,
With weil thre hundre enymyſs,
All ſtraucht to *Lyntailé* war gayn,
And herbery for thair oſt has tane.
Than thyddir is he went in hy,
With all thaim off hys cumpany,
And fand clerk ELLYS at the mete;
And hys round about hym ſet.
And thai come on thaim ſtoutly thar,
And with ſuerds that ſcharply ſchar,
Thai ſeruyt thaim full egrely.
Slayn war thai full grewouſly,
That weill ner eſchapyt nane;
Thai ſeruyt thaim on ſa gret wane,
Off ſcherand ſuerds, and with knyffs,
That weill ner all left the lyvys.
Thai had a ſeloun eſtremeſs;
That ſowr chargs to chargand wes.
Thai that eſchapyt thar throw caſs
Rycht till the oſt the way taiſs,

Ver. 441. Had advice that a clergyman of the name of Ellis.

Ver. 457. Editions bear *intermais*. *Entremets*, Fr.

And

And tauld how that thair men war ſlayne
Sa clene that thar eſchapyt nane.

And quhen thai off thair oſt had herd
How that the DOWGLAS with thaim ferd,
That had thair herbreyours ſlane,
And ruſchyt all thaimſelf agane,
And ſlew thair Lord in myd thair rout;
Thar wes nane off thaim all ſa ſtout,
That mar will than had till aſſaill
The DOWGLAS. Tharfor to cunſaill
Thai yeid, and to purpoſs has tane
To wend hamwart; and hamewart ar gane,
And ſped thaim ſwa apon thair way,
That in *Ingland* ſone cum ar thai.
The *foreſt* left thai ſtandand ſtill;
To hew it than thai had na will:
Specially quhill the DOWGLAS
Swa ner hand by thair nychtbur was.

And he that ſaw thaim turne agayn,
Perſawyt weill thair Lord wes ſlayn;
And be the hat that he had tane,
He wyſt alſua weill; for ane
That takyn wes ſaid hym ſuthly
That RYCHMOUND commonnaly
Wes wount that furryt hat to wer.
Than DOWGLAS blythar was than er,
For he wyſt weill that RYCHMOUND,
Hys feloun fa, wes broucht to ground.

Schyr

To draw thaim fra thai ſchot away.
Than in a playne aſſemblyt thai,
And for thair Lord, that thar wes dede,
Thai ſchup thaim in that ilk ſtede
For to tak herbery all that nycht.
And than the DOWGLAS, that wes wycht,
Gat wittring ane clerk ELYSS,
With weil thre hundre enymyſs,
All ſtraucht to *Lyntailé* war gayn,
And herbery for thair oſt has tane.
Than thyddir is he went in hy,
With all thaim off hys cumpany,
And fand clerk ELLYS at the mete;
And hys round about hym ſet.
And thai come on thaim ſtoutly thar,
And with ſuerds that ſcharply ſchar,
Thai ſeruyt thaim full egrely.
Slayn war thai full grewouſly,
That weill ner eſchapyt nane;
Thai ſeruyt thaim on ſa gret wane,
Off ſcherand ſuerds, and with knyffs,
That weill ner all left the lyvys.
Thai had a feloun eſtremeſs;
That ſowr chargs to chargand wes.
Thai that eſchapyt thar throw caſs
Rycht till the oſt the way taiſs,

Ver. 441. Had advice that a clergyman of the name of Ellis.

Ver. 457. Editions bear *intermais*. *Entremets*, Fr.

And

And tauld how that thair men war ſlayne
Sa clene that thar eſchapyt nane.

And quhen thai off thair oſt had herd
How that the DOWGLAS with thaim ferd,
That had thair herbreyours ſlane,
And ruſchyt all thaimſelf agane,
And ſlew thair Lord in myd thair rout;
Thar wes nane off thaim all ſa ſtout,
That mar will than had till aſſaill
The DOWGLAS. Tharfor to cunſaill
Thai yeid, and to purpoſs has tane
To wend hamwart; and hamewart ar gane.
And ſped thaim ſwa apon thair way,
That in *Ingland* ſone cum ar thai.
The *foreſt* left thai ſtandand ſtill;
To hew it than thai had na will:
Specially quhill the DOWGLAS
Swa ner hand by thair nychtbur was.

And he that ſaw thaim turne agayn,
Perſawyt weill thair Lord wes ſlayn;
And be the hat that he had tane,
He wyſt alſua weill; for ane
That takyn wes ſaid hym ſuthly
That RYCHMOUND commonnaly
Wes wount that furryt hat to wer.
Than DOWGLAS blythar was than er,
For he wyſt weill that RYCHMOUND,
Hys feloun fa, wes broucht to ground.

Schyr

To draw thaim fra thai ſchot away.
Than in a playne aſſemblyt thai,
And for thair Lord, that thar wes dede,
Thai ſchup thaim in that ilk ſtede
For to tak herbery all that nycht.
And than the DOWGLAS, that wes wycht,
Gat wittring ane clerk ELYSS,
With weil thre hundre enymyſs,
All ſtraucht to *Lyntailé* war gayn,
And herbery for thair oſt has tane.
Than thyddir is he went in hy,
With all thaim off hys cumpany,
And fand clerk ELLYS at the mete;
And hys round about hym ſet.
And thai come on thaim ſtoutly thar,
And with ſuerds that ſcharply ſchar,
Thai ſeruyt thaim full egrely.
Slayn war thai full grewouſly,
That weill ner eſchapyt nane;
Thai ſeruyt thaim on ſa gret wane,
Off ſcherand ſuerds, and with knyffs,
That weill ner all left the lyvys.
Thai had a ſeloun eſtremeſs;
That ſowr chargs to chargand wes.
Thai that eſchapyt thar throw caſs
Rycht till the oſt the way taiſs,

Ver. 441. Had advice that a clergyman of the name of Ellis.

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And

And tauld how that thair men war ſlayne
Sa clene that thar eſchapyt nane.

And quhen thai off thair oſt had herd
How that the DOWGLAS with thaim ferd,
That had thair herbreyours ſlane,
And ruſchyt all thaimſelf agane,
And ſlew thair Lord in myd thair rout;
Thar wes nane off thaim all ſa ſtout,
That mar will than had till aſſaill
The DOWGLAS. Tharfor to cunſaill
Thai yeid, and to purpoſs has tane
To wend hamwart; and hamewart ar gane.
And ſped thaim ſwa apon thair way,
That in *Ingland* ſone cum ar thai.
The *foreſt* left thai ſtandand ſtill;
To hew it than thai had na will:
Specially quhill the DOWGLAS
Swa ner hand by thair nychtbur was.

And he that ſaw thaim turne agayn,
Perſawyt weill thair Lord wes ſlayn;
And be the hat that he had tane,
He wyſt alſua weill; for ane
That takyn wes ſaid hym ſuthly
That RYCHMOUND commonnaly
Wes wount that furryt hat to wer.
Than DOWGLAS blythar was than er,
For he wyſt weill that RYCHMOUND,
Hys feloun fa, wes broucht to ground.

Schyr

Schyr JAMES off DOWGLAS, on thys wyſs,
Throw hys worſchip, and hys empryſs,
Defendyt worthely the land.
This poynt off wer, I tak on hand,
Wes undretane full apertly,
And eſchewyt rycht hardely.
For he na ſtonayit, forowtyn wer,
That folk, that weill ten thouſand wer,
With fyfty armyt men, but ma.
I can als tell how othyr twa
Poynts that weile eſchewyt wer
With fyfty men, and but wer.
This wes the fyrſt that ſa ſtoutly
Wes broucht to end wele with fyfty.

Into *Galloway* the tothyr fell;
Quhen, as ye forouth herd me tell,
Schyr EDUUARD the BRUYSS, with fyfty,
Wencuſſyt of SAINT IHONE Schyr AYMERY,
And fyfty hundre men by tale.
The thred fell intill *Eſdaill*;
Quhen that Schyr IHONE the SOWLS was
The gouernour off all that place,
That to Schyr ANDROW HARDCLAY
With fyfty men withſet the way,
That had thar in hys cumpany
Thre hundre, horſyt jolily.

Ver. 511. Sir Andrew Hardcla, afterward Earl of Carlile, beheaded in 1323 for treaſonable correſpondence with the Scotiſh king.

Thus

Thus Schyr IHONE intill playn melle,
Throw ſowerane hardyment that felle,
Wencuſſyt thaim rycht ſturdely ilkane,
And Schyr ANDROW in hand has tane.
I will not reherſs the maner,
For quhaſa liks thai may her
Young wemen, quhen thai will play,
Syng it amang thaim ilk day.
Thir war the worthy poynts thre,
That I trow euirmar ſall be
Preſſyt, quhile men may on thaim mene.
It is wele worth, forowtyn wene,
That thair namys for euirmar,
That in thair tym ſua worthy war,
That men till her yheit has daynté,
For thair worſchip and thair bounté,
Be leſtand ay furth in lowing;
Quhar he that is off Hewynys King
Bring thaim hey up till Hevynys blis,
Quhar alwayis leſtand lowing is.

In this tyme that the RYCHMOUND
Was on this maner broucht to ground,
Men off the coſt off *Ingland*
That duelt on *Humbre*, or ner hand,
Gadryt thaim a gret menye;
And went in ſchippis to the ſe.

Ver. 518. Took Sir Andrew priſoner.

And towart *Scotland* went in hy,
And in the *Fyrth* come haſtely.
Thai wend till haiff all thair liking,
For thai wyſt full wele that the KING
Wes than far owt off the countré,
With hym mony off gret bounté.
Tharfor into the *Fyrth* come thai,
And enlang it up held thai,
Quhill thai beſid *Inwerkething*,
On weſt halff towart *Dumferlyng*
Tuk land; and faſt begouth to ryve.
The Erl off FYFF, and the ſchyrryve,
Saw to thair coſt ſchippis approchand,
Thai gadryt to defend thair land;
And aforgayn the ſchippis ay,
As thai ſailyt, thai held thair way,
And thoucht to let thaim land to tak.
And quhen the ſchipmen ſaw thaim mak
Swilk contenance, in ſic aray,
Thai ſaid amang thaim all that thai
Wald not let for thaim land to ta.
Than to the land thai ſped thaim ſwa,
That thai come thar in full gret hy,
And arywyt full hardely.

The *Scotts men* ſaw thair cummyng,
And had off thaim ſic abayſing,

Ver. 542. Of Forth.

That

That thai all ſamyn raid thaim fra;
And the land letles lete thaim ta.
Thai durſt not fycht with thaim, forthy
Thai all withdrew thaim halely;
The quhethyr thai war fyve hundre ner.
Quhen thai away this ridand wer,
And na defens begouth to ſchape,
Off *Dunkeldyn* the gud Byſchap,
That men callyt WILYAM SAINTCLER,
Come with a rout in gud maner;
I trow on horſs thai war ſexty.
Hymſelff was armyt jolyly;
And raid apon a ſtalwart ſted;
A chemar, for till hele hys wed,
Apon hys armour had he then;
And armyt weill als wer hys men.

The Erle and the Schyrreff met he,
A waywart with thair gret menye:
And aſkyt thaim weill ſone quhat hy
Maid thaim to turne ſa haſtily.
Thai ſaid thair fayis, with ſtalwart hand,
Had in ſic foyſoun takyn the land,

Ver. 574. William Sinclair, brother of Sir Henry Sinclair, of Roſlin, was biſhop of Dunkeld from about 1308 till about 1324. *Keith.*

Ver. 580. A *chemar* is a looſe upper garment.

Her body ſhaded with a ſlight *cymar*.
Dryden, Cymon and Iph.

To draw thaim fra thai ſchot away.
Than in a playne aſſemblyt thai,
And for thair Lord, that thar wes dede,
Thai ſchup thaim in that ilk ſtede
For to tak herbery all that nycht.
And than the DOWGLAS, that wes wycht,
Gat wittring ane clerk ELYSS,
With weil thre hundre enymyſs,
All ſtraucht to *Lyntailé* war gayn,
And herbery for thair oſt has tane.
Than thyddir is he went in hy,
With all thaim off hys cumpany,
And fand clerk ELLYS at the mete;
And hys round about hym ſet.
And thai come on thaim ſtoutly thar,
And with ſuerds that ſcharply ſchar,
Thai ſeruyt thaim full egrely.
Slayn war thai full grewouſly,
That weill ner eſchapyt nane;
Thai ſeruyt thaim on ſa gret wane,
Off ſcherand ſuerds, and with knyffs,
That weill ner all left the lyvys.
Thai had a ſeloun eſtremeſs;
That ſowr chargs to chargand wes.
Thai that eſchapyt thar throw caſs
Rycht till the oſt the way taiſs,

Ver. 441. Had advice that a clergyman of the name of Ellis.

Ver. 457. Editions bear *intermais*. *Entremets*. Fr.

And

" Pryk we apon thaim hardyly,
" And we ſall haff thaim weill lychtly,
" Se thai us cum but abayſing,
" Swa that we mak her na ſtynting,
" Thai ſall weill ſone diſcomfyt be.
" Now dois weill; for men ſall ſe
" Quha luffs the KINGS menſk to-day."
Than altogyddir, in gud aray,
Thai prykyt amang thaim ſturdely.
The Byſchap that was rycht hardy,
And mekill, and ſtark, raid forouth ay.
Than in a fruſche aſſemblit thai.
And thai, that at the fyrſt meting,
Feld off the ſpers ſa ſar ſowing,
Wandyſt, and wald haiff bene away:
Towart the ſchippys in hy held thai,
And thai thaim chaſſyt felounly;
And ſlew thaim ſa diſpitouſly,
That all the felds ſtrowyt war,
Off *Inglis men* that ſlayne war thar.
And thai yheit that held unſlayne
Preſſyt to the ſe agayne.
And *Scotts men* that chaſſyt ſua
Slew all that euir thai mycht ourta.
Bot thai that fled yheit not forthy
Swa to the ſchippys gan thai hy,
And in ſum barge ſua fele gan ga;
And thair fayis haſtyt thaim ſwa,
That thai ourtumblyt; and the men
That war thar war drownyt then.

Thar did an *Inglis man* perfay
A wele gret ſtrenth, as Ik hard ſay;
For quhen he chaſſyt wes till hys bat,
A *Scotts man*, that hym handlyt hat,
He hynt than be the armys twa,
And war hym wele, or war hym wa,
He ewyn apon hys bak hym flang;
And with hym to the bat gan gang,
And keſt hym in, all mawgre hys.
This wes a weile gret ſtrenth I wis.

The *Inglis men* that wan away
To thair ſchippys in hy went thai;
And ſaylyt hame angry and wa,
That thai had bene rebutyt ſwa.

Quhen that the ſchippys on this wyſs
War diſcomfyt, as I dewyſs,
The Byſchap that ſa weill hym bar,
That he all hartyt that thair war,
Wes yheit into fechting ſted,
Quhar that ſyve hundre ner war ded,
Forowtyn thaim that drownyt war.
And quhen the feld wes ſpulyeit bar,
Thai went all hame till thair repar.
To the Byſchap is fallyn fayr
That throw hys price, and hys bounté,
Wes eſchewit ſwilk a journé.
The KING tharfor, ay fra that day,
Hym luffyt, and preſſyt, and honoryt ay;

And

And held hym in ſuylk daynté
That "hys awne Byſchop" hym callit he.

Thus thai defendyt the countré
Apon bath halffs the *Scotts ſe*,
Quhill that the KING wes out off land.
That than, as Ik haf borne on hand,
Throw all *Ireland* hys courſs had maid;
And agayn to *Cragfergus* raid.

And quhen hys brodyr, as he war King,
Had all the *Irſchery* at bidding,
And haly *Uiſiſtre* alſua,
He buſkyt hame hys way to ta.
Off hys men that war maſt hardy,
And preſyt maſt off chewalry,
With hys brodyr gret part left he;
And ſyne is went hym to the ſe.
Quhan thair levys on aythir party
Wes tane, he went to the ſchip in hy;
The Erle THOMAS with hym he had;
Thai raiſſyt ſaills, but abaid,
And in the land off *Galloway*,
Forowt perill, aryvyt thay.

END OF BUKE XVI.

THE
BRUCE.

BUKE XVII.

That capitane wes off the toun.
All *Scotts men* in ſuſpicioun
He had, and tretyt thaim rycht ill;
He had ay to thaim hewy will,
And held thaim faſt at undre ay.
Quhill that it fell apon a day,
That a burgeſs, SYME off SPALDING,
Thoucht that it wes rycht angry thing
Swa gate ay to rebutyt be.
Tharfor intill hys hart thocht he,
That he wald ferly mak cowine
With the Marchall, quhayis coſyne
He had weddyt till hys wiff;
And as he thoucht he did belyff.

Lettrys till hym he ſend in hy
With a traiſt man all priuely;
And ſet hym tym to hym a nycht,
With leddres, and with gud men wycht,
Till the *Kow yet* all priuely;
And bad hym hald hys traiſt trewly,
And he ſuld mete thaim at the wall,
For hys walk thar that nycht ſuld fall.

Quhen the Marſchell the lettre ſaw,
He unbethoucht hym than a thraw;
For he wyſt, be hym ſelwyn, he
Mycht not off mycht na power be
For to eſcheyff ſa gret a thing;
And giff he tuk till hys helping,

THE BRUCE.

BUKE XVII.

THE lords off the land war fayn,
Quhen thai wyſt he wes commyn agayn;
And till hym went in full gret hy,
And he reſawit thaim hamlyly;
And maid thaim feſt, and glaidſum cher.
And thai ſa wondrely blyth wer
Off hys come, that na man mycht ſay.
Gret feſt, and fayr, till hym maid thai.
Quhareuir he raid all the countré
Gadryt in daynté hym to ſe.

Gret glaidſchip than wes in the land;
All than wes wonyn till hys hand;
Fra the *Red Swer* to *Orknay*
Wes nocht off *Scotland* fra hys fay;
Owtakyn *Berwik*, it allane.
That tyme tharin wonyt ane,

Ver. 13. Editions have 'the Red Syre:' apparently ſome place in Galloway.

That

Than off the beſt off *Lothiane*
He hym till hys tryſt has tane;
For ſchyreiff tharof then wes he.
To *Duns park* than with hys menye
He came, at ewyn priuely.
And ſyne, with a gud cumpany,
Sone eftyr come the Erle THOMAS,
That wes met with the Lord DOWGLAS.
A rycht ſayr cumpany thai war,
Quhen thai war met togyddyr thar.

And quhen the Marſchell the covyn
To bath the lords, lyne be lyne,
Had tauld, thai went furth on thair way,
Fer fra the toun thair horſs left thai.
To mak it ſchort ſwa wroucht thai then,
That, but ſeyng off ony men,
Owtane SYME off SPALDYNE allane,
That gert that deid be undretane,
Thai ſet thair leddres to the wall,
And, but perſawing, come up all;
And held thaim in a nuk priué,
Quhill that the nycht ſuld paſſit be.
And ordaynyt that the maiſt party
Off thair men ſuld gang ſarraly
With thair lords, and hald off ſtale.
And the remanand ſuld all hale
Skaill throw the town, and tak or ſla
All the men that thai mycht ourta.

Bot

Bot ſone this ordynance brak thai.
For alſone as it dawyt day,
The twa parts off thair men, and ma,
All ſkailyt throw the toun gan ga;
Sa gredy war thai to the gud,
That thai ran rycht as thai war woud,
And ſeſyt houſſis, and ſlew men.
And thai that ſaw thair fayis then
Cum apon thaim ſa ſedanly,
Throw the town thai raiſſyt the cry;
And ſchot togyddir her and ther:
And ay, as thai aſſemblyt wer,
Thai wald abid, and mak debate.
Had thai bene warnyt wele, I wate,
Thai ſuld haiff ſauld thair deds der;
For thai war gud men; and thai wer
Fer ma than thai war that thaim ſoucht.
Bot thai war ſcalyt that thai moucht
On na maner aſſemblit be;
Thar war gret mellyſs twa or three.
Bot *Scotts men* ſa weile thaim bar,
That thair fayis ay ruſchyt war;
And contraryt at the laſt war ſwa,
That thai haly the bak gan ta.
Sum gat the caſtell, bot not all;
And ſum ar ſlydyn our the wall,
And ſum war intill hands tane,
And ſum war intill bargane ſlane.

On

On this wyſs thaim contenyt thai,
Quhill it wes ner none off the day:
Than thai that in the caſtell war,
And othyrs that fled to thaim thar,
That war a rycht gret cumpany,
Quhen thai the baners ſaw ſimply
Standand, and ſtuffyt with a quhone,
Thair yatts haff thai opnyt ſone,
And iſchyt on thaim hardyly.
Than Erle THOMAS, that wes worthy,
And the gud Lord als off DOWGLAS,
With the few folk that with thaim was,
Met thaim ſtoutly with wapnys ſer;
Quhar men mycht ſe, that had bene ner,
Men abandoune hardely.
The *Inglis men* faucht cruelly;
And with all thair mychts gan thaim payn
To ruſche the *Scotts men* agayn.
I trow thai had ſua done perfay,
For thai war fewar fer than thai,
Giff it na had bene a new maid knycht,
That till hys name Schyr WILYAM hycht
Off KEYTH, and off GALLISTOUN
He hycht, throw difference off ſournome,
That bar hym ſwa rycht weill that day,
And put hym till ſua hard aſſay,
And ſic dynts about hym dang;
That, quhar he ſaw the thykkyſt thrang,

Ver. 135. Supplied by a few; accompanied by few men.

He

He preſſit with ſa mekill mycht,
And ſua enforſely gan fycht,
That he maid till hys mengue way;
And that ner war by hym ay
Dang on thair fayis ſua hardely,
That thai haff tane thair bak in hy,
And till the caſtell held the way.
And at gret myſcheiff entryt thai,
For thai war preſſyt thar ſa faſt,
That thai fele leſyt of the laſt.

Bot thai that entryt, not forthy
Sparyt thair yatts haſtely;
And in hy to the walls ran;
For thai war not all ſyker than.

The toun wes takyn on this wyſs
Throw gret worſchip, and hey pryſs;
And all the gud that thar fand
Wes ſeſyt ſmertly intill hand.
Victaill thai fand in gret foyſioun;
And all that fell to ſtuff off toun,
That kepyt thaim fra deſtroying.
And ſyn has word ſend to the KING;
And he wes off that tything blyth,
And ſped hym thydderwart ſwyth;
And as he throw the countré raid
Men gadryt till hym, quhill he had

Ver. 171. 28th March 1318.

A mekill rout off mychty men.
And the folk that war wonand then
Intill the *Merſs* and *Tewidaill*,
And in the *foreſt* als all hale,
And the eſt end off *Lothiane*,
Befor that the KING come, ar gane
To *Berwik*, with ſtalwart hand,
That nane that wes that tyme wonand
On yond half *Tueid* durſt weill apper.
And thai that in the caſtell wer,
Quhen thai thair fayis in ſic plenté
Saw forouth thaim aſſemblyt be,
And had na hop off reſkewing,
Thai war abayſit in gret thing.

Bot thai the caſtell not forthy
Held thaim fyve dayis ſturdely;
Syne yauld it apon the ſext day;
And till thair countré ſyne went thai.

Thus wes the caſtell, and the toun,
Till *Scottſmenys* poſſeſſioun
Broucht: and ſone eftre the KING
Come rydand with hys gaddryng
To *Berwik*; and in the caſtell
He wes herbryt bath fayr and weill;
And all hys Lords hym by.
The remanand comonnaly
Till herbery till the toun ar gan.
The KING has than to confaill tane

That

That he wald not brek doun the wall;
Bot caſtell, and the toun withall,
Stuff weill with men, and with wictaill,
And al kyn othyr apparaill
That mycht awaile, or ells myſtre
To hald caſtell, or toun off wer.
And WALTRE STEWART *off Scotland*,
That than wes young and awenand,
And ſyne in laucht wes to the KING,
Had ſa greit will and ſic yarning,
Ner hand the merches for to be,
That *Berwik* to yemſell tuk he.
And reſawit off the KING the toun,
And the caſtell, and the dungeoun.

The KING gert men off gret noblay
Ryd intill *Ingland* for to prey;
That broucht out gret plenté off fe:
And ſum countries tholyt he,
For wictaill, that in gret foyſoun
He gert bring ſmertly to the toun:
Swa that bath caſtell and toun war
Weill ſtuffyt for a yer, and mar.

The gud STEWART off *Scotland* then
Send for hys freynds, and hys men,
Quhill he had with hym but archers,
And but burdowyis, and awblaſters,

Ver. 235, 236. *But* in theſe lines implies *over and above.*

Fyve hundre men, wycht and worthy,
That bar armys off awnceſtry.

IHONE CRAB, a *Flemyng*, als had he,
That wes off ſa gret ſutelté
To ordane, and mak apparaill,
For to defend, and till aſſaill,
Caſtell off wer, or than cyté,
That nane ſleyar mycht fundyn be.
He gert engynys, and cranys, ma,
And purwayit gret fyr alſua;
Spryngalds, and ſchot, on fer maners
That to defend caſtells affers,
He purwayit intill full gret wane;
Bot gynnys for crakys had he nane,
For in *Scotland* yeit than but wene
The uſs off thaim had not bene ſene.

Quhen the toun apon this wyſs
Was ſtuffyt, as Ik her deuiſs,
The nobill KING hys way has tane,
And ryddyn towart *Lowthiane*.
And WALTRE STEWART, that wes ſtout,
He left at *Berwik* with hys rout;
And ordanyt faſt for apparaill
To defend giff men wald aſſaill.

Ver. 250. 'Gynnys for crakys,' are great guns or cannon.

Quhen

Quhen to the King off *Ingland*
Wes tauld how that, with ſtalwart hand,
Berwik wes tane, and ſtuffyt ſyne
With men, and wictaill off armyne,
He wes anoyit gretumly;
And gert aſſembill all halely
Hys cunſaill, and has tane to reid
That he hys oft will thyddyr leid;
And with all mycht that he mycht get
To the toune ane aſſege ſet;
And gert dyk thaim ſa ſtalwartly,
That quhill thaim likyt thar to ly,
Thai ſuld fer owt the traiſter be.
And giff the men off the countré
With ſtrenth off men wald thaim aſſaill,
At thair dyks into bataill,
Thai ſuld awantage haff gretly,
Thouch all *Scotts* for gret foly
War till aſſaill into fychting
At hys dyks ſa ſtark a thing.

Quhen thys counſaill on this maner
Wes tane, he gert bath fer and ner
Hys oft haly aſſemblyt be:
Ane gret folk than with hym had he.
Off LANG CASTELL the Erle THOMAS,
That ſyne was, as men ſayis,
In hys cumpany wes thar;
And all the Erllys that als war

In *Ingland*, worthy for to fycht,
And Baronys als off mekill mycht,
With hym to that aſſege had he.
And gert hys ſchippys by the ſe
Bring ſchot, and othyr aparaill,
And gret warnyſone off wictaill.

To *Berwik* with all hys menye,
With hys bataills arayit, come he;
And till gret Lords ilkane ſundry
Ordanyt a feld for thair herbery.
That men mycht ſone ſe pailyownys
Be ſtentyt, off ſyndry faſſownys,
That thai a toun all ſone maid thar,
Mar than bath toun and caſtell war.

On othyr half ſyne, on the ſe,
The ſchippys come in ſic plenté,
With wictaill, armyng, and with men,
That all the havyn wes ſtoppyt then.

And quhen thai that war in the toun
Saw thair fayis, in ſic foyſoun,
Be land and ſe, cum ſturdely;
Thai, as wycht men and rycht worthy,
Schup thaim to defend thair ſteid,
That thai in awentur of deid

Ver. 309. Auguſt, 1319.

Suld

Suld put thaim; or than ruſche agane
Thair fayis. For thair capitane
Tretyt thaim ſa luſtely;
And thairwithall the maiſt party
Off thaim, that armyt with hym wer,
War off hys blud, and ſib hym ner:
Or ells thai war off hys elye.
Off ſic comfort men mycht thaim ſe,
And off ſa rycht fayr contenyng,
As nane off thaim had abayſing.

On dayis armyt weill war thai;
And on the nycht wele walkyt ay.
Weill ſex dayis ſua thai abaid,
That na full gret bargane haid.
Intill this tyme, that I tell her,
That thai withowtyn bargane wer,
The *Inglis men* ſa cloſſyt had
Thair oſt, with dyks that thai maid,
That thai war ſtrenthit gretumly.
Syne with all hands beſely
Thai ſchuip thaim, with thair apparaill,
Thaim off the toun for till aſſaill.
And off our Ladys ewyn Mary
That bar the byrth that all gan by,
That men calls hyr Natiuity,
Sone in the morning men mycht ſe

Ver. 319. 'Or elſe they were of his *ally*.' Edit.
Ver. 335. The 7th September, 1319.

The *Inglis* oft arm thaim in hy;
And diſplayit baners ſturdely;
And aſſembill to thair baners
With inſtruments off ſer maners.
As ſcaffalds, leddrs, and cowering,
Pykkys, howis, and with ſtaff flyng
To ilk Lord, and hys bataill,
Was ordanyt, quhar he ſuld aſſaill.

And thai within, quhen that thai ſaw
That mengye raung thaim ſa on raw,
Till thair wards thai went in hy,
That war ſtuffyt rycht ſtalwartly
With ſtanys, and ſchot, and othyr thing
That nedyt to thair defending;
And into ſic maner abaid
Thair fayis, that till aſſaill thaim maid.

Quhen thai withowt war all redy
Thai trumpyt till a ſalt in hy;
And ilk man with hys apparaill,
Quhar he ſuld be, went till aſſaill.
To ilk kyrnell that war thar
Archers to ſchot aſſignyt war.
And quhen on this wyſs thai war boun,
Thai went in hy towart the toun;
And fillyt dyks haſtely,
Syne to the wall rycht hardely
Thai went, with leddres that thai haid;
Bot thai ſa gret defend that maid,

That

That war abownye apon the wall,
That oft leddres, and men withall,
Thai gert fall flatlings to the ground.
That men mycht ſe in a litill ſtound
Men aſſailand hardely,
Dreſſing up leddres douchtely,
And ſum on leddres preſſand war;
Bot thai that on the wall war thar,
Till all perills gan abandoun
Thaim, till thair fayis war dungyn doun.

At gret myſcheiff defendyt thai
Thair toun, for giff we ſuth ſall ſay,
The walls off the toun than wer
Sa law, that a man with a ſper
Mycht ſtryk ane othyr apon the face,
And the ſchot alſua thyk thar was
That it war wondre for till ſe.
WALTRE STEWART with a menye
Raid ay about, for to ſe quhar
That for to help maſt myſtre war:
And, quhar men preſſyt maiſt, he maid
Succour to hys that myſtre haid.

The mekill folk, that wes without,
Had enweronyt the town about,
Swa that na part off it wes fre.
Thar mycht men the aſſailiars ſe
Abandoun thaim rycht hardely;
And the defendours douchtely,

With

With all thair mychts, gan thaim payn,
To put thair fayis with force agayn.

On this wyſs thaim contenyt thai,
Quhill none wes paſſit off the day;
Than thai that in the ſchippis wer
Ordanyt a ſchip, with full gret fer,
To cum with all hyr apparaill
Rycht to the wall, for till aſſaill.
Till myd maſt up thair bat thai drew,
With armyt men tharin enew;
A brig thai had for to lat fall,
Rycht fra the bat apon the wall.
With bargs by her gan thai row,
And preſſyt thaim rycht faſt to tow
Hyr by the brig-houſs to the wall:
On that entent thai ſet thaim all.
Thai broucht hyr quhill ſhe come weill ner:
Than mycht men ſe on ſic maner
Sum men defend, and ſum aſſaill,
Full beſyly with gret trawaill.
Within ſa ſtoutly thai thaim bar
That the ſchipmen ſa handlyt war,
That thai the ſchip on na maner
Mycht ger to cum the wall ſa ner,
That thar fall brig mycht neych thartill,
For oucht thai mycht, gud or ill:

Ver. 419. To *neych* is to approach, to get nigh.

Thay war ſo nyce quhen men thaim *nicht*.
Chriſt's Kirk.

Quhill

Quhill that ſche ebbyt on the grund.
Than mycht men in a litill ſtound
Se thaim lee fer of wer cowyne,
Than thai war er that war hyrin.
And quhen the ſe wes ebbyt ſua,
That men all dry mycht till hyr ga,
Owt off the toun iſchit in hy
Till hyr a weill gret cumpany,
And fyr till hyr has kyndlet ſone;
Into ſchort tyme ſwa haif thai done,
That thai in fyr hes gert her bryn.
And ſum war ſlayn that war hyr in,
And ſum fled, and away ar gane.
Ane engynour thar haiff thai tane,
That wes ſleaſt off that myſter,
That men wyſt ony fer or ner:
Intill the toun ſyne entryt thai.
It fell thaim hapily perfay,
That thai gat in ſa haſtely,
For thair come a gret cumpany,
Intill gret hy up be the ſe,
Quhen thai the ſchip ſaw brynand be,
Bot or thai come, the tothyr war paſt
The yat, and barryt it rycht faſt.

That folk aſſailyt faſt that day;
And thai within defend that ay
On ſic a wyſs, that thai that war
With gret enforce aſſailland thar,

Mycht

Mycht do thair will on na maner.
And quhen that ewyn-ſang tym wes ner,
The folk without that war wery,
And ſum woundyt full cruelly,
Saw thaim within defend thaim ſwa;
And ſaw it wes not ſyth to ta
The toun, quhill ſic defens wes mad
By thaim that intill faring had.
The oft ſaw that thair ſchip was brynt,
And off thaim that tharin wes tynt;
And thair folk woundyt and wery,
Thai gert blaw the retret in hy.
Fra the ſchippmen rebutyt war,
Thai let the tothyr aſſaill na mar;
For throw the ſchip thai wend ilkane
That thai the toun weill ſuld haff tane.

Men ſayis that ma ſchippis than ſua
Preſſyt that tyme the toun to ta;
Bot for that thar wes brynt bot ane,
And the engynour tharin wes tane,
Her befor mentioun maid I
Bot of a ſchip all anerly.

Quhen that thai blawyn had thair retret,
Thair folk that tholyt had paynys gret,
Withdrew thaim haly fra the wall;
The aſſalt haff thai left all.
And thai within that wery war,
And mony off thaim woundyt war ſar,

War

War blyth and glaid, quhen that thai ſaw
Thair fayis on that wiſs thaim withdraw.
And fra thai wyſt ſuthly that thai
Held to thair pailyownys thair way,
Thai ſet gud wachys to thair wall;
Syne till thair innys went thai all,
And eſſyt thaim that wery war.
And othyrs that had wownds ſar
Had gud lechys forſuth, Ik hycht,
That helpyt thaim as thai beſt mycht.
On ayther ſid wery war thai;
That nycht thai did na mar perfay.
Fyve dayis eftyr thai war ſtill,
That nane till othyr did mekill ill.

Now leve we thir folk her lyand,
And ſtill, as Ik hawe born on hand;
And turn the courſs off our carping
To Schyr ROBERT, the douchty KING,
That aſſemblyt, bath fer and ner,
Ane oft, quhen that he wiſt bot wer
That the King ſua off *Ingland*
Had aſſegyt with ſtalwart hand
Berwik, quhar WALTRE STEWART wes.
To purpos with hys men he taes
That he wald not ſwa ſone aſſaill
The King off *Ingland* with bataill;
And at hys dyks ſpecially;
For that moucht wele turne to foly.

Tharfor

Tharfor he ordanyt Lords twa,
The Erle off MURREFF wes ane off tha;
The tothyr wes the Lord off DOWGLAS;
With fyften thowſand men to paſs
In *Ingland*, for to bryn and fla;
And ſwa gret ryote thar to ma,
That thai that lay ſegeand the toun,
Quhen thai hard the deſtructioun
That thai ſuld into *Ingland* ma,
Suld be ſua dredand and ſwa wa,
For thair childre, and for thair wyffs,
That thai ſuld drede to leſe the lyvis,
And thair guds alſua, that thai
Suld dred, than ſuld be had away;
Thai ſuld leve thair ſege in hy;
And wend to reſkew haſtily
Thair gud, thair frends, and thair land.
Tharfor, as Ik haff born on hand,
Thir Lords fend he furth in hy.
And thai thar way tuk haſtily:
And in *Ingland* gert bryn, and fla;
And wroucht tharin ſa mekill wa,
As thai forrayit the countré,
That it wes pité for to ſe
Till thaim that wald it ony gud.
For thai deſtroyit all as thai yhud.

Swa lang thai raid deſtroyand ſua,
As thai trawerſyt to and fra,

Ver. 509. September, 1319.

That

That thai ar cummyn to *Repoun*,
And deſtroyit haly that toun.
At *Borowbrig* ſyne thair herbery
Thai tuk, and at *Myton* tharby.

And quhen the men off that countré
Saw thair land ſua deſtroyit be,
Thai gadryt into full gret hy
Archers, burges, and yhumanry,
Preyſts, clerkys, monks, and frers,
Huſbands, and men off all maners,
Quhill that the ſamyn aſſemblit war
Weill twenty thowſand men, and mar.
Rycht gud armys inew thai had.
The Archebyſchop off YORK thai mad
Thair capitane; and to conſaill
Hes tane, that thai in plane bataill
Wald aſſaill the *Scottſmen*,
That fer fewar than thai war then.

Than he diſplayit hys baner;
And othyr Byſchappys, that thar wer,

Ver. 533, &c. *Repoun* is Rippon: *Borowbrig*, Burrowbridge: *Myton*, Mitton near Burrowbridge: all in Yorkſhire.

Ver. 542. *Huſbands* are huſbandmen or farmers; *villani*, men bound to a certain houſe and farm, and aſſignable at the will of their lords. Such exiſted in England even to the reign of Elizabeth.

Gert diſplay thair baners alſua.
All in a rout furth gan thai ga
Towart *Mytoun* the redy way.
And quhen the *Scottſmen* herd ſay
Thai war to thaim cummand ner,
Thai buſkyt thaim on thair beſt maner;
And delyt thaim in batailles twa.
DOWGLAS the awaward gan ma:
The rerward maid Erle THOMAS;
For chyftane off the oſt he was.
And ſwa ordanyt in gud aray,
Towart thair fayis thai held thair way.

Quhen ayther had on othyr ſycht,
Thai preſſyt on bath halff to the ſycht.
The *Inglis men* come rycht ſadly
With gud cuntenance, and hardy,
Rycht in a fruſche with thair baner,
Quhill thair fayis come ſa ner,
That thai thair wiſage mycht ſe.
Three ſper lenth, I trow weill, mycht be
Betwix thaim, quhen ſic abayſing
Tuk thaim that but mar in a ſwing
Thai gaff the bak all, and to ga.
Quhen *Scotts men* had ſene thaim ſwa
Effrayitly fle all thair way,
In gret hy apon thaim ſchot thai;
And ſlew and tuk a gret party.
The laiff fled full effrayitly,

As

As thai beſt moucht, to ſek warand.
Thai chaſſyt ſua ner at hand,
That ner a thowſand deyt thar.
Off thaim yhet thre hundred war
Preyſts, that deyt in that chaſs.
That for that bargane callyt was
The Chaptur off Mytoune; for thar
Slayn ſa mony preſts war.

Quhen thir folk thus diſcomfyt was;
And *Scotts men* had left the chaſs,
Thai went thaim forthwart in the land,
Slayand ſwa, and deſtroyand.

And thai that at the ſege lay,
Or it was paſſyt the fyſt day,
Had maid thaim ſyndry apparall,
To gang eft ſonys till aſſaill.
Off gret geſts a ſow thai maid,
That ſtalwart heildyne aboyne it haid;
With armyt men inew tharin,
And inſtruments for to myne.
Syndry ſcaffalds thai maid withall,
That war wele heyar than the wall.
And ordanyt als that, be the ſe,
The toun ſuld weill aſſaillyt be.

Ver. 597. A *ſow* was a military engine reſembling the *teſtudo* of the Romans.

Thai within, that ſaw thaim ſwa
Swa gret apparraill ſchap to ma,
Throw CRABY's cunſaill, that wes ſley,
A crane thai haiff gert dreſs up hey,
Rynnand on quheills, that thai mycht bryng
It quhar that nede war off helping.
And pyk, and ter, als haiff thai tane;
And lynt, and herds, and brymſtane;
And dry treyis that wele wald brin;
And mellyt aythir othir in:
And gret fagalds tharoff thai maid,
Gyrdyt with irne bands braid.
The fagalds weill mycht meſuryt be
Till a gret towrys quantité.
The fagalds bryning in a ball,
With thair cran thoucht till awaill,
And giff the ſow come to the wall,
To lat it brynand on hyr fall;
And with ſtark chenyeis hald it thar,
Quhill all war brynt up that thar war.
Engynys alſua for to caſt
Thai ordanyt, and maid redy faſt,
And ſet ilk man ſyne till hys ward.
And Schyr WALTRE, the gud STEWARD,
With armyt men ſuld rid about,
And ſe quhar that thar was maiſt dout;
And ſuccour thar with hys menye.
And quhen thai in ſic degre

Had

Had maid thaim for defendyng,
On the Rud ewyn, in the dawing,
The *Inglis* oft blew till aſſaill.
Than mycht men, with ſer apparaill,
Se that gret oft cum ſturdely.
The toun enweround thai in hy;
And aſſaillyt with ſwa gret will,
For all thair mycht thai ſet thartill,
That thaim preſſyt faſt on the toun.
Bot thai that gan thaim abandoun
To dede, or than to wounds ſar,
Swa weill has thaim defendyt thar,
That leddres to the ground thai flang;
And with ſtanys ſa faſt thai dang
Thair fayis, that fele thar left lyand;
Sum dede, ſum hurt, and ſum ſwonand.

Bot thai that held on feyt in hy
Drew thaim away deliuerly;
And ſcounryt not for that thing,
Bot went ſtoutly till aſſailling.
And thai aboun defendyt ay,
And ſet thaim to ſic hard aſſay,
Quhill that fele off thaim woundyt war,
And thai ſa gret defens maid thar,
That thai ſtyntyt thair fayis mycht.
Apon ſic maner gan thai fycht,
Quhill it wes ner none off the day,
That thai without, on gret aray,

Ver. 634. Holy Croſs eve, 13 September 1319.

Preſſyt thair ſow towart the wall;
And thai within ſone gert call
The engynour, that takyn was,
And gret manance till hym mais,
And ſwour that he ſuld dey, bot he
Prowyt on the ſow ſic ſutelté,
That he to fruſchyt ilk dele.
And he, that hath perſawyt wele,
That the dede wes wele ner hym till,
Bot giff he mycht fulfil thair will,
Thoucht that he at hys mycht wald do.
Bendyt in gret hy then wes ſche,
That till the ſow wes ewyn ſet,
In hy he gert draw the cleket,
And ſmertly ſwappyt owt a ſtane.
Ewyn our the ſow the ſtane is gane,
And behind it a litill wey
It fell: and than thai cryt, "Hey!"
That war in hyr, "furth to the wall,
"For dredles it is ours all!"

The gynour than deleuerly
Gert bend the gyn in full gret hy;
And the ſtane ſmertly ſwappyt out.
It flaw owt quethyr, and with a rout,
And fell rycht ewyn befor the ſow.
Thair harts than begouth to grow.

Ver. 672. 'Sche' is the engine prepared by Crab againſt the Engliſh ſow.

Bot

Bot yhet than, with thair mychts all,
Thai preſſyt the ſow towart the wall;
And has hyr ſet tharto gentilly.
The gynour than gert bend in hy
The gyne, and wappyt owt the ſtane,
That ewyn towart the lyft is gane,
And with gret wycht ſyne duſchyt doun
Rycht be the wall, in a randoun;
And hyt the ſow in ſic maner,
That it that wes the maſt ſowar,
And ſtarkaſt for to ſtynt a ſtrak,
In ſundre with that duſche it brak.
The men than owt in full gret hy.
And on the wallis thai gan cry
That thair ſow wes feryt thar.
IHON CRAB, that had hys geer all yar,
In hys fagalds has ſet the fyr;
And our the wall ſyne gan thai wyr,
And brynt the ſow till brunds bar.
With all this, faſt aſſailyeand ar
The folk without, with feloun fycht;
And thai within with mekill mycht
Defendyt manlily thair ſteid,
Into gret awentur of deid.

The ſchipmen, with gret apparaill,
Come with thair ſchippys till aſſaill;
With topcaſtell warnyſt weill,
Off wycht men armyt into ſteill.

Thair bats up apon thair maſt
Drawyn weill hey, and feſtnyt faſt,
And preſſyt with that gret atour,
Towart the wall: bot the gynour
Hyt in the aſpyne with a ſtane,
And the men that tharin war gane
Sum ded, ſum doſnyt, cum doun wynland.
Fra thynce furth durſt nane tak on hand
With ſchippys to preyſs thaim to the wall.
Bot the lave war aſſailyand all
On ilka ſyd ſa egryly,
That certs it wes gret ferly,
That that folk ſic defens has maid,
With the gret myſcheiff that thai haid.

For thair wallis ſa law than wer,
That a man rycht wele with a ſper
Mycht ſtryk ane othyr up in the face,
As her befor ſaid to yow was.
And fele off thaim war woundyt ſar;
And the lave ſa faſt trawaillyt war,
That nane had tyme reſt for to ma,
Thair adwerſours aſſailyt ſua.

Thai war within ſa ſtraitly ſtad,
That thair wardane that with hym had
Ane hundre men in cumpany,
Armyt, that wycht war and hardy,
And raid about for to ſe quhar
That hys folk hardaſt preſſyt war,

To

To releve thaim that had myſter,
Come ſyndry tymys in placs ſer,
Quhar ſum off the defendours war,
All dede, and othyrs woundyt ſar.
Swa that he off hys cumpany
Behuffyt for to leve thair party:
Swa that be he a courſs had maid
About, off all the men he haid
Thar wes lewyt with hym bot ane,
That he ne had thaim left euirilkane
To releve, quhar he ſaw myſter.
And the folk, that aſſailland wer
At *Mary yat*, to hewyn haid
The barraiſs, and a fyr had maid
At the drawbryg, and brynt it doun;
And war thringand in gret foyſoun
Rycht to the yat a fyr to ma;
Than thai within gert ſmertly ga
Ane to the wardane, for to ſay
How thai war ſet in hard aſſay.

And quhen Schyr WALTRE STEWART herd
How men ſa ſtraitly thaim ferd,
He gert cum off the caſtell then
All that thar war off armyt men,
For thar that day aſſailyt nane;
And with that rout in hy is gane
To *Mary yate*; and to the wall
He ſend, and ſaw the myſcheiff all.

And unbethoucht hym ſuddanly
Bot giff gret helþ war ſet in hy,
Tharto thai ſuld bryn up the yat,
That fra the wall thai ſuld not let.

Tharfor apon gret hardyment
He ſedanly ſet hys intent,
And gert all wyd ſet up the yat,
And the fyr that he fand tharat
With ſtrenth off men he put away.
He ſet hym to full hard aſſay;
For thai that war aſſailyeand thar,
Preſſyt on hym with wapnys bar,
And he defendyt with hys mycht.
Thar mycht men ſe a feloun fycht
Off ſtabing, ſtoking, and ſtriking.
Thai maid ſturdy defendyng:
For with gret ſtrenth off men the yat
Thai defendyt, and ſtud tharat,
Mawgre thair fayis; quhill the nycht
Gert thaim on bath halff leve the fycht.

Thai off the oſt, quhen nycht gan fall,
Fra the aſſalt withdrew thaim all,
Woundyt, and wery, and forbeſt,
With mad cher the aſſalt thai left:
And till thair innys went in hy,
And ſet thair wachis haſtely.
The lave thaim eſyt, as thai mycht beſt,
For thai had gret myſter off reſt.

That

That nycht thai ſpak commonaly
Off thaim within, and had ferly
That thai ſua ſtout defens had maid,
Agayne the gret aſſalt thai haid.
And thai within on othyr party
Quhen thai thair fayis ſua haſtely
Saw withdraw thaim, thai war all blyth,
And has ordanyt thair wachis ſwyth;
And ſyne ar till thair innys gane.
Thar wes but full few off thaim ſlane:
But ſele war woundyt uttrely.
The lave our meſur wer wery.
It was an hard aſſawlt perfay;
And certs I herd neuir ſay
Quhar quhen mar defence had maid
That ſwa rycht hard aſſailying had.
And off a thing, that thar befell,
I haff ferly that I ſall tell,
That is that, intill all that day,
Quhen all thair maſt aſſailyeit thai,
And the ſchot thikkaſt wes withall,
Women with child, and childre ſmall,
In armfulls gadryt up, and bar
Till thaim that on the walls war,
Arowys and ſtanys, nane ſlayne war
Na yheit woundyt, and that wes mar
The myrakill off God Almychty:
And to noucht ellys it ſet can I.

On aythir ſyd that nycht thai war
All ſtill: and on the morn but mar
Thar come tithings out of *Ingland*,
To thaim off the oſt that bar on hand,
How that by *Borowbrig* at *Mytoun*
Thair men war ſlayn, and dongyn doun;
And al the *Scottſmen* throw the land
Raid yheit brynand, and deſtroyand.

And quhen the King had hard this tale,
Hys cunſaill he aſſemblyt haile,
To ſe quheyr fayr war hym till
To ly about the toun all ſtill,
And aſſalye quhill it wonnyn war;
Or than in *Ingland* for to far,
And reſkew hys land, and hys men.
Hys counſaill faſt diſcordyt then.
For ſotheroun men wald that he mad
Areſt thar, quhill he wonnyn had
The toun, and the caſtell alſua.
Bot northyn men wald na thing ſwa,
That dred thair frends for to tyn,
And maſt part off thair guds ſyne,
Throw *Scotts menys* cruelté;
Thai wald he lete the ſege be,
And raid for till reſkew hys land.
Off LONGCASTELL, I tak on hand,
The Erle THOMAS was ane off tha
That counſaillit the King hame to ga.

And

And for that mar inclynyt he
To the folk off the ſouth countré,
Than to the northyn mennys will,
He tuk it to ſa mekill ill,
That he gert turſs hys ger in hy:
And with hys bataill halyly,
That off the oſt ner thred part wes,
Till *Ingland* hame hys way he taes.
But leve he hame has tane hys gat:
Tharfor fell eftre ſic debat
Betwix hym and the King, that ay
Laſtyt quhill ANDROW HARDCLAY
That throw the King wes on hym ſet,
Tuk hym rycht in *Pomfret*;
And on ane hill beſid the toun,
Strak off hys hede but ranſoun.
Tharfor ſyne hyngyt and drawyn wes he;
And with hym a weill gret menye.
Men ſaid ſyne eftre this THOMAS
That on this wyſs maid martyr was,
Was ſayint, and myrakells did,
Bot enwy ſyne gert thaim be hid.
Bot quheyr he haly was or nane,
At *Pomfret* thus wes he ſlane.

And ſyne the King off *Ingland*,
Quhen that he ſaw hym tak on hand
To paſs hys way ſa opynly,
Hym thoucht it wes perill to ly

Thar

Thar with the lave off hys menye.
Hys harnayſs tharfor turſyt he,
And till *Ingland* hame gan he far.
The *Scotts men*, that deſtroyand war,
In *Ingland*, ſone hard tell tithing
Off this gret ſege departing;
Tharfor thai tuk weſtwart the way,
And to *Carlele* hame went ar thai,
With prayis, and with priſoners,
And othyr guds on ſer maners.

The Lords to the KING ar gane;
And the lave has thair wayis tane,
Ilk man till hys repair agayne.
The KING I wyſs wes wondre fayne
That thai war cummyn hale and fer;
And that thai ſped on ſic maner,
That thai thair fayis diſcomfyt hade,
And, but tynſaill off men, hes made
Reſcourſs to thaim, that in *Berwik*
War aſſegyt rycht till thair dik.

And quhen the KING had ſperyt tithand
How thai had farne in *Ingland*;
And thai had tauld hym all hale the far,
The *Ingliſs men* diſcumfyt war;
Rycht blyth intill hys hart was he:
And maid thaim feſt with gamyn and gle.

Berwik

Berwik wes on this maner
Reſkewyt, and thai that tharin wer,
Thrów manheid, and throw ſutelté.
He worthy wes a prynce to be,
That couth with wit ſa hey a thing,
But gret tynſaill, bring till ending.
Till *Berwik* ſyne the way he tayſs;
And quhen he hard thar how it wayſs
Defendyt rycht ſwa apertly,
He lowyt thaim that war thar gretly.
WALTRE STEWART hys gret bounté
Out our the laiff commendyt he,
For the rycht gret defens he maid
At the yat, quhar men brynt had
The brig, as ye herd me dewyſs.
And certs he wes wele to pryſs,
That ſa ſtoutly with plane fychting
At opyn yate maid defending.
Mycht he haiff levyt quhill he had bene
Off perfyt eld, withowtyn wene,
Hys renoune ſuld haff ſtrekyt fer.
Bot dede that walks ay to mer
With all hyr mycht, and forthy
Had at hys worſchip ſic enwy,
That in the flour off hys youtheid
Sa endyt all hys douchty deid;
As I ſall tell yow forthar,mar.
Quhen the KING had a quhill bene thar

Ver. 930. Death that aſpires to ſtrike high objects.

He

He ſend for meſonys fer and ner,
That ſleaſt war off that myſter,
And gert weill ten fute hey the wall
About *Berwiks* toun our all.
And ſyne towart *Lothiane*,
With hys mengye, hys gat is gane.
And ſyne he gert ordane in hy
Bath armyt men, and yhumanry,
Intill *Irland* in hy to fer,
To help hys brodyr that wes ther.

THE END OF BUKE XVII.

THE

THE
BRUCE.

BUKE XVIII.

ARGUMENT.

Erl EDWARD *defetit, and ſlayn, in Irland.*—EDWARD II. *invades Scotland, and takis a lame bull neir Tranent.*—DOUGLAS *harraſſis his retreit.*—*King* ROBERT *perſuis the Inglis King.*—*The Inglis diſcomfit at Bylands path.*—*The French knichts diſmiſt withouten ranſoun.*—*The Scotis return with gret prey.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE XVIII.

BOT he, that reſt anoyit ay,
And wald in trawaill be alway,
A day forouth thair arywing
That war ſend till hym fra the KING,
He tuk hys way ſouthwart to far;
Mawgre thaim all that with hym war.
For he had not than in that land
Off all men, I trow, twa thouſand,
Owtane the Kings off *Irchery*,
That in gret routs raid hym by.

Towart *Dundalk* he tuk the way.
And quhen RICHARD of CLAR herd ſay
That he come with ſa few menye,
All that he mycht aſſemblyt he

Ver. 1. Edward Bruce king of Ireland.

The poet has been led on by the capture and ſiege of Berwick beyond the epoch of Edward Bruce's death, which happened on the 5th of October, 1318.

Off all *Irland* off armit men.
Sua at he had thar with hym then
Off traupit horſe tuenty thuſand;
By tham that war on fute gangand.
And hald furth northward on hys way.
And quhan Schyr EDWARD hard thaim ſay
That cummin ner till him wes he,
He ſent dyſcourrors hym to ſe:
The SOWLS, and the STEWARD war thai,
And als Schir PHILIP DE MOWBRAY.
And quhan thai ſen had thair cuming,
Thai went agan to tell tything:
And ſaid thai war weil mony men.
In hy Schir EDUUARD anſwerit than,
And ſaid at he ſuld fecht that day,
Thocht fyve or ſax tymes mar war thai.

Schyr IHON STEWARD ſaid ſykerly,
" I rede ye fecht not in ſik hy.
" Men ſayis my brodyr is cummand
" With fyften thouſand men ner hand,
" And war thai knyt with yow ye mycht
" The trayſtlyer abid to fycht."
Schyr EDUUARD lukyt all angrely;
And till the SOULLS ſaid in hy,
' Quhat ſayis yow?' " Schyr," he ſaid, " perfay
" As my falow has ſaid I ſay."
And to Schyr PHILIP DE MOWBRAY ſaid he.
" Schyr," ſaid he, " ſa our Lord me ſe!

Ver. 41. He ſpoke to Moubray; he aſked his opinion.

" Me

"Me think na foly for to bid
"Your men, that ſpeds thaim to rid.
"For we ar few, our fayis ar fele.
"God may rycht wele our werds dele;
"Bot it war wondre that our mycht
"Suld ourcum ſa fele in fycht."

Than, with gret ire, 'Allace,' ſaid he,
'I wend neuir till her that of the!
'Now help quha will: for ſekyrly
'This day, but mar baid, fecht will I.
'Sall na man ſay, quhill I may drey,
'That ſtrenth off men ſall ger me fley.
'God ſcheld that ony ſuld us blame
'Giff we defend our nobill name.'

"Now be it ſwa gat than," quoth thai,
"We ſall tak that God will purway."

And quhen the Kings off *Irſchery*
Herd ſay, and wyſt ſekyrly,
That thair King with ſa quhone wald fycht
Agane folk off ſa mekill mycht;
Thai come till hym in full gret hy,
And cunſaillyt hym full tendrely
For till abid hys men: and thai
Suld hald thair fayis all that day
Doand; and on the morne alſua,
With thair rounnyngs that thai ſuld ma.

Bot thar mycht na counſaill awaile.
He wald all gat haff bataile.
And quhen thai ſaw he wes ſa thra
To fycht, thai ſaid, " Ye ma well ga
" To fycht with yone gret cumpany.
" Bot we at quyt us uttrely
" That nane off us will ſtand to fycht.
" Aſſur not tharfor in our mycht.
" For our maner is off this land
" To folow and fycht, and fycht fleand;
" And not to ſtand in plane mellé
" Quhill the ta part diſcomfyt be."
He ſaid, ' Sen that your cuſtum is,
' Ik aſk at yow na mar bot this,
' That is, that ye and your menye
' Wald all togyddir arayit be;
' And ſtand on fer, but departing,
' And ſe our fycht, and the ending.'

Thai ſaid weill that thai ſuld do ſwa.
And ſyne towart thair men gan thai ga,
That war wele twenty thowſand ner.
EDUUARD, with thaim that with hym wer,
That war not fully twa thowſand,
Arayit thaim ſtalwartly to ſtand
Agayne fourty thowſand, and ma.
Schyr EDUUARD that day wald not ta
Hys cot armour: bot GIB HARPER,
That men held als withowtyn per

Off

Off hys eſtate, had on that day
All hale Schyr EDUUARDS aray.

The fycht abad thai on this wyſs.
And in gret hy thair enymyſs
Come, till aſſembill all redy.
And thai met thaim rycht hardely.
Bot thai ſa few war, ſouth to ſay,
That ruſchyt with thair fayis war thai.
And thai that preſſyt maiſt to ſtand
War ſlayne doun; and the remanand
Fled till the *Irſche* to ſuccour.
Schyr EDUUARD, that had ſic walour,
Wes dede; and IHONE STEWART alſua;
And IHONE the SOWLLS als with tha;
And othyrs als off thair cumpany.
Thai war wencuſſyt ſa ſuddanly,
That few intill the place war ſlane;
For the lave thair wayis haff tane
Till the *Irſche* Kings, that war thar,
And in hale bataill howand war.

JOHN THOMASSONE, that wes leder
Off thaim off *Carrik* that thar wer,
Quhen he ſaw the diſcomfiting,
Withdrew hym till ane *Irſch* King
That off hys aqwentance had he.
And he reſawit hym in leawté.

Ver. 116. That hovered, or ſtood aloof, in complete array.

And quhen IHONE cummyn wes to that King,
He ſaw be led fra the fechting
Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY, the wycht,
That had bene doſnyt into the fycht.
And with armys led wes he
With twa men, apon a cauſé,
That wes betwix thaim and the toun,
And ſtrekyt lang in a randoun.
Towart the toun thai held thair way:
And quhen in myd cauſé wer thai,
Schyr PHILIP off hys deſynes
Ourcome; and perſawit he wes
Tane, and ſwa gat led with twa:
The tane he ſwappyt ſone hym fra;
And ſyne the tothyr in gret hy;
And drew the ſuerd deleuerly.
Intill the fycht hys wayis he tays
Enland the cauſé, that than wais
Fillyt intill gret foyſoun
Off men, that than went till the toun.
And he, that met thaim, agayn gan ma
Sic payment, quhar he gan ga,
That weile a hundre men gert he
Leve, mawgre thairs, the cauſé:
As IHONE THOMASSONE ſaid ſuthly,
That ſaw hys deid all halely.
Towart the bataill ewyn he yeid.
JOHN THOMASSONE, that tuk gud heid
That thai war wencuſſyt all planly,
Cryit on hym in full gret hy;

And

And ſaid, " Cum her, for thar is nane
" On lyve, for thai ar dede ilk ane."

Than ſtud he ſtill a quhill, and ſaw
That thai war all downe of daw;
Syne went towart hym ſarraly.
This IHONE wroucht ſyne ſa wittily
That all that thyddyr fled than wer,
Thouch that thai loſſyt off thair ger,
Come to *Cragfergus*, hale and fer.
And thai that at the fychting wer
Soucht Schyr EDUUARD, to get hys heid,
Amang the folk that thar wes deid;
And fand GIB HARPER in hys ger:
And for ſwa gud hys armys wer,
Thai ſtrak hys heid off; and ſyne it
Thai haff gert ſalt into a kitt;
And ſend it intill *Ingland*,
Till the King EDUUARD in preſand.
Thai wend Schyr EDUUARDS it had bene.
Bot for the armyng, that wes ſchene,
Thai off the heid diſſawyt wer;
All thouch Schyr EDUUARD deyt thar.

On this wyſs war thaiſe nobill men
For willfulnes all leſyt then.
And that wes ſyne, and gret pité.
For had thair owtrageouſs bounté
Bene led with wyt, and with meſur,
Bot giff the mar myſawentur

Bene fallyn thaim, it ſuld rycht hard thing
Be to lede thaim till owtrying.
Bot gret outrageouſs ſurquedry
Gert thaim all her thair worſchip by.

And thai, that fled from the mellé,
Sped thaim in hy towart the ſe,
And to *Cragfergus* cummyn ar thai.
And thai that war into the way
To Schyr EDUUARD, ſend fra the KING,
Quhen thai hard the diſcumfyting,
To *Cragfergus* thai went agayne.
And that wes not forowtyn payn.
For thai war mony tyme that day
Aſſailyeit with *Irſchery:* bot thai
Ay held togyddir ſarraly;
And defendyt ſa wittily,
That thai eſchapyt oft throw mycht;
And mony time alſua throw ſlycht.
For oft off thairs to thaim gaff thai,
To lat thaim ſkaithles paſs thair way.

And till *Cragfergus* come thai ſwa.
Thair batts and ſchyppys gan thai ta,
And ſaylit till *Scotland* in hy,
And thar aryvyt all ſaufly.
Quhen thai off *Scotland* had wittring
Off Schyr EDUUARDS wencuſſing,

Ver. 199. They gave them part of their money or goods.

Thai

Thai menyt thaim full tendrely
Our all the land commonaly;
And thai that with hym ſlayn war thar
Full tendrely als menyt war.

EDUUARD the BRUYSS, as I ſaid her,
Wes diſcomfyt on this maner.
And quhen the feld wes clengyt clene,
Swa that ne reſiſtans wes ſene,
The wardane then, Schyr RICHARD off CLAR,
And all the folk that with hym war,
Towart *Dundalk* has tane the way.
Swa that rycht na debat maid thai
At that tyme with the *Irſchery*;
Bot to the town thai held in hy.
And ſyne had ſent furth to the King,
That had *Ingland* in gouerning,
GIB HARPERS heid into a kyt.
IHONE MAUPAS till the King had it.
And he reſawit it in daynté:
Rycht blyth off that preſent wes he.
For he was glaid that he was ſwa
Delewyryt off a felloun fa.

In hart tharoff he tuk ſic prid,
That he tuk purpos for to rid
With a gret oſt in *Scotland*;
For to weng hym, with ſtalwart hand,

Ver. 229. The poet's chronology again errs. This expedition of Edward II. into Scotland was in 1322.

Off

Off tray, of trawaill, and off tene,
That done tharin till hym had bene.

And a rycht gret oft gadryt he.
And gert hys ſchippys be the ſe
Cum, with gret foyſoun off wictaill.
For at that tyme he wald hym taile
To dyſtroy up ſa clene the land,
That nane ſuld leve tharin lewand.
And with hys folk, in gret aray,
Towart *Scotland* he tuk the way.

And quhen King ROBERT wyſt that he
Come on hym with ſic a mengye,
He gadryt hys men, bath fer and ner,
Quhill ſa fele till hym cummyn wer;
And war als for to cum hym to;
That hym thoucht he rycht wele ſuld do.

He gert withdraw all the catell
Off *Lothiane*, euirilk deill,
And till ſtrenthis gert thaim be ſend;
And ordanyt men thaim to defend.
And with hys oft als ſtill he lay
At *Culroſs*; for he wald aſſay
To ger hys fayis, throw faſting
Be febleſt, and throw lang walking.
And fra he feblis had thar mycht
Aſſembill than with thaim to fycht.

He

He thoucht to wyrk apon this wyſs.
And *Ingliſmen*, with gret maiſtryſs,
Come with thair oſt in *Lothiane*;
And ſone till *Edinburgh* ar gane.
And thar abaid thai dayis thre.
Thair ſchyppys that war on the ſe
Had the wynd contrar to thaim ay,
Swa that apon na maner thai
Had power to the *fyrth* to bring
Thair wictaill, to releve the King.
And thai off the oſt, that faillyt met,
Quhen thai ſaw that thai mycht not get
Thair wictaill till thaim, be the ſe,
Thai ſend furth rycht a gret menye
For to forray all *Lothiane*.
Bot catell haiff thai fundyn nane,
Owtakane a bull, that wes haltand,
That in *Tranents Corne* thai fand.
That broucht thai till thair oſt agayne.
And quhen the Erle of WARAYNE
Saw that bull alenarly cum ſwa,
He aſkyt giff thai gat na ma?
And thai haff ſaid all till hym nay.
Than ſaid he, 'Certs I dar ſay
'This is the derreſt beſt that I
'Saw euir yhet; for ſykyrly
'It coſt a thowſand pound and mar.'
And quhen the King, and thai that war

Off

Off hys cunſaill, ſaw thai mycht get
Na cataill till thair oſt till ete,
That than of faſtyng had gret payne,
Till *Ingland* turnyt thai agayne.

At *Melroſs* ſchuip thai for to ly;
And ſend befor a cumpany,
Thre hundre ner off armyt men.
Bot the Lord DOWGLAS, that wes then
Beſid intill the *foreſt* ner,
Wyſt off thair come; and quhat thai war.
And with thaim off hys cumpany
Into *Melroſs* all priuely
He howyt in a buſchement.
And a rycht ſturdy frer he ſent
Without the yate, thair com to ſe,
And bad hym hald hym all priuy,
Quhill that he ſaw thaim cummand all
Rycht to the coynye thar of the wall;
And than cry hey, "DOWGLAS! DOWGLAS!"
The frer than furth hys wayis tais,
That wes all ſtout, derff, and hardy.
Hys mekill hud helyt haly
The armur that he on hym had.
Apon a ſtalwart horſs he rad:
And in hys hand he had a ſper.
And abaid apon that maner
Quhill that he ſaw thaim cumand ner.
And quhen the formeſt paſſyt wer

The

coynye, he cryt, "DOWGLAS! DOWGLAS!"
n till thaim all a courſs he maiſs;
bar ane doun deleuerly.
DOWGLAS, and hys cumpany,
t apon thaim with a ſchout.
quhen thai ſaw ſa gret a rout
ı apon thaim ſa ſuddanly,
i war abayſit gretumly.
tuk the bak bot mar abaid.
Scotts men amang thaim raid;
ſlew all that thai mycht ourta:
ret martyrdome thar gan thai ma.
thai that eſchapyt inflayne
ill thair gret oft went agayne;
tauld thaim quhat kyn welcoming
VGLAS thaim maid at thair meting;
ıt conwoyt thaim agayn rudly,
warnyt planly harbery.

'he King off *Ingland*, and hys men,
ıt ſaw thair herbriours then
n rebutyt on that maner,
yit in thair hart thai wer.
I thoucht that it war gret foly
ll the wod to tak herbery.

'harfor by *Dryburgh*, in the playn,
ı herberyt thaim: and ſyne agayn
Ar

r. 339. This plain is a level on the river, called in that part

Ar went till *Ingland* thair way.
And quhen the King ROBERT hard ſay
That thai war turnyt hame agayn;
And how thair herbriours war ſlayn;
In hy hys oft aſſemblit he,
And went ſouth our the *Scotts Se*;
And till *Ingland* hys way taiſs.
Quhen hys oft aſſemblit wayſs
Auchty thowſand he wes, and ma.
And aucht battaills he maid off tha:
In ilk bataill war ten thowſand.
Syne went he furth till *Ingland*;
And intill hale rowt folowit ſa faſt
The *Inglis* King, quhill at the laſt
He come approchand to *Biland*,
Quhar at that tyme thar wes liand
The King off *Ingland*, with hys men.
King ROBERT, that had wittering then
That he lay thar with mekill mycht,
Tranountyt ſwa on hym a nycht,

part of Scotland a *haugh*, adjoining to the monaſtery, and extending to about an hundred acres. The army of Edward II. burned and deſtroyed a great part of the monaſtery; and the marks of this devaſtation are yet to be traced there, that part of the building having never been renewed. Dryburgh Abbey was founded Anno 1150 by Hugo de Morville and Beatrix de Beauchamp his wife; and endowed by King David I. ſometime afterwards. It is now the reſidence of the Earl of Buchan.

Ver. 355. The abbey of Biland, near Malton in Yorkſhire.

That

That be the morn that it wes day,
Cummyn in a plane feld wer thai,
Fra *Biland* bot a litill ſpace.
Bot betwix thaim and it thar waſs
A craggy bra, ſtrekyt weill lang,
And a gret peth up for to gang.
Othyr wayis mycht thai nocht away
To paſs to *Bylands Abbay*,
But giff thai paſſyt fer about.
But quhan the mekill *Inglis* rout
Hard that King ROBERT wes ſa ner,
The maiſt part off thaim that thar wer
Went to the peth, and tuk the bra.
Thai thoucht thar defens to ma.

The baners thar thai gert diſplay;
And thair batailles on braid aray:
And thoucht weill to defend the paſs.
Quhen the King ROBERT perſawyt was
That thar thoucht thai thaim to defend,
Eftyr hys counſaill hes he ſend,
And aſkyt quhat was beſt to do.
The Lord DOWGLAS anſweryt tharto,
And ſaid, " Schyr, I will undreta
" That in ſchort tyme I ſall do ſa,
" That I ſall wyn yon paſs planly;
" Or than ger all yon cumpany
" Cum doun to yow her to this plane."
The KING ſaid than till hym agayn,

'Do than quhar mychty God ye ſpeid!'
Than he furth on hys wayis yheid:
And off the oſt the maſt hardy
Put thaim intill hys cumpany;
And held thair way towart the paſs.
The gud Erle off MURREFF, THOMAS,
Left hys bataills, and in gret hy
Bot with four men off hys cumpany,
Come till the Lords rout off DOWGLAS;
And or he entryt in the paſs
Befor thaim all the paſs tuk he;
For he wald that men ſuld hym ſe.

And quhen Schyr JAMES off DOWGLAS
Saw that he ſwa gat cummyn was,
He pryſyt hym tharoff gretly,
And welcumyt hym hamelely:
And ſyne the paſs thai ſamyn ta.
Quhen *Inglis men* ſaw thaim do ſwa,
Thai lychtyt, and agayn thaim yheid.
Twa knychts rycht douchty off deid;
THOMAS ENCHTRE ane had to name,
The tothyr Schyr RAUFF off COBHAME;
Come doun befor all thair mengye:
Thai war bath full of gret bounté;
And met thair fayis manlely.
Bot thai war preſſyt rycht gretumly.

Ver. 409. 'Thomas of Struthers.' Edit.

Thar

Thar mycht men ſe rycht weill aſſaill,
And men defend with ſtout bataill;
And harnys flew in gret foyſoun.
And thai, that our war, tumblyt doun
Stanys apon thaim fra the hycht.
Bot thai, that ſet bath will and mycht
To wyn the peth, thaim preſſyt ſwa,
That Schyr RAUFF off COBHAME gan ta
The way up till hys horſs in hy;
And left Schyr THOMAS manlily
Defendand with gret mycht the paſs,
Quhill that he ſwa ſuppreſſyt was
That he wes tane throw hard fechting.
And tharfor ſyne in hys ending
He wes renounyt for beſt off hand
Off a knycht off all *Ingland*.
For this ilk Schyr RAUFF off COBHAME
Intill all *Ingland* he had name,
For the beſt knycht off all that land.
And for Schyr THOMAS duelt fechtand
Quhar Schyr RAUFF, as befor ſaid I,
Withdrew hym; pryſſyt our hym wes haly.

Thus war thai fechtand in the paſs.
And quhen the King ROBERT, that was
Wiſs in hys deid and anerly,
Saw hys men ſa rycht douchtely
The peth apon thair fayis ta;
And ſaw hys fayis defend thaim ſa;

Than gert he all the *Irſchery*
That war intill hys cumpany,
Off *Argbile*, and the *Ilis* alſua,
Speid thaim in gret hy to the bra.
And bad thaim leif the peth haly,
And clymb up in the craggs hy;
And ſpeid thaim faſt the hycht to tak.
Than mycht men ſe thaim ſtoutly ga,
And clymb all gat up to the hycht;
And leve not for thair fayis mycht.
Mawgre thair fayis thai bar thaim fwa,
That thai ar gottyn aboun the bra.
Than mycht men ſe thaim fycht felly;
And ruſche thair fayis ſturdely.
And thai that till the paſs war gane,
Mawgre thair fayis, the hycht has tane.
Than laid thai on with all thair mycht:
Thar mycht men ſe tham felly fycht.

Thar wes a parlouſs bargane:
For a knycht, Schyr IHONE the BRETANE,
That lychtyt wes aboun the bra,
And hys men, gret defens gan ma.
And *Scotts men*, ſua gan aſſaile,
And gave thaim ſa feloun bataill,

Ver. 443. The highlanders, undoubtedly of Iriſh origin, are called Iriſh by Barbour, as their tongue is ſtill called Erſe or Iriſh.

That

That thai war ſet in ſic affray,
That thai that mycht fley fled away.

Schyr IHONE the BRETANE thar wes tane;
And rycht fele off hys folk wes ſlane.
Off *Fraunce* thar tane wes knychts twa;
The Lord the IULE wes ane off tha;
The tothyr wes the Merſchell BRETAYN,
That wes a weill gret lord at hame.
The lave, ſum ded war, and ſum tane:
And the remanand fled ilkane.

And quhen the King off *Ingland*,
That yeyt at *Biland* wes liand,
Saw hys men diſcumfyt planely;
He tuk hys way in full gret hy.
And furthwart fled with all hys mycht.
The *Scotts men* chaſſyt faſt, Ik hycht;
And in the chaſs has mony tane.
The King quicly away is gane;
And the maſt part off hys mengye.
STEWART WALTRE, that gret bounté
Set ay on hey chewalry,
With fyve hundre in cumpany,
Till *Yorks* yatts the chas gan ma:
And thar ſum off thair men gan ſla.
And abade thar quhill ner the nycht,
To ſe giff ony wald iſche to fycht.
And quhen he ſaw nane wald cum out,
He turnyt agayn with all hys rout;

And till hys oſt he went in hy,
That tane had than thair herbery
Intill the abbay off *Billand*
And *Refnews* that wes by ner hand.

Thai delt amang thaim that war thar
And gaif the King off *Inglands* ger,
That he had levyt in *Biland*,
All gert thai lep outour thair hand,
And maid thaim all glaid and mery.
And quhen the KING had tane herbery,
Thai broucht till hym the priſoners,
All unarmyt as it affers.
And quhen he ſaw IHONE off BRETANGNE
He had at hym rycht gret engaigne;
For he wes wont to ſpek hychly
At hame, and our diſpitouſly;
And bad have hym away in hy,
And luk he kepyt war ſtraitly.
And ſaid, " War it not that he war
" Sic a catyve, he ſuld by ſar
" Hys wordys that war ſwa angry."
And he humbly cryt hym mercy.
Thai led hym furth forowtyn mar;
And kepyt hym weill quhill thai war
Cummyn hame till thair awne countré.
Lang eſtyr ſyne ranſounyt wes he

Ver. 498. Editions read:

And rewes that were near by lyand.

That is, the ſtreets near.

For

For twenty thowſand pund to pay,
As Ik haiff hard ſyndry men ſay.

Quhen that the KING this ſpek had maid,
The *Frankys* knychts men takyn haid
War broucht rycht thar before the KING;
And he maid thaim fayr welcummyng.
And ſaid, "I wate rycht weill that ye,
"For your gret worſchip and bounté,
"Come for to ſe the fechtand her.
"For ſen ye in the countré wer
"Your ſtrenth, your worſchip, and your mycht,
"Wald not lat yow eſchew the fycht.
"And ſen that cauſs yow led thartill;
"And nothyr wreyth, na iwill will;
"As frends ye ſall reſawyt be,
"Quhar all tyme welcum her be ye."
Thai knelyt, and thankyt hym gretly.
And he gart tret thaim curtaſly.
And lang quhill with hym thaim had he;
And did thaim honour and bounté.
And quhen thai yarnyt to thair land,
To the King off *Fraunce* in preſand
He ſend thaim quit, but ranſoun, fre,
And gret giffts to thaim gaff he.

Hys frends thus gat curtaſly
He couth reſſawe, and hamely,
And hys fayis ſtoutly ſtonay.
At *Biland* all that nycht he lay.

For thair victour all blyth thai war.
And on the morne, forowtyn mar,
Thai haff forthwart tane thair way.
Sa fer at that tyme trawaillyt thai,
Brynnand, ſlayand, and deſtroyand,
Thair fayis with all thair mycht noyand,
Quhill till the *Wald* cummyn war thai.
Syne northwart tuk thai hame thair way.
And deſtroyit in thair repair
The wale all planly of *Bamewar*.
And ſyne with priſoners, and catell,
Rychys, and mony fayr jowell,
To *Scotland* tuk thai hame thair way;
Bath blyth and glaid, joyfull and gay.
And ilk man went to thair repayr,
And lowyt God thaim fell ſa fayr
That thai the King off *Ingland*,
Throw worſchip, and throw ſtrenth off hand,
And throw thair Lords gret bounté,
Diſcumfyt in hys awne countré.

END OF BUKE XVIII.

THE

THE BRUCE.

BUKE XIX.

ARGUMENT.

Pece beand at lenth eſtabliſt, a conſpiracy is formit be Lord SOULIS *again King* ROBERT.—*A parlement callit; and the conſpiratours put to the deid.—Inglis piratis tak Scotis ſchips.—Deth of* WALTER STEWART.—*King* ROBERT *orders* MURRAY *and* DOUGLAS *to invade Ingland,* EDWARD III. *being now on the throne of that kingrik.—The Inglis army advauncis to repell the Scottis.—*DOUGLAS *adviſes not to hazard a battel.—Embuſchment of* DOUGLAS.—*Firſt uſe of gunnis.—*DOUGLAS *in the nicht aſſalis the Inglis camp.—Storie of the fox and the fiſcher.—Retreit of the Scottis.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE XIX.

NOW wes the land a quhile in peſs.
Bot cowatyſs, that can noucht ceſs
To ſet men apon felony,
To ger thaim cum to ſenyowry,
Gert Lords off full gret renoune
Mak a fell coniouratioun
Agayn ROBERT, the douchty KING.
Thai thoucht to bring hym till ending:
And to bruk, eftre hys dede,
The kynryk, and to ryng in hys ſteid.

The Lord the SOWLLS, Schyr WILYAME,
Off that purches had maiſt defame;

For

Ver. 2. *Cowatyſs* is here uſed for covetouſneſs of power, ambition.

Ver. 11. Our poet dates this conſpiracy after king Edward's expedition 1322; but from Lord Hailes's Annals it appears to have happened in 1320; and the conſpirators were put to death in Auguſt 1320.

There

For principale tharoff wes he.
Off aſſent off that cruelté
He had gottyn with hym ſindry:
GILBERT MALEHERBE, IHONE off LOGY,
Thir war knychts that I tell her;
And RICHARD BROUNE als, a ſquyer.
And gud Schyr DAWY off BRECHYN
Wes off this deid aretted ſyne;
As I ſall tell yow foryrmar.
Bot thai ilk ane diſcoweryt war
Throw a lady, as I hard ſay,
Or till thiair purpos cum mycht thai.

For ſche tauld all to the KING
Thair purpos, and thair ordanyng;
And how that he ſuld haff bene ded,
And SOWLLS ryng intill hys ſted.
And tauld hym werray takynyng
This purches wes ſuthfaſt thing.

And quhen the KING wyſt it wes ſwa,
Sa ſutell purches gan he ma,

There were two truces between England and Scotland: one in 1319, to laſt two years; another in 1323, to laſt thirteen years. Barbour puts the conſpiracy after the ſecond truce, inſtead of after the firſt. Fordun dates the conſpiracy 1320.

Ver. 23. Our hero's obligations to the fair ſex, in the time of his adverſity, have been formerly noted.

That

That he gert tak thaim euirilkane.
And quhar the Lord SOWLLS wes tane,
Thre hundre and ſexty had he
Off ſquyers, cled in hys lyuery,
At that tyme in hys cumpany;
Owtane knychtys that wer joly.
Into *Berwik* takyn wes he;
That mycht all hys mengye ſe
Sary, and wa; but ſuth to ſay,
The KING let thaim all paſs thair way;
And held thaim at he takyn had.
The Lord SOWLLS ſone eftre maid
Plane granting off all that purchas.
A parlement ſet tharfor thar was;
And broucht thyddir hys mengye war.
The Lord the SOWLLS has grantyt thar
The deid into plane parleament.
Tharfor ſone eftyr he wes ſent
Till hys pennance to *Dunbertane*;
And deit thar in a tour off ſtane.

Schyr GILBERT MALEHERBE, and LOGY,
And RICHARD BROUNE, thar thre plainly
War with a ſyſs that ourtane;
Tharfor thai drawyn war ilkane,
And hangyt, and hedyt tharto;
As men had dempt thaim for to do.

And gud Schyr DAWY off BRECHYN
Thai gert chalance rycht ſtraitly ſyne.

And

And he grauntyt that off that thing
Wes weill maid till hym diſcouering;
Bot he thartill gaff na conſent.
And for he helyt thair entent,
And diſcoweryt it not to the KING,
That he held off all hys halding,
And maid till hym hys fewté,
Jugyt till hang and draw wes he.
And as thai drew hym for to hing,
The pepill ferly faſt gan thring,
Hym and hys meyſcheyff for to ſe,
That to behald wes gret pité.
Schyr INGRAHAME the UMFRAWEILL, that than
Wes with the KING as *Scottſman*,
Quhen he that gret myſcheyff gan ſe,
He ſaid, "Lordings, quharto preſs ye?
"To ſe at myſcheyff ſic a knycht,
"That wes ſa worthy, and ſa wycht,
"That Ik haff ſene mar preſs to ſe
"Hym for hys rycht ſouerane bounté,
"Than now doyſs for to ſe hym her."
And quhen thir werds ſpokyn wer,
With ſary cher he held hym ſtill,
Quhill men had off hym thair will.
And ſyne, with the leve off the KING,
He broucht hym menſkly till erding.

Ver. 84. Till men had executed their pleaſure upon Brechin, had put him to death.

And

And ſyne to the KING ſaid he,
" A thing I pray yow graunt me,
" That is, that ye off all my land
" That is intill *Scotland* liand,
" Wald giff me leve to do my will."
The KING than ſone hes ſaid hym till,
' I will weill graunt that it ſwa be.
' But tell me quhat anowis ye?'
He ſaid agayn, " Schyr, graunt mercy,
" And I ſall tell yow it planly.
" Myne hart giffs me na mar to be
" With yow duelland in this countré.
" Tharfor, bot that it noucht yow greve,
" I pray yow hartily off your leve.
" For quhar ſa rycht worthy a knycht,
" And ſua chewalrouſs, and ſa wycht,
" And ſa renownyt off worſchip ſyne,
" As gud Schyr DAVID off BRECHYNE,
" And ſa fulfillet off all manheid,
" Wes put to ſa welanys a ded,
" My hart forſuth may not giff me
" To duell, for na thing that may be."
The KING ſaid, ' Sen that yow will ſwa,
' Quheneuir ye likys yow ma ga.
' And yow ſall haff gud leve tharto
' Thy liking off thy land to do.'

And he hym thankyt gretumly.
And off hys land, in full gret hy,

As hym thoucht beſt diſponyt he.
Syne at the KING off gret bounté,
Befor all thaim that with hym war,
He tuk hys leve for euirmar;
And went in *Ingland* to the King,
That maid hym rycht fayr welcummyng;
And aſkyt hym off the north tithing.
And he hym tauld all but leſing:
Haw thaiſe knychts deſtroyit war,
Quhen as I tauld till yow ar;
And off the KINGS curtaſſy,
That lewyt hym deboneirly
To do off hys land hys liking.
In that tyme wes ſend fra the KING
Off *Scotland* myſſengers to trete
Off peſs, giff that thai mycht it get.
As thai befor eſtſyſs war ſend;
How that thai noucht couth bring till end.

For the gud KING had in entent,
Sen God ſa fayr grace had hym lent,
That he had wonnyn all hys land,
Throw ſtreath off armys, till hys hand,
That he peſs in hys tyme wald ma.
And all hys lands ſtabill ſwa
That hys ayr eftre hym ſuld be
In peſs, giff men held lawté.

Intill this tyme that UMPHRAWEILL,
As I bar yow on hand er quhill,

Come

Come till the King off *Ingland*,
The *Scotts* meſſengers thar he fand,
Off peſs and reſt to haiff tretis.
The King wyſt Schyr INGRAHAME wes wiſs;
And aſkyt cunſaill tharto
Quhat he wald rede hym for to do.
For he ſaid hym thoucht hard to ma
Peſs with the King ROBERT, hys ſa,
Quhill that he off hym wengyt war.
Schyr INGRAHAME maid till hym anſuar,
And ſaid, " He delt ſa curtaſly
" With me, that on na wyſs fuld I
" Giff conſaill till hys nethring."
' The behowis nedwayis,' ſaid the King,
' To this thing her ſay thyne awiſs.'
" Schyr," ſaid he, " ſen your wills is
" That I ſay, wyt ye ſekyrly,
" For all your gret chewalry,
" To dele with hym yhe haff na mycht.
" Hys men all worthyn ar ſa wycht,
" For lang uſage off fechting,
" That has bene nuryſt in ſwilk thing,
" That ilk yhuman is ſa wicht
" Off hys, that he is worth a knycht.
" Bot an yow thynk yow war to bring
" To your purpoſs and your liking,
" Lang trewyſs with hym tak ye.
" Than ſall the maſt off hys mengye,
" That ar bot ſympil yhumanry,
" Be dyſtroynit comonnaly

" To

" To wyn thair mete with thair trawaile.
" And ſum off thaim neds but faill
" With pluch and harow for to get,
" And othyr ſer craffts, thair mete.
" Swa that thair armyng ſall worth auld;
" And ſall be rottyn, ſtroyt, and ſauld.
" And fele, that now of wer ar fley,
" Intill the lang trew ſall dey:
" And othyr in thair ſted ſall ryſs,
" That ſall cum litill of that maſtryſs.
" And quhen thai diſuſyt er,
" Than may ye move on thaim your wer."

Till this aſſentyt thai ilkane.
And eftre ſone war trewis tane,
Bot wer, betuix twa Kings, that wer
Tailyeit to leſt for aucht yer:
And on the marchis gert thaim cry.
The *Scotts men* kepyt thaim lelely.

Bot the *Inglis men* apon the ſe
Diſtroyit, throw gret inyquyté,
Marchand ſchippis, that ſailand war
Fra *Scotland* till *Flaunders* with war:
And deſtroyit euirilkane,
And to thair oyſs the gud has tane.

The KING ſend oft till aſk redreſs:
Bot nocht off it redreſſyt wes.

And

And he abaid all tyme aſkand.
The trew on hys haff gert he ſtand
Apon the marchis ſtabilly,
And gert men kep thaim lelely.

In this tyme that trewis war
Leſtand on marchis, as I ſade ar,
Schyr WALTRE STEWART, that worthy was,
At *Bathgate* a gret ſeknes tas.
Hys iwill ay woux mar and mar,
Quhill men perſawyt be hys ſar,
That hym worthyt ned pay the det
That na man to pay may let.
Schrywyn, and als repentit weill,
Quhen all wes doyn hym ilk deill
That chryſtyn man nedit till have,
As gud cryſtyn the gaſt he gave.
Than men mycht her men gret and cry;
And mony a knycht, and mony a lady,
Mak in apert rycht ewill cher.
Sa did thai all that euir thai war:
All men hym menyt commonaly,
For off hys eild he wes worthy.
Quhen thai lang quhill thair dule had maid,
The corſs to *Paſlay* haff thai haid:

Ver. 206. In the ſhire of Linlithgow.

Ver. 214. Walter Stuart died 9th April 1326.

Barbour has paſt from 1322 to 1326; but the years 1323, 1324 were occupied in negociations, and in 1325 nothing occurs in Lord Hailes's Annals.

And thar with gret ſolempnyté,
And with gret dule, erdyt wes he.
God, for hys mycht, hys ſaule bring
Quhar joy ay leſts but ending!

Eftre hys dede, as I ſaid ar,
The trewys that ſwa takyn war,
For till haff leſtyt aucht yer,
Quhen twa yer off thaim paſſyt wer,
And ane halff as I trow alſua,
The King ROBERT ſaw men wald not ma
Redreſs off ſchyppys that war tane;
And off the men als that war ſlane:
Bot contynowit thair mawyté,
Quhenir thai met thaim on the ſe.
He ſend and acquyt hym planly;
And gaff the trewis up opynly.

And ſyne, in wengeance off thys treſpas,
The gud Erle off MURREFF, THOMAS,
And DONALD Erle off MAR alſua;
And JAMES off DOWGLAS with thaim twa,
And JAMES STEWART, that ledar wes,
Eftyr hys gud brodyrs deſceiſs,
Off all hys brudrys men in wer;
He gert apon thair beſt maner,

Ver. 229. The truce was to laſt thirteen years, as we know from original documents: and it was concluded in 1323, ſo that two years and a half of it extend into 1326.

Ver. 245. Editions have 'his brother's.'

With

With mony men, boune thaim to ga
In *Ingland*, for to bryn and ſla.

And thai held furth till *Ingland*.
Thai war off gud men ten thowſand.
Thai brynt and ſlew intill thair way;
Thair fayis faſt deſtroyit thai.
And ſwa gat ſouthwart gan thai far
To *Wardaill* quhill thai cummyn war.
That tyme EDUUARD off CARNAUERANE
The King wes ded, and laid in ſtane;
And EDUUARD, hys ſone, that wes ying,
In *Ingland* crownyt wes to King,
And ſurnome off *Wyndyſſor*.
He had in *Fraunce* bene thar befor
With hys modyr, dame YSABELL;
And wes weddyt, as Ik hard tell,
With a young lady fayr off face
That the Erles douchtre was
Off *Hennaud*; and off that countré
Broucht with hym men off gret bounté.

Ver. 254. Weredale on the river Were, in the weſtern extremity of the county of Durham.

Ver. 257. Edward III. aſcended the throne of England 24th January, 1327. The Scotiſh expedition was in the ſummer of that year. A truce had been concluded in 1323, to laſt thirteen years; but Barbour ſays the Engliſh had broken it by taking Scotiſh ſhips. It is alſo ſuſpected that, in that age, the death or depoſition of a king was conceived to cancel a treaty made with him.

Schyr IHONE the HENNAUD wes thair leder,
That wes wyſs and wycht in wer.

And that tyme that *Scottſmen* wer
At *Wardaile*, as I ſaid yow er,
Intill *York* wes the new maid King:
And herd tell off the deſtroying
That *Scotts men* maid in hys countré.
A gret oft till hym gadryt he:
He wes weill ner fyfty thowſand.
Than held he northwart in the land,
In haill bataill with that mengye.
Auchten yer auld that tyme wes he.

The *Scottſmen* a day *Cokdaile*
Fra end till end had herid hale;
And till *Wardaile* agayn thai raid:
The diſcurriours, that ſycht has haid
Off cummyn off the *Inglis men*,
To thair Lords thai tauld it then.
Than the Lord DOWGLAS, in a ling,
Raid furth to ſe thair cummyng;
And ſaw that ſewyn bataill war thai,
That come ridand in gud aray.

Quhen he that folk behaldyn had,
Towart hys oft agayn he rad.
The Erle ſperyt giff he had ſene
That oft; "Ya, Schyr," he ſaid, "bot wene."

'Quhat

"Quhat folk ar thai?" "Schyr, mony men."
The Erle hys ayth hes ſuorn then
We ſall fecht with thaim, thouch thai war
Yeyt ma eftſonys than thai ar.
"Schyr, lowyt be God," he ſaid agayn,
"That we haff ſyk a capitayn,
"That ſwa gret thing dar undreta.
"Bot be Sayint Bryd it beis not ſua,
"Giff my cunſaill may trowyt be.
"For fecht on na maner ſall we,
"Bot it be at our awantage.
"For me think it war na owtrage
"To fewar folk aganys ma
"Awantage, quhen thai ma it, ta."

As thai war on this wyſs ſpekand,
Our ane hey rigg thai ſaw rydand,
Towart thaim ewyn, a bataill braid,
Baners diſplayit inew thai haid.
And ane othyr cum eftyr ner;
And rycht apon the ſamyn maner
Thai come, quhill aucht bataills braid
Owt our that hey rigg paſſyt haid.

The *Scottſmen* that war thar liand
On north halff wer, towart *Scotland*.
The dale wes ſtrekyt weill, Ik hycht;
On aythir ſyd thar wes ane hycht;
And till the watre doune ſum deill ſtay.
The *Scottſmen* in gud aray,

On thair beſt wyſs buſkyt ilkane;
And in a ſtrenth that thai had tane,
And that wes fra the watre off *Wer*
A quartar off a myle weill ner,
Thar ſtud thai bataill till abid.
And *Inglis men* on aythir ſid
Come rydand downwart, quhill thai wer
To *Wers* watre cummyn als ner,
As on the othyr halff thair fayis wer.
Than haff thai maid a reſt rycht thar.
And ſend owt archerys a thowſand
With huds off, and bowis in hand;
And gert thaim wele drynk off the wyne,
And bad thaim gang to bykker ſyne
The *Scotts* oſt in abandoun;
Thai gert thaim cum apon thaim doun;
For mycht thai ger thaim brek aray,
To haff thaim at thair will thoucht thai.
Armyt men doun with thaim thai ſend,
Thaim at the watre to defynd.

The Lord DOWGLAS hes ſene thair fer;
And men, that rycht weill horſyt wer
And armyt, a gret cumpany
Behind the batailles priuely,
He gert howe to bid thair cummyng:
And, quhen he maid to thaim taknyng,
Thai ſuld cum ilkane faſt, and ſla
With ſperys that thai mycht ourta.

DONALD

DONALD off MAR thair cheftane wes;
And ARCHIBALD off DOWGLAS.
The Lord DOWGLAS towart thaim raid;
A gowne on hys armur he haid:
And trawerſyt alwayis up agayn,
Thaim ner hys bataills for to trayn.
And thai, that drunkyn had off the wyn,
Come ay up lingand in a line,
Quhill thai the bataill come ſa ner,
That arowis fell amang thaim ſer.

ROBERT off OGILL, a gud ſquyer,
Come prikand than on a courſer;
And on the archers cryt agayn,
"Ye wat noucht quha mays yow that trayn.
"That is the Lord DOWGLAS; that will
"Off hys playis ken ſum yow till."
And quhen thai herd ſpek off DOWGLAS,
The hardyeſt effrayit was,
And agayn turnyt halely.
His takyn maid he then in hy.
And the folk that enbuſchyt war
Sa ſtoutly prykkyt on thaim thar,
That wele thre hundre haiff thai ſlayne.
And till the watre hame agayne
All the remanand gan thai chas.
Schyr WILYAME off ERSKYN thar was
Chaſſyt

Ver. 374. Editions read:
Sir William of Erſkin, that was

Chaſſyt with othyrs that thar war
Sa fer furth, that hys horſs hym bar
Amang the lump off *Inglis men*;
And with ſtrang hand wes takyn then.
Bot off hym weill ſone chang wes maid
For othyr that men takyn haid.

Fra thir *Inglis* archers war ſlane,
Thir folk raid till thair oſt agayn.
And rycht ſwa did the Lord off DOWGLAS.
And quhen that he reparyt was,
Thai mycht amang thair fayis ſe
The pailyownys ſone ſtentyt be.
And thai perſawyt ſone in hy
That thai that nycht wald tak herbery,
And ſchup to do na mar that day.
Tharfor thaim alſua herberyt thai:
And ſtent pailyownys in hy,
Tents and bigs als tharby,
Thai gert mak, and ſet all on raw.
Twa noweltyis that day thai ſaw,
That forouth in *Scotland* had bene nane.
Tymmris for helmys war the tane,

New made knight the ſamen day,
Well horſed into good array,
Chaſed with others, &c.

Ver. 396. *Timbre*, Fr. a creſt upon a helmet, correſponding to the creſt of the bearer's coat of arms. Gawin Douglas uſes the word for a common creſt of a helmet, as worn by the Greeks and Romans.

That

That thaim thoucht than off gret bewté,
And alſua wondre for to ſe.
The tothyr crakys war off wer,
That thai befor herd neuir er.
Off thir twa things thai had ferly.
That nycht thai walkyt ſtalwartly.
The maſt part off thaim armyt lay,
Quhill on the morn that it wes day
The *Ingliſmen* thaim umbethoucht
Apon quhat maner that thai moucht
Ger *Scotts* leve thair awantage.
For thaim thoucht foly and owtrage
To gang up till thaim, till aſſaill
Thaim at thair ſtrenth in plane bataill.

Tharfor off gud men a thouſand,
Armyt on horſs, bath fute and hand,
Thai ſend behind thair fayis, to be
Enbuſchyt intill a walé.
And ſchuip thair batails, as thai wald
Apon thaim till the fechtand hald.
For thai thoucht *Scottſmen* ſic will
Had that thai mycht not hald thaim ſtill:
For thai knew thaim off ſic curage,
That thai throuch ſtrenth and awantage
Thai ſuld leve, and mete thaim planly.
Than ſuld thair buſchement halely

Ver. 399. Guns.

Behind

Behind brek on thaim at the bak.
Sa thoucht thai weill thai ſuld thaim mak
For to repent thaim off thair play.
Thair enbuſchement furth ſend haff thai,
That thaim enbuſchyt priuely.
And on the morne, ſum dele arly,
Intill thair oſt hey trumpyt thai;
And gert thair braid bataillis aray.
And, all arayit for to fycht,
Thai held towart the watre rycht.

Scotts men, that ſaw thaim do ſwa,
Boune on thair beſt wyſs gan thaim ma.
And in bataill planly arayit,
With baners till the wynd diſplayit,
Thai left thair ſtrenth, and all planly
Come doun to mete thaim hardely,
In as gud maner as thai moucht;
Rycht as thair fayis befor had thoucht.

Bot the Lord DOWGLAS, that ay wes war,
And ſet owt wachis her and thar,
Gat wyt off thair enbuſchement.
Than intill gret hy is he went
Befor the bataillis, and ſtoutly
He bad ilk man turn hym in hy,
Rycht as he ſtud: and turnyt ſwa
Up till thair ſtrenth he bad thaim ga:
Swa that na let thar thai maid.
And thai did as he biddyn haid,

Quhill

Quhill till thair ſtrenth thai come agayne.
Thar turnyt thai thaim with mekill payne,
And ſtud redy to giff bataill,
Giff thair ſayis wald thaim aſſaill.

Quhen *Inglíſmen* had ſene thaim ſwa
Towart thair ſtrenth agayn up ga,
Thai cryt hey, "Thai fley thair way!"
Schyr IHONE HENNAUD ſaid, "Perfay
"Yone fleying is rycht tragedy.
"Thair armyt men behind I ſe,
"And thair baners; ſwa that thai thar
"Bot turne thaim as thai ſtandand ar,
"And be arayit for to fycht,
"Giff ony preſſyt thaim with mycht.
"Thai haff ſene our enbuſchement,
"And agayn till thair ſtrenth ar went.
"Yone folk ar gouernyt wittily:
"And he that leds is worthy
"For awiſe, worſchip, and wyſdome,
"To gouern the empyr off *Rome*."

Ver. 459. The words *tragedy* and *comedy* were ſtrangely abuſed in the middle ages. It is well known that Dante ſtyles his poem *Commedia*, merely becauſe it ends happily: and he calls the Eneid *Tragedia*, becauſe it cloſes with battles and bloodſhed. Virgil ſpeaking ſays;

Euripilo ebbe nome, e coſi 'l canta
L'alta mia *tragedia*, in alcun loco. *Inf.* c. xx.

Barbour here uſes *tragedy*, for what we would call a ſtage-trick.

Thus

Thus ſpak that worthy knycht that day.
And the enbuſchement, fra that thai
Saw that thai ſwa diſcoweryt war,
Towart thair oft agayn thai fair.
And the batailles off *Inglifmen*,
Quhen thai ſaw thai had failyeit then
Off thair purpos, to thair herbery
Thai went; and logyt thaim in hy.
On othyr halff rycht ſwa did thai.
Thai mad na mar debat that day.

Quhen thai that day ourdrewyn had,
Fyrs in gret foyſoun thai maid,
Alſone as the nycht fallyn was.
And than the gud Lord off DOWGLAS,
That had ſpyit a place tharby,
Twa myle thence, quhar mar traiſtly
The *Scotts* oft mycht herbery ta;
And defend thaim bettre alſua,
Than ellys on ony place tharby.
It wes a park, all halely
Wes enweround about with wall;
It wes ner full off treys all.
Bot a gret plane intill it was.
Thyddyr thoucht the Lord off DOWGLAS
Be nychtyrtale thair oft to bring,
Tharfor, forowtyn mar duelling,

Ver. 495. Editions bear:
By night all their oift to bring.

Thai

Thai bet thair fers, and maid thaim mar;
And ſyne all ſamyn furth thai far,
And till the park, forowtyn tynſaill,
Thai come, and thaim herberyt weill
Upon the watre, and als ner
Till it as thai beforouth wer.

And on the morn, quhen it wes day,
The *Ingliſs* oft myſſyt away
The *Scottſmen*; and had ferly:
And gert diſcurriours haſtely
Pryk, to ſe quhar thai war away.
And, be thair fyrs, perſawit thai
That thai in the park off *Werdale*
Had gert herbery thair oft all hale.

Tharfor thair oft but mar abaid
Buſkyt, and ewyn anent thaim raid,
And on ayther halff the watre of *Wer*
Gert ſtent thair pailyownys, als ner
As thar befor ſtentyt war thai.
Aucht dayis on bath halff ſwa lay thai:
That *Ingliſmen* durſt not aſſaill
The *Scottſmen* with plane bataill,
For ſtrenth off erd that thai had ther.
Thar wes ilk day juſtyn off wer;

Ver. 497. They added fuel to their fires, and encreaſed them.

And

And ſcrymyn maid full apertly;
And men tane on aythir party.
And thai that war tane on a day,
On ane othyr changyt war thai.

Bot othyr deds nane war done,
That gretly is apon to mone.
Till it fell, on the ſewynd day,
The Lord DOWGLAS had ſpyt a way
How that he mycht about thaim rid,
And come apon the ferrer ſid.

And at ewyn purwayit hym he,
And tuk with hym a gud menye,
Fyve hundre in hoſis, wycht and hardy,
And in the nycht all priuely,
Forowt noyis, ſa fer he raid,
Quhill that he ner enwyronyt haid
Thir oſt; and on the ferrar ſid
Towart thaim ſtely gan he rid.
And the men that with hym war
He gert in hand haff ſuerds bar,
And bad thaim hew rapys in twa,
That thai the pailyownys mycht ma
To fall on thaim, that in thaim war.
Than ſuld the lave, that ſolowyt thar,
Stab doune with ſpers ſturdely.
And, quhen thai hard hys horne in hy,
To the watre hald doune thair way.
Quhen this wes ſaid, that Ik her ſay,

Towart

t thair fayis faſt thai raid,
n that ſid na wachis haid.

as thai ner war approchand
glis man, that lay bekand
: a fyr ſid, till hys fer,
:e not quhat may tid us her.
'ycht a gret growing me tais:
d ſar for the blak DOWGLAS." '
ɜ, that hard hym, ſaid perfay
ſall haff cauſs giff that I may.'

ı that, with all hys cumpany,
:hyt on thaim hardely.
ilyownys doune he bar.
pers, that ſcharply ſchar,
:ekyt men diſpitouſly.
)yſs weill ſone raiſs and the cry.
ai ſtabbyt, ſtekyt, and ſlew:
iilyownys doun yarne thai drew.
ıne ſlauchtre maid thai thar;
ıi, that liand nakyt war,
ı power defens to ma:
ıai bot pité gan thaim ſla.
;ert thaim weill wyt that folly
er thair fayis for to ly;
F thai traiſtly wachit war.
cottſmen war ſlayand thar

Ver. 557. Douglas who heard him.

Thir

Thir fayis, on this quhill the cry
Raſs throw the oft comonnaly;
That Lords, and othyrs, war on ſter.
And quhen the DOWGLAS wyſt thai wer
Armand thaim all commonaly,
He blew hys horne for to rely
Hys men; and bad thaim hald thair way
Towart the watre: and ſwa did thai.
And he abaid henmaſt, to ſe
That nane off hys ſuld lewyt be.
And, as he bad ſwa howand,
Come thane ane with a club in hand,
And ſwa gret reut he till hym raucht,
That had not bene hys mekill maucht,
And hys rycht ſouerane manheid,
Intill that place he had bene dede.
Bot he that tyme wes nocht effrayit,
Thouch he weill oft wes hard aſſayit,
Throw mekill ſtrenth, and gret manheid
Has broucht the tothyr to the dede.

Hys men, that till the watre doun
War rydyne, intill a randoun,
Myſſyt thair Lord, quhen thai come thar,
Than war thai dredand for hym ſar.
Ilk ane at othyr ſperyt tithing:
Bot yhet off hym thai hard nathing.

Ver. 594. This irruption of Douglas into the Engliſh camp happened on the 4th Auguſt, 1327. See a curious account of it near the beginning of Froiſart's hiſtory.

Than

Than gan thai cunſaill ſamyn ta
That thai to ſek hym up wald ga.
And, as thai war in ſic effray,
A tutiwing off hys horn hard thai:
And thai, that hes it knawyn ſwyth
Was off hys cummyn wondre blyth.
And ſperyt at hym off hys abaid.
And he tauld how a carle hym maid
With a club ſic felounne pay,
That met hym ſtoutly in the way,
That had not fortune helpit the mar
He had bene in gret perill thar.

Thus gat ſpekand thai held thair way,
Quhill till the oft cummyn ar thai;
That on fute armyt thaim abaid,
For till help giff thai myſter haid.
And alſone as the Lord DOWGLAS
Met with the Erle off MURREFF was,
The Erle ſperyt at thaim tithing
How thai had farne in thair owting.
" Schyr," ſaid he, " we haff drawyn blud."
The Erle, that wes off mekill mude,
Said, ' And we all had thyddir gayne,
' We haid diſcumfyt thaim ilkane.'
" That mycht haff fallyn weill," ſaid he;
" Bot ſekyrly ynew war we
" To put us in yone awentur.
" For had thai maid diſcumfitur

" On us, that yondre paffyt wer,
" It fuld all ftonay that ar her."

The Erle faid, ' Sen it fwa is
' That we may noucht with jupertyfs
' Our feloun fayis for to aſſaill;
' We ſall do it in plane bataill.'
The Lord DOWGLAS ſaid, " Be Sayint Brid,
" It wer gret foly, at this tid,
" Till us with ſwilk an oſt to fycht.
" It growis ilk day off mycht;
" And hes wictaill tharwith plenté.
" And in thair cuntré her ar we,
" Quhar thair may cum us na ſuccours:
" Hard is to mak us her reſcourſs.
" Na we us may ferrar mete to get:
" Swilk as we haiff her we mon et.
" Do we with our fayis tharfor,
" That ar her liand us befor,
" As Ik herd tell this othyr yer
" That a fox did with a fycher."
' How did the fox?' the Erle gan ſay.
He ſaid, " A fycher quhilum lay
" Beſid a ryver, for to get
" Hys netts that he had tharin ſet.
" A litill loge tharby he maid;
" And thar within a bed he haid;
" And a litill fyr alſua.
" A dure ther wes forowtyn ma.

" A nycht,

" A nycht, hys netts for to ſe,
" He raſe; and thar weill lang duelt he.
" And, quhen he had doyne hys deid,
" Towart hys loge agayn he yeid;
" And, with licht off the littill fyr,
" That in the loge wes brynand ſchyr,
" Intill hys loge a fox he ſaw,
" That faſt on an ſalmound gan gnaw.
" Than till the dur he went in hy,
" And drew hys ſuerd deleuerly:
" And ſaid, 'Reiffar yow mon her out.'
" The fox, that wes in full gret dout,
" Lukyt about ſum hole to ſe;
" Bot nane eſchew perſave couth he,
" Bot quhar the man ſtud ſturdely.
" A lauchtane mantell than hym by,
" Liand apon the bed, he ſaw;
" And with hys teth he gan it draw
" Outour the fyr: and quhen the man
" Saw hys mantell ly brynnand than,
" To red it ran he haſtely.
" The fox gat owt than in gret hy:
" And held hys way hys warand till.
" The man leyt hym begilyt ill,
" That he hys gud ſalmound had tynt;
" And alſo had hys mantill brynt:
" And the fox ſcaithles gat away.
" This enſample, weill I may ſay,
" Be yone oft; and us that ar her.
" We ar the fox: and thai the fycher,

" That ſteks forouth us the way.
" Thai wene we may na gat away,
" Bot rycht quhar thai ly. Bot perdé
" All as thai think it ſall not be.
" For I have gert ſe us a gat,
" Suppos that it be ſumdele wate:
" A page off ours we ſall not tyne.
" Our fayis for this ſmall trowintyn
" Menys weill we ſall prid us ſwa,
" That we planly on hand ſall ta
" To giff thaim opynly bataill:
" Bot at this tyme thair thoucht ſall faill.
" For we to morne her, all the day,
" Sall mak as mery as we may:
" And mak us boune agayn the nycht;
" And than ger mak our fyrs lycht;
" And blaw our hornys, and mak far,
" As all the warld our awne war,
" Quhill that the nycht weill fallyn be.
" And than, with all our harnayis, we
" Sall tak our way hamewart in hy.
" And we ſall gyit be graithly,
" Quhill we be out off thair daunger,
" That lyis now encloſyt her.
" Than ſall we all be at our will.
" And thai ſall let thaim trumpyt ill,
" Fra thai wyt weill we be away."
To this haly aſſentyt thai,
And maid thaim gud cher all that nycht,
Quhill on the morne that day wes lycht.

Apon

Apon the morne, all priuely,
Thai turſyt harnays, and maid redy;
Swa that, or ewyn, all boun war thai.
And thair fayis, that agayn thaim lay,
Gert haiff thair men, that thair war ded,
In carts, till ane haly ſted.
All that day cariand thai war,
With carts, men that ſlayn war thar.
That thai war fele mycht men weill ſe,
That in carrying ſa lang ſuld be.

The oſts bath that day wer
In peſs: and quhen the nycht wes ner
The *Scotts* folk, that liand war
Intill the park, maid feſt and fer;
And blew hornys; and fyrs maid,
And gert thaim mak brycht and braid;
Swa at the nycht thair fyrs war mar,
Than on tyme befor thai war.
And quhen the nycht wes fallyn weill,
With all the harnayis ilka deill,
All priuely thai raid thair way.
Sone in a moſs entryt ar thai,
That had weile twa myle lang off breid.
Owt our that moſs on fute thai yeid:
And in thair hand thair horſs leid thai.
And it wes rycht a noyus way;
And noucht forthy all that thai wer
Come weill outour it, hale and fer;

And tynt but litill off thair ger,
Bot giff it war ony ſumer,
That in the moſs wes *left liand*.
Quhen all, as Ik haff borne on hand,
Outour that moſs, that wes ſa braid,
War cumyn, a gret glaidſchip thai haid:
And raid furth hamewart on thair way.
And on the morne, quhen it wes day,
The *Inglis men* ſaw the herbry,
Quhar *Scotis men* war wont to ly,
All woid: thai wondryt gretly then;
And ſend furth ſyndry off thair men,
To ſpy quhar thai war gayn away,
Quhill at the laſt thair traiſs fand thai,
That till the mekill moſs thaim haid,
That wes ſwa hidwouſs for to waid,
That awentur thaim tharto durſt nane;
Bot till thair oſt agayn ar gane.
And tauld how that thai paſſyt war
Quhar neuir man paſſyt ar.

Quhen *Inglis men* hard it wes ſwa,
In hy to cunſaill gan thai ta,
That thai wald folow thaim na mar.
Thair oſt rycht than thai ſcalit thar:
And ilk man till hys awn raid.
And King ROBERT, that wittring haid

Ver. 746. Except perhaps a ſumpter-horſe.

At

At hys men in the park ſwa lay,
And at quhat meyſcheyff thar war thai,
Ane oft aſſemblyt he in hy.
And ten thowſand men, wycht and hardy,
He has ſend furth with Erllis twa,
Off the MERSS, and ANGUSS, wer tha,
The oft in *Werdale* to releve.
And giff thai mycht ſa wele eſcheve
That ſamyn nycht, be thai and thai,
Thai thoucht thair fayis till aſſay.

Swa fell that, on the ſamyn day,
That the moſs, as ye herd me ſay,
Wes paſſyt, the diſcurriours that thar
Ridand befor the oft war,
Off aythir oft hes gottyn ſycht.
And thai, that worthy war and wycht,
At thair meting juſtyt off wer.
Enſenyeys hey thai cryt ther.
And be thair cry perſawit thai,
That thai war freynds, and not a fay.

Than mycht men ſe thaim glaid and blyth;
And tauld it to thair Lords ſwith.
The oft bath met ſamyn ſyne.
Thar wes rycht hamely welcumyng

Ver. 779. Editions have:

That ſamin night that meet might they.

'Be thai and thai,' ſeems to imply, when both came together; or with joint force.

Maid amang thais gret Lords thar:
Off thair meting joyfull thai war.

The Erle PATRIK, and hys menye,
Had wictaillis with thaim gret plenté,
And tharwith weill relevyt thai
Thair frends: for, the ſuth to ſay,
Quhill thai in *Wardale* liand war
Thai had defaut off mete. Bot thar
Thai war relewyt with gret plenté.
Towart *Scotland*, with gamyn and gle,
Thai went; and weill hame cummyn ar thai.
And ſcalyt ſyne ilk man thair way.

The Lords ar went to the KING,
That has maid thaim fayr welcuming.
For off thair come rycht glaid wes he;
And that thai ſic perplexité,
Forout tynſaill, eſchapen haid.
All war thai blyth, and mery maid.

Ver. 807. Auguſt, 1327.

THE END OF BUKE XIX.

THE

THE

BRUCE.

BUKE XX.

ARGUMENT.

King ROBERT *aſſemblis thre hoſts to invade Ingland —ravages Northummerland.—The King of Ingland offers pece; and his ſyſter to King* ROBERT'*s ſon* DAVID.—*Seknes of King* ROBERT.—*Weddyng of Prince* DAVID.—*King* ROBERT'*s ſeknes increſand, he makis his teſtament.—He deſiris* DOUGLAS *to carry his heart to the Halie Land. —Deth of King* ROBERT.—*Erl of* MURREF *maid Governour of Scotland.*—DOUGLAS *is ſlayn in Spain, fechting again the Saracenis.—Deth of* MURREF.—*Concluſioun.*

THE BRUCE.

BUKE XX.

ONE eftyr that the Erle THOMAS
a *Wardeill* thus reparyt was,
ıe KING aſſemblyt all hys mycht;
ıd left nane that wes worth to fycht.
gret oſt than aſſemblyt he;
ıd delt hys oſt in parts there.
part to *Norame* went but let,
ıd a ſtark aſſege hes ſet,
d held thaim in rycht at thair dyk.
e tothyr part till *Anwik*
went, and thar a ſege ſet thai.
d quhill that thair aſſegs lay
thir caſtells, I ſpak off ar,
ert eſchewis oft maid thar war:
d mony fayr chewalry
hewit war full douchtely.

The KING at thais caſtells liand
t hys folk, as I bar on hand;

Ver. 3. September, 1327.

And

And with the thrid oft held hys way
Fra park to park, hym for to play;
Huntand as all hys awne war.
And till hym, that war with hym thar,
The lands off *Norththummyrland*,
That neyſt to *Scotland* war liand,
In ſe and heritage gave he:
And thai payit for the ſelys ſe.

On this wyſs raid he deſtroyand,
Quhill that the King off *England*,
Throw cunſaill off the MORTYMAR,
And hys modyr, that that tyme war
Ledars off hym, that then young weſs,
To King ROBERT, to tret off peſs
Send meſſyngers. And ſwa ſped thai
That thai aſſentit on this way
Suld thar a perpetuall peſs tak.
And thai a mariage ſuld mak
Off the King ROBERTS ſone, DAWY,
That than bot fyve yer had ſcarſly,
And off dame IHANE als off the Tour,
That ſyne wes off full gret walour.

Ver. 26. And they paid the fees of ſealing, of office. This vaunt of Robert's correſponds ſomewhat with Hannibal's ſelling the ſhops in Rome, after the Romans had ſold the ground upon which his camp ſtood.

Ver. 32. October, 1327. King Robert was then at Norham.

Syſtre

Syſtre ſche wes to the ying King,
That had *Ingland* in gouerning,
That than off eild had ſewyn yer.
And monyments, and lettres ſer,
That thai off *Ingland* that tyme had,
That oucht agayn *Scotland* mad,
Intill that tretyſs up thai gaff.
And all the clame that thai mycht haff
Intill *Scotland* on ony maner.
And King ROBERT, for ſcaithis fer,
That he to thaim off *Ingland*
Had done, off wer with ſtalwart hand,
Full twenty thowſand pound ſuld pay
Off ſiluer into gud monay.

Quhen men thir things forſpokyn had;
And, with ſels and athis, maid
Feſtnyng off frendſchip, and off peſs,
That neuir for na chance ſuld ceſs;
The mariage ſyne ordanyt thai
To be at *Berwik:* and the day
Thai haff ſet quhen that this ſuld be.
Syne went ilk man till hys countré.

Thus maid wes peſs, quhar wer wes ar:
And thus the ſegs raiſſyt war.

Ver. 44. That is, the Engliſh were to give up any charters or letters derogatory to the independence of Scotland. The editions from nicety omit theſe ſix lines.

The

The King ROBERT ordanyt to pay
The ſiluer: and agayn the day
He gert weill for the maugery
Ordane that quhen hys ſon DAWY
Suld weddyt be: and Erle THOMAS,
And the gud Lord off DOWGLAS,
Intill hys ſteid ordanyt he,
Dewiſowrs off that feſt to be.
For a malice hym tuk ſa ſar,
That he on na wyſs mycht be thar.

This malice off endfundeyng
Begouth, for throw hys cald lying,
Quhen in hys gret myſcheiff wes he,
Hym fell that hard perplexité.

At *Cardroſs* all that tyme he lay.
And quhen ner cummyn wes the day,
That ordanyt for the weddyn was,
The Erle, and the Lord off DOWGLAS,
Come to *Berwik*, with mekill far,
And broucht young DAWY with thaim ther.
And the Queyn, and the MORTYMER,
On othyr part cummyn wer,
With gret affer and roawté.
The young lady, off gret bewté,

Ver. 75. *Malice*, rather *maleſe*, is diſeaſe. Robert's was the leproſy. Editions read:

His ſickneſs came of a fundying
He had tane through his cold lying.

Thyddyr

Thyddyr thai broucht with rich affer.
The weddyn haf thai makyt thar,
With gret feſt and ſolempnyté.
Thar mycht men myrth and glaidſchip ſe:
For rycht gret feſt thai maid thar.
And *Inglis men* and *Scotts* war
Togyddyr in joy and ſolace:
Na felouné betwix thaim was.

The feſt a wele lang tyme held thai.
And quhen thai buſkyt to far away,
The Queyn hes left hyr douchtre thar,
With gret rychis and roale far.
I trow that lang quhill na lady
Wes gevyn till houſs ſa rychly.
And the Erle, and the Lord DOWGLAS,
Hyr in daynté reſſawyt has,
As it war worthy ſekyrly.
For ſche wes ſyne the beſt lady,
And the fayreſt, that men thurſt ſe.
Eftyr this gret ſolemnyté,
Quhen off bath lewyis war tane,
The Queyne till *Ingland* hame is gane,
And had with hyr MORTYMAR.
The Erle, and thai that levyt war,
Quhen thai a quhill hyr conwoyit had,
Towart *Berwik* agayn thai raid.
And ſyne, with all thair cumpany,
Towart the KING thai went in hy;

Ver. 90. The 12th of July, 1328.

And

And had with thaim the young DAWY,
And Dame IHANE als, that young lady.

The KING maid thaim fayr welcumyng.
And eftre, but langer delaying,
He has gert ſet a parlement;
And thiddyr with mony men is went.
For he thoucht he wald, in hys lyff,
Croun hys young ſon, and hys wyff.
And at the parleament ſwa did he
With gret fayr and ſolemnyté.
The King DAWY wes crownyt thar.
The King ROBERT gert ordane thar,
Giff it fell that hys ſone DAWY
Deyt, but ayr male off hys body
Gottyn, ROBERT STEWART ſuld be
King; and bruk all the roalté
That hys douchtre bar, MARIORY.
And at hys tailye ſuld lelyly
Be haldyn all the Lords ſwar,
That it with ſelys affyrmyt thar.
And giff it hapnyt ROBERT the King
To paſs to God, quhill thai war ying,
The gud Erle off MURREFF, THOMAS,
And the Lord alſua off DOWGLAS,
Suld haff thaim into gouerning,
Quhill thai had wyt to ſter thair ring,
And than the Lordſchip ſuld thai ta.
Hertill thair athys gan thai ma.

And all the Lords that thar war
To thir twa wardanys athys ſuar,
Till obey thaim in lawté
Giff fell thaim wardanys to be.

Quhen all this thing thus tretyt wes,
And affermyt with ſykernes,
The King to *Cardroſs* went in hy.
And thar hym tuk ſa felely
The ſeknes, and hym trawaillyt ſwa,
That he wyſt hym behowyt to ma
Off all hys lyff the commoun end,
That is to dede, quhen God will ſend.

Tharfor hys lettres ſone ſend he
For the Lords off hys countré.
And thai come as he biddyn had.
His teſtament then hes he maid,
Befor bath Lords and Prelats;
And to religioun, off ſer ſtats,
For hele off hys ſaule, gaff he
Siluer into gret quantité.
He ordanyt for hys ſaule weill.
And quhen this done wes ilka dele,
He ſaid, " Lordings, ſwa it is gayn
" With me, that thar is noucht bot ane
" That is the dede, withowtyn drede,
" That ilk man mon thole off mede.
" And I thank God that has me ſent
" Space in this lyve me to repent.

" For throuch me, and my werraying,
" Off blud has bene rycht gret ſpilling;
" Quhar mony ſakleſs men war ſlayn.
" Tharfor this ſeknes, and this payn,
" I tak in thank for my treſpaſs.
" And myn hart fichyt ſekyrly was,
" Quhen I wes in proſperité,
" Off my ſynnys to ſauffyt be,
" To trawaill apon Godds fayis.
" And ſen he now me till hym tayis,
" Swa that the body may na wyſs
" Fulfill that the hart gan dewyſs;
" I wald the hart war thyddir ſent,
" Quharin conſawyt wes that entent.
" Tharfor I pray yow euirilkane,
" That ye amang yow cheſs me ane,
" That be honeſt, wyſe, and wycht,
" And off hys hand a nobill knycht,
" On Godds fayis my hart to ber,
" Quhen ſaule and corſs diſſeueryt wer.
" For I wald it war worthily
" Broucht thar; ſen God will noucht that I
" Haue power thiddyrwart to ga."
Than war thair harts all ſa wa,
That nane mycht hald hym from greting.
He bad tham leve thair ſorrowing,

Ver. 178. Editions have:
And mine heart firmlie ſet was.
An interpretation of the old language.

For

For it, he ſaid, mycht not releve;
And mycht thaim rycht gretly engreve.
And prayit thaim in hy to do
The thing that thai war chargyt to.

Than went thai furth in drery mode.
Amang thaim thai thoucht it gode,
That the worthy Lord off DOWGLAS
Beſt ſchapyn for that trawaill was.
And quhen the KING hard that thai ſwa
Had ordanyt hym hys hart to ta,
That he maſt yarnyt ſuld it haff;
He ſaid, " Sa God hymſelff me ſaiff!
" I hald me rycht weile payit that yhe
" Haff choſyn hym: for hys bounté,
" And hys worſchip, ſet my yarnyng,
" Ay ſen I thoucht to do this thing,
" That it with hym thar ſuld ber.
" And ſen ye all aſſentyt er,
" It is the mar likand to me.
" Lat ſe now quhat thartill ſayis he."
And quhen the gud Lord off DOWGLAS
Wyſt that thing thus ſpokyn was,
He come and knelyt to the KING,
And on this wyſs maid hym thanking.
'I thank yow gretly, Lord,' ſaid he,
'Off mony largeſs, and gret bounté,
'That ye haff done me felſyſs;
'Sen fyrſt I come to your ſeruice.

'Bot our all thing I make thanking
'That ye ſa dyng and worthy thing,
'As your hart, that enlumynyt wes
'Off all bounté, and all prowes,
'Will that I in my yemſall tak.
'For yow, Schyr, I will blythly mak
'This trawaill, giff God will me gif
'Layſar and ſpace ſwa lang to lyff.'

The KING hym thankyt tendrely.
Than wes nane in that cumpany
That thai na wepyt for pité.
Thair cher anoyis wes to ſe.

Quhen the Lord DOWGLAS, on this wyſs,
Had undretane ſa hey empryſs,
As the gud KING's hart to ber,
On Godds fayis apon wer,
Priſſyt for hys empriſs wes he.
And the KINGS infirmyté
Woux mar and mar, quhill at the laſt
The dulfull dede approchit faſt.
And quhen he had gert till hym do
All, that gud Cryſtyn man fell to,
With werray repentance he gaf
The gaſt, that God till hewyn haiff,

Amang

Ver. 250. King Robert died at Cardroſs, 7th June, 1329, aged 55.

His diſeaſe was the leproſy, occaſioned, as Barbour ſays, by

Amang hys choſſyn folk to be
In joy, ſolace, and Angell gle!

And fra hys folk wyſt he wes ded,
The ſorow raiſs fra ſteid to ſteid.
Thar mycht men ſe men ryve thair har:
And comounly knychts gret full ſar,
And thair newffys oft ſamyn dryve,
And as woud men thair claithys ryve.
Regretand hys worthy bounté,
Hys wyt, hys ſtrenth, hys honeſté;
And our all the gret cumpany
That he thaim maid oft curtaſly.
" All our defens," thai ſaid, " allace!
" And he that all our comford was,
" Our wyt, and all our gouernyng,
" Allace is broucht her till ending!
" Hys worſchip, and hys mekill mycht,
" Maid all that war with hym ſa wycht,
" That thai mycht neuir abayſit be,
" Quhill forouth thaim thai mycht hym ſe.
"Allace! quhat ſall we do or ſay?
" For on lyff quhill he leſtyt, ay
" With all our nychtbours dreid war we:
" And intill mony fer cuntré
" Off our worſchip ſprang the renoun:
" And that wes all for hys perſoun."

by his poor and hard living, while abſconding from the Engliſh power. Conſtantia, Ducheſs of Bretagne, and Henry IV. of England, died of the ſame diſeaſe.

With ſwilk wordys thai maid thair mayn.
And ſekyrly wondre wes nane;
For better gouernour than he
Mycht in na countré fundyn be.
I hop that nane that is on lyve
The lamentatioun ſuld diſcryve
That that folk for thair Lord maid.
And quhen thai lang thus ſorowyt had,
Thai haiff had hym to *Dunferlyne*:
And hym ſolemply erdyt ſyne
In a fayr tumb, intill the quer.
Byſchaps and Prelats, that thar war,
Aſſólyeit hym, quhen the ſeruice
Wes done as thai couth beſt dewiſs.
And ſyne, on the tothyr day,
Sary and wa ar went thair way.

And he debowaillyt wes clenly,
And bawmyt ſyne rychly:
And the worthy Lord off DOWGLAS
Hys hart, as it forſpokyn was,
Has reſawyt in gret daynté,
With gret fayr and ſolemneté.

Quhen that the gud King beryt was,
The Erle off MURREFF, Schyr THOMAS,
Tuk all the land in gouerning;
All obeyit till hys bidding.

And the gud Lord off DOWGLAS ſyne
Gert mak a caſs off ſiluer fyne,
Enamylyt throw ſutelté.
Tharin the KINGS hart did he:
And ay about hys halſs it bar;
And faſt hym bownyt for to far.
Hys teſtament deuiſyt he;
And ordanyt how hys land ſuld be
Gouernyt, quhill hys gayn cummyng.
Off frends, and all othyr thing,
That till hym pertenyt ony wyſs,
With ſic forſycht and ſa wyſs,
Or hys furth paſſing, ordanyt he,
That na thing mycht amendyt be.

And quhen that he hys leve had tane,
To ſchip to *Berwik* is he gane.
And with a nobill cumpany,
Off knychts and off ſquyery,
He put hym thar to the ſe.
A lang way furthwart ſailyt he:
For betwix *Cornwaill* and *Bretaynné*
He ſailyt; and left the grune off *Spainye*
On northhalff hym; and held thair way
Quhill to *Savill* the graunt cum thai.
Bot gretly wes hys men and he
Trawaillyt with tempeſts off the ſe.
Bot, thoucht thai gretly trawaillyt war,
Hale and fer ar thai cummyn thar.

Thai arywyt at gret *Savill*;
And eftre, in a litill quhill,
Thair horſs to land thai drew ilkane,
And in the toun has herbery tane.

He hym contenyt rychly,
For he had a fayr cumpany,
And gold yneweh for to diſpend.
The King alſone hym eftre ſend;
And hym rycht weill reſſawyt he;
And profferyt hym, in gret plenté,
Gold, and treſour, horſs and arming.
Bot he wald tak tharoff na thing,
For he tuk that wiage
To paſs intill pilgramage
On Godds fayis, that hys trawaill
Mycht till hys ſaule hele awaill.
And ſen he wyſt that he had wer
With *Saryſynys*, he wald duel ther,
And ſerve hym at hys mycht lely.
The King hym thankyt curtaſly;
And betaucht hym gud men that wer,
Weill knawyn off that lands wer,
And the maner tharoff alſua.
Syne till hys innys gan he ga.

Quhen that the King hym levyt had,
A weill gret ſoiourne thar he mad.

Ver. 338. The editions call this king *Alphonſe*. He was Alphonſo XI. king of Caſtille and Leon, then at war with Oſmyn the Mooriſh commander of Granada. *Annals*, ii. 134.

Knychts

Knychts that come off fer countré
Come in gret hy hym for to ſe,
And honowryt hym full gretumly,
And our all men fer ſoueranly.
The *Inglifs* knychts that war thar
Honour and cumpany hym bar.

Amang thir ſtrangers was a knycht
That wes haldyn ſa worthy and wycht,
Tharfor ane off the gud wes he
Preſſyt off the Criſtianté.
Sa faſt till hewyn wes hys face,
That it our all ner wonnyt was.
Or he the Lord DOWGLAS had ſene,
He wend hys face had wonnyt bene.
Bot neuir a hurt tharin had he.
Quhen he unwonnyt gan it ſe,
He ſaid that he had gret ferly
That ſwilk a knycht, and ſa worthy,
And pryſſyt off ſa gret bounté,
Mycht in the face unwonnyt be.
And he anſwerd tharto mekly,
And ſaid, " Lowe God, all tyme had I

Ver. 365. Editions read:

That for ane of the beſt was he.

Ver. 367. That is, his face was all hewed as with a chiſſel, ſcared with wounds.

Ver. 378, 379. That is, ' God be praiſed, I had always ' hands to defend my head.' An apophthegm certainly worthy of a Greek.

" Hands

" Hands my hede for to wer."
Quha wald tak kep to this anſuer,
Suld ſe in it undreſtanding;
That, and he that maid that aſking
Had hands to wer hys face,
That, for faut off defens, ſa was
To fruſchyt intill placs ſer,
Suld have, may fall, left hale and fer.
The gud knychts, that than war by,
Pryſſyt hys anſuer gretumly;
For it wes maid with mek ſpeking,
And had rycht hey undreſtanding.

Apon this maner ſtill thai lay,
Quhill throw the countré thai hard ſay,
That the hey King off *Balmeryne*,
With mony a mody *Saryſene*,
Was entryt intill the land off *Spanye*,
All hale the country to ſpulyie.

The King off *Spaynye*, on othyr party,
Gaddryt hys oſt deleuerly;

Ver. 381. Editions have:
Thus made he courteous anſwering,
With a right hie underſtanding;
That, for default of fence, it was
That ſo evil hewen was his face.
The good knights, &c.
For the better, the reading of the MS. being
Ver. 393. Is this *Almeria*, in the kingdo

And delt hym intill batailles thre.
And to the Lord DOWGLAS gaff he
The awaward to led and ſter;
All hale the ſtrangers with hym wer.
And the gret maiſter off *Saint Iak*
The tothyr bataill gert he tak.
The rerward maid hym ſelwyn thar.
Thus gat deuiſyt furth thai ſar
To mete thair fayis, that in bataill
Arayit, redy till affaill,
Come agayn thaim full ſturdely.
The DOWGLAS, that wes ſa worthy,
Quhen he to thaim off hys leding
Had maid a fayr moneſting,
To do weill and na ded to dreid,
For hewynys blyſs ſuld be thar mede,
Giff that thai deyt in Godds ſeruice;
Than, as gud werrayours and wiſs,
With thaim ſtoutly aſſemblit he.
Thar mycht men feloune fechting ſe.
For thai war all wycht and worthy,
That war on the Cryſtyn party;
And

Ver. 420. Editions after this line inſert the twelve following very intereſting ones:

But ere they joyned in battel
What Douglas did I ſhall you tell.
The BRUCE's heart, that on his breſt
Was hinging, in the field he keſt,
Upon a penny-ſtone caſt and more,
And ſaid, NOW PASS THOU FORTH BEFORE,

As

And ſaucht ſa faſt, with all thair mayne,
That *Saryſynys* war mony ſlayne;
The quheyr, with mony fele faſchoun,
Mony a Cryſtyn dang thai doun.

Bot at the laſt the Lord DOWGLAS,
And the gret rout that with hym was,
Preſſyt the *Saryſynys* ſwa,
That thai haly the bak gan ta,
And thai chaſſyt, with all thair mayn,
And mony in the chaſs has ſlayn.

Sa fer chaſſyt the Lord off DOWGLAS,
With few that he paſſyt was
All the folk, that war chaſſand then,
He had not with hym our ten
Off all men that war with hym thar.
Quhen he ſaw all reparyt war,

AS THOU WAS WONT IN FIELD TO BE;
AND I SHALL FOLLOW, OR ELSE DIE!
And ſo did he, withouten ho;
He faught even while he came it to,
And took it up in gret dayntie:
And ever in field thus uſed he.
Sa faſt they faucht with all their main, &c.

The tranſcriber of the MS. followed in this edition ſeems to have got weary of his long labour; and the later books, as we have ſeen in more inſtances than one, are not ſo accurate as the former: hence we may infer this to be a mere omiſſion; for that the above lines are not interpolated we may judge from their intimate connection, and manner.

Towart

Towart hys oſt than turnyt he.
And quhen the *Saryſynys* gan ſe
That the chaſſers turnyt agayn,
Thai relyit with mekill mayn.
And as the gud Lord off DOWGLAS,
As I ſaid er, reparand was,
Sa ſaw he, rycht beſid thaim ner,
Quhar that Schyr WILYAME the SANTCLER
With a gret rowt enwiround was.
He wes anoyit: and ſaid, " Allace!
" Yone worthy knycht will ſone be ded,
" Bot he haff help: and our manheid
" Biddys us help hym in gret hy,
" Sen that we ar ſa ner hym by.
" And God wate our entent is
" To leve, or de, in hys ſerwice.
" Hys will in all thing do ſall we.
" Sall na perill eſchewyt be,
" Quhill he be put owt off yone payn;
" Or than we all be with hym ſlayn."

With that with ſpurs ſpedely
Thai ſtrak the horſs; and in gret hy
Amang the *Saryſynys* thai raid,
And rowme about thaim haff thai maid.
Thai dang on faſt with all thair mycht,
And fele off thaim to ded has dycht.
Gretar defens maid neuir ſa quhone
Agayn ſa fele, as thai haff done.

Quhill

Quhill thai mycht laſt thai gave bataill:
Bot mycht na worſchip thar awaill,
That thai ilkane war ſlayne doun thar:
For *Saryſynys* ſa mony war,
That thai war twenty ner for ane.
The gud Lord DOWGLAS thar wes ſlane;
And Schyr WILYAME the SAINTECLER alſua;
And othyr worthy knychts twa,
Schyr ROBERT LOGANE hat the tane,
And the tothyr Schyr WALTRE LOGANE.
Quhar our Lord, for hys mekill mycht,
Thair ſaulls haf till hewynys hycht!

The gud Lord DOWGLAS thus wes ded.
And *Saryſynys* in that ſted
Abaid na mar, bot held thair way:
Thair knychts dede thar lewyt thai.
Sum off the Lord DOWGLAS' men,
That thair Lord dede has fundyn then,
Yeid weill ner woud for dule and wa,
Lang quhill our hym thai ſorowit ſwa.
And ſyne with gret dule hame hym bar:
The KING's hart haff thai fundyn thar,
And that hame with thaim haff thai tane;
And ar towart thair innys gane,
With gretyng, and with iwill cher;
Thair ſorow wes angry for till her.

Ver. 470. On the 25th of Auguſt, 1330.

And

And quhen off KETH gud Schyr WILYAME,
That all that day had bene at hame,
For at ſwa gret malice wes he,
That he come not to the journé,
For hys arme brokyn wes in twa;
Quhen he that folk ſic dule ſa ma,
He aſkyt quhat it wes in hy.
And thai hym tauld all opynly:
How that thair douchty Lord wes ſlayn
With *Saryſynys* that releyt agayn.
And quhen he wyſt that it wes ſwa,
Outour all othyr hym was wa;
And maid ſa wondre ywill cher,
That all wondryt that by hym wer.

Bot to tell off thair ſorowing
It noyis, and helpis litill thing.
Men may weill wyt, thouch nane thaim tell,
How angry for ſorow, and how fell,
Is to tyne ſic a Lord as he,
To thaim that war off hys mengye.
For he was ſwete, and debonar;
And weill couth trete hys frends far;
And hys fayis rycht felounnly
Stonay, throw hys chewalry;
The quheyr off litill affer wes he.
Our all thing luffyt he lawté:
At treſoun growyt he ſa gretly,
That na traytour mycht be hym by,

Ver. 493. *Malice*, as formerly remarked, is *diſeaſe*.

That

That he mycht wyt that he ne ſuld be
Weill punyſt off hys cruelté.

I trow the lele FABRICIUS,
That fra *Rome* to werray PYRRUS
Wes ſend, with a gret mengye,
Luffyt treſoun na les than he,
The quheyr quhen PYRRUS had
On hym and on hys mengye maid
Ane outrageouſs diſcumfitour,
Quhar he eſchapyt throw ane tour;
And mony off hys men war ſlayne;
And he had gadryt oft agayne;
A gret maiſtre off medycyne,
That had PYRRUS in gowernyne,
Profferyt to FABRICIUS
In treſoun to ſla PYRRUS;
For, intill hys neyſt potioun,
He ſuld giff hym dedely puſoun.
FABRICIUS that wondre had
Off that proferre that he hym mad
Said, " Certs *Rome* is weill off mycht,
" Throw ſtrenth off armys into fycht,
" To wencuſs thair fayis, thouch thai
" Conſent to treuſoun be na way.
" And for yow wald do ſic trewſoun
" I ſall ye gat a waryſoun.
" Ga to PYRRUS, and lat hym do
" Quhateuir hym lyis on hart tharto."

Than

Than till PYRRUS he ſend in hy
This maiſtyr, and gert opynly
Fra end till end tell hym this tale.
Quhen PYRRUS had it herd all hale,
He ſaid, 'Wes euir man that ſwa
'For leawté bar hym till hys fa,
'As her FABRICIUS dois to me?
'It is als ill to ger hym be
'Turnyt fra way off rychtwiſnes,
'Or ellis conſent to wykkytnes,
'As at myd day to turne agayn
'The ſone that rynnys hys courſs playn.'
Thus ſaid he off FABRICIUS,
Than ſyne wencuſſyt this ilk PYRRUS
In plane bataill, throw hard fechting.
Hys honeſt leawté gert me bring
In this enſample her, for he
Had ſouerane price off leawté.
And ſwa had the Lord off DOWGLAS,
That he wyſt lele and worthy was,
That wes ded, as befor ſaid we:
All menyt hym, ſtrang and priué.

Quhen hys men lang had maid murning,
Thei debowalyt hym, and ſyne
Gert ſcher hym ſwa, that mycht be tane
The fleſch all haly fra the bane.
And the carioune thar in haly place
Erdyt, with rycht gret worſchip, was.

The banys haue thai with thaim tane;
And ſyne ar to thair ſchippys gane;
Quhen thai war lewyt off the King,
That had dule for thair ſorrowing.

To ſe thai went: gud wynd thai had.
Thair courſs till *Ingland* haff thai maid;
And thar ſauffly arywyt thai.
Syne towart *Scotland* held thair way,
And thar ar cummyn in full gret hy.
And the banys honorabilly
Intill the kyrk off *Dowglas* war
Erdyt, with dule and mekill car.
Schyr ARCHIBALD ſone gert ſyne
Off alabaſtre, bath fair and fyne,
Ordane a tumb ſa rychly
As it behowyt to ſwa worthy.

Quhen that on this wyſs Schyr WILYAME
Off KETH had broucht hys banys hame,
And the gud KING's hart alſua,
And men had rychly gert ma
With fayr effer hys ſepultur;
The Erle off MURREFF, that had the cur
That tyme off *Scotland* halely,
With gret worſchip has gert bery
The KINGS hart at the abbay
Off *Melroſs*, quhar men prays ay

Ver. 587. Editions have:
Sir Archbald, his brother, gart ſyne.

That

he and hys have paradyſs.
ı this wes done that I deuyſs,
ud Erle gouernyt the land,
eld the power weill to warand.
ıve ſa weill mantenyt he,
eld in peſs ſwa the cuntré,
it wes neuir or hys day
ill, as Ik hard auld men ſay.
ne, allace! puſonyt wes he:
hys dede wes gret pité.

r Lords deyt apon this wyſs.
at hey Lord off all thing is,
l hys mekill blis thaim bring,
raunt hys grace, that thair offspring
/eill the land: and ententyve
folow, in all thair lyve,
ıobill eldrys gret bounté!
fauld God in Trenyté
us hey till hys mekill blis;
alwayis leſtand liking is!

509. In the printed copies the deed is aſcribed to a nk:

"But ſyne, allace! poiſon'd wes he
"By a falſe monk, full traiterouſly."

ay died 20th July, 1332.

THE END.

A fredome & A nobill thing
Fredome mayss man to hayff likuyt

Sumitur to dicellus de Bruciis et attibus
bellicosis viz. Bn Roberti Bruyss quod
Scotorum regi illustrissimi Raptum sit
tu per me Johannem Ramsay ex iussu
venerabilis & circumspecti viri vz Magri
Symonis lochmaleny de ouchtermunsye
vicarii bn digni Anno dni millesimo
quadringentesimo octuagesimo nono.

L O S S A R Y.

ıief obſtacle in peruſing this work ariſes from orthography, which is ſo irregular that no ary can pretend to explain every diſguiſed l. To underſtand many words it is only ne- ry to pronounce them aloud; and the mean- which is obſcured by the ſpelling, will be evi- from the ſound. *W* is often uſed for *u* and *v*: *h* is uſeleſsly introduced, as *yhe* for *ye*, &c.

A.

all, one.
abode, delay.
n, *ſuperior, above.*
onefold.
belongs.
onfide.
ly, *alone.*
altogether.
, *in all ways.*
all in progreſs.
, *alſo.*
rt, *appeaſed.*
yt, *moved.*
ımetimes if.
, *anchors.*
, *alone.*
once.

Apayn? ix. 64.
Apert, *briſk.*
Apperand, *apparent, appearing.*
Ar, *ere, before, oar.*
Areſt, *ſtop.*
Armyne, *armour.*
Aſſay, *trial.*
Aſſembil, *engage.*
Aſſonyeit, *acquitted.*
Aſſpyne, *faſtning.*
At, *that.*
Athys, *oaths.*
Atour, *above.*
Aucht, *owned.*
Auter, *altar.*
Aventur, *adventure.*
Awailye, *avail.*
Awblaſters? xvii. 236.

GLOSSARY.

Awenand, *convenient.*
Awent, *refreſh.*
Awerty, *experienced.*
Awiſé, *adviſed.*
Awyne, *own.*
Awyſely, *adviſedly.*
Aynd, *breath.*
Ayr, *heir, ere, before, oar.*

B.

Baid, *delay.*
Bait, *boat.*
Band, *bond.*
Baneour, *ſtandard-bearer.*
Banyſt, *baniſhed.*
Bar, *boar.*
Barblyt, *barbed.*
Bargan, *debate, conteſt.*
Barnage, *baronage, barons.*
Barné, *barons.*
Barraiſs, *bounds, entrenchments.*
Baſſynit, *helmet.*
Bath, *both.*
Battalit, *embattled.*
Battail, *battalion, diviſion.*
Bauld, *bold.*
Bawmyt, *embalmed.*
Be, *by.*
Bedene, *quickly.*
Begouth, *began.*
Bekand, *baſking.*
Beliff, *ſoon.*
Benk, *bench.*
Berne, *barn.*
Berynes, *burial.*
Beſt? viii. 229.
Bet, *help, ſupply.*
Betaucht, *gave.*
Betryſs, *betray.*
Bidand, *abiding.*
Bidding, *order.*
Bigs, *booths.*
Blawand, *blowing.*
Blenkit, *glanced.*
Bleſs, *blaſt.*
Blyth, *glad.*
Bodward, *meſſage, notice.*
Boruch, *pledge?*
Botand, *moreover.*
Boune, *ready.*
Bounté, *worth, goodneſs.*
Bourdand, *witty.*
Bourn, *rivulet.*
Bow-draught, *bow-ſhot.*
Boyis, *wood?*
Bra, *bank.*
Brand, *ſword.*
Braſt, *burſt.*
Braul, *murmur.*
Brig, *bridge.*
Brodyr, *brother.*
Browdyn, *diſplayed.*
Brudnys, *kindred?*
Brukys, *enjoys.*
Brunds? xvii. 705.
Bundyn, *bound.*
Burdowis? xvii. 236.

Burdys,

ɜ, *boards, table.*
ıns, *buds.*
prepare, buſh.
r, *ſhoot at, ſkirmiſh.*
vi. 316.
birch-trees.
burn.
ɜ, *corſelets.*

C.

lively.
ıg, *telling, talking.*
chance.
cold.
, *certainly.*
ır, *chamber.*
t, *eſcaped.*
chair, ſtop.
, *chaſtiſe, correct.*
ies, *chains.*
ſance, *acquiſition.*
ıs, *atchieve.*
young knight.
climbed.
, *the catch.*
s, *claims.*
yt, *emptied, cleared.*
ly, *comely.*
le, *poſſible.*
d, *covenant.*
l, *conceal.*
ɛr, *miſchief.*
, *could.*
dy, *cowardice.*
yt, *recovered.*
d, *convoyed.*

Cowyne, *covenant, condition.*
Coynye, *corner.*
Crag, *rock.*
Cultir, *coulter of a plough.*
Cunſail, *council.*
Cuntentit, *contained.*

D.

Dainté, *kindneſs.*
Dang, *ſtruck.*
Daw, of daw, *dead.*
Dawntyt, *daunted.*
Dawyn, *dawning.*
Deboner, *good-natured.*
Dedeynyeit, *diſdained.*
Defawtit, *defeated.*
Deid, *death.*
Deliver, *quick.*
Demanyt, *dealt with.*
Dempt, *judged.*
Demyng, *judging.*
Den, *dam.*
Der, *ſuffer, hurt.*
Deray, *injury.*
Derenyie, *conteſt.*
Derf, *active.*
Deſpulyt, *deſpoiled.*
Dewilry, *devilry, magic.*
Dewour, *duty.*
Ding, *knock.*
Diſcur, *diſcover.*
Diſcowrors, *ſcouts.*
Diſheryey, *diſinherit.*
Diſpend, *ſpend.*
Diſpending, *money to ſpend.*

Diſpitous, *unpitiful.*
Diſpytyt, *had ſpite at.*
Diſſeſe, *want of eaſe.*
Diſtrenyeit, *forced.*
Diſtrowblyne, *diſturbance.*
Diwiliſs, *deviliſh.*
Diwiſs, *deviſe.*
Dongyn, *driven.*
Douchty, *mighty.*
Dour, *hard, ſtrong.*
Dout, *ſometimes* fear.
Dowtyne, *doubting.*
Dule, *grief.*
Dur, *door.*
Durwarth, durward, *door-keeper, porter.*
Dre, *ſuffer, undergo.*
Dreſſyt, *prepared.*
Dryw, *drive.*
Dungeoun, *tower, keep of a caſtle.*
Duſche, *daſh, hard blow.*
Dycht, *dreſſed in armour, prepared.*
Dyke, *ditch.*
Dyn, *noiſe.*
Dyner, *dinner.*
Dyng, *honourable.*
Dynt, *blow.*
Dyſtroynyt, *forced.*
Dyttyt, *blocked up.*

E.

Echt, *ought.*
Effer, *appearance.*
Effraytly, *affraidly, fearfully.*
Eftſone, *ſoon after.*
Egging, *incitement.*
Ek, *add to.*
Emys, *uncles.*
Enboundonit, *abandoned.*
Enbuſchit, *in ambuſh.*
Enchauſit, *chaſed.*
Encheſon, *fault, crime.*
Endenturs, *inſtruments.*
Endfundeyng? xx. 75.
Engaigne, *ſpite.*
Enkerly, *eagerly?*
Enpres, *empriſe.*
Enſampil, *example.*
Enſenye, *word of war.*
Er, *are.*
Erd, *earth.*
Erdyt, *interred.*
Erlys, *Earls.*
Eſcheve, eſchew, *atchieve.*
Eſful, *full of eaſe.*
Etling, *aim, intention.*
Evirmar, *evermore, always.*
Eyn, *eyes.*

F.

Fader, *father.*
Fadyt, *exhauſted.*
Fagalds, *parcels.*
Failyhe, *fail.*
Falſet, *falſehood.*
Fand, *found.*

Fanding,

GLOSSARY.

', *endeavour.*
fancy.
fare.
well-favoured.
bundle.
fared.
fought.
', *faith.*
l?
fond.
'le.
ret *feeble, enfeeble.*
any.
uel.
, *cruel.*
many times.
ıg, *feigning.*
r, *fellow, far.*
vonder; fairly.
further.
forage.
fidelity.
fixt.
, *flat.*
nd, *flaming.*
flies.
fleers, *thoſe that*
latter.
ſailing, floating.
et.
o.
baffled.
ruined.
loſt.

Forly, *ly with.*
Forouch, *before.*
Forowſein, *foreſeen.*
Forowtyn, *without.*
Forray, *forage.*
Forſy, *full of force.*
Forthy, *therefore.*
Fothyr, *load.*
Fra, *from, after.*
Fraying, *rattling.*
Frayit, *engaged in affrays.*
Freſt? vii. 447, 547.
Fruſh, *ſudden.*
Fruſhit, *broken.*
Fulit, *doated.*
Fundyn, *founded, ſettled.*
Fur, *fared.*

G.

Gabyt, *ſpoke vainly.*
Gadryng, *gathering, aſſembly.*
Galay, *galley, ſhip.*
Galy, *reel.*
Gamyn, *game, mirth.*
Gang, *walk.*
Gar, *cauſe.*
Gate, *way.*
Gayne, *agayn.*
Ger, *cauſe, armour, things.*
Geſts, *joiſts.*
Ghyle, *guile.*
Giff, *if.*
Glaidſchip, *gladneſs.*
Gle, glew, *game.*

Gliſnyt,

Gliſnyt, *glanced.*
Granys, *groans.*
Grathit, *prepared.*
Graunt, *great.*
Grawyn, *interred.*
Greſe, *graſs.*
Gret, *weeped.*
Gretumly, *greatly.*
Grewing, *grievance.*
Growit, *ſhuddered.*
Gruchys, *grudges.*
Grune? xx. 324.
Grypyt, *griped.*
Gyf, *if.*
Gyit, *guided.*
Gyrd, *quick ſtep.*
Gyrdand, *piercing up.*

H.

Haid, *had.*
Hailſit, *hailed, ſaluted.*
Halch, haugh, *valley.*
Halders, *holders.*
Hale, *whole.*
Halfindal, *about half.*
Hals, *throat, neck.*
Haly, *wholly.*
Halyſt, *ſaluted.*
Halyt, *drew up.*
Hamillet, *hamlet.*
Hamlyly, *familiarly.*
Hamwarts, *homeward.*
Hanſel, *earneſt.*
Harnys, *armour, brains.*
Hartyt, *encouraged.*
Hat, *was called.*
Hate, *hot.*
Hawing, *behaviour.*
Hawtane, *haughty.*
Heldand, *holding.*
Hely, *highly, loudly.*
Helying, *covering.*
Hender, *hypaſt.*
Hendermar, *hindermoſt.*
Herbery, *abode.*
Herds? xvii. 612.
Herying, *hearing.*
Hewid, *head.*
Hewit, *hewed to pieces.*
Hewy, *heavy.*
Hewyn, *heaven.*
Hey, *high.*
Hey-gate, *high way.*
Heylyt, *covered.*
Hiddilis, *hiding.*
Hidwyſs, *hideous.*
Hing, *hang.*
Hint, *took.*
Hobelers, *light-armed men.*
Hobland, *wavering.*
Hobynys, *war-horſes.*
Hone, *delay.*
Houſband, *farmer.*
How, *hollow, low; hove near.*
Hund, *bound.*
Hy, *haſte.*
Hyde, *ſkin.*
Hydys, *raw hides.*

Hycht,

GLOSSARY.

', *promiſed, called.*
, *youth, hence.*
ſeized.
ıoun, *hedge-hog.*

I. J.

ſo, I.
ach, ſame.
, *each one.*
h, *enough.*
inroad.
ıth, *within.*
', *lodgings, houſe.*
', *with ire, angryly.*
iſſue out.
evil.

K.

ſtout man, curl, vil-
ıus.
ıe, *comb.*
know.
regard, catch.
caſt.
'e, *boy.*
vis, *knaves.*
', *dagger.*
', *join.*
-yet, *cow-gate.*
cows,
, *kind.*
llik, *kindred.*
lly, *by nature.*
grik, *kingdom.*
', *church.*

L.

Ladys, *loads.*
Laidmen, *men bearing loads.*
Land-bryſs, *land-breeze.*
Lanſit, *darted.*
Lap, *leaped.*
Lardner, *lardry.*
Larg, *bountiful.*
Late, *geſture.*
Lave, *reſt.*
Lauchtane? xix. 672.
Law, *low.*
Lawté, *loyalty.*
Laynder, *laundreſs.*
Leches, *ſurgeons.*
Lege-powſté, *ſovereign power.*
Lele, *true.*
Leman, *miſtreſs.*
Leme, *ſplendor.*
Lenye, *lean, thin.*
Leſt, *delay.*
Leſyng, *lying.*
Leſyt, *loſt.*
Let, *hinder, abandon.*
Letles, *without hindrance.*
Leveré, *delivery, diſtribution.*
Lewer, *rather.*
Leyff, *live, leave.*
Leynd, *dwell.*
Leyſche, *leeſh.*
Libbard, *leopard.*

Likand,

Likand, *acceptable.*
Liking, *will.*
Liklines, *appearance.*
Ling, *line, ſtrait forward.*
Loſit, *praiſed.*
Lompnyt? xv. 276.
Lorne, *loſt.*
Loſinger, *lying knave.*
Loup, *leap.*
Lourdane, *lazy ſcoundrel.*
Loutyt, *bowed.*
Low, *flame.*
Lowing, *praiſing.*
Lowſyt, *looſened.*
Luffand, *loving, benevolent.*
Luſit, *ſometimes* praiſed. *See* Loſit.
Luk, *look.*
Lyft, *firmament.*
Lymys, *limbs.*
Lyſnyt, *liſtened.*
Lywyt, *lived.* I. 19, ar lywyt, *are dead,* vixerunt.

M.

Ma, *more.*
Magre, *in ſpite of.*
Maiſt, *moſt.*
Maiſtery, *ſtrength.*
Maiſtris, *miſtreſs.*
Malveté, *malice.*
Maneer, *manour-houſe.*
Mangery, *feſtival.*
Manland, *main land.*
Manrent, *homage.*
Mar, *more.*
Marcheand, *bordering on.*
Marrais, *moraſs.*
Marſchal, *butler?* ii. 4.
Martyrdom, *ſlaughter.*
Maucht, *might.*
Maundment, *command.*
Mayne, *ſtrength, moan.*
Mayſe, *makes, cauſes.*
Mawgré, *ill-will.*
Mekil, *much.*
Mellé, *medley.*
Menand, *lamenting.*
Menauſyt, *menaced.*
Mengye, *many.*
Menſk, *manhood.*
Menyng, *pity.*
Merwys, *mars, ruins.*
Mickil, *much.*
Moble, *moveables, goods.*
Mocht, *might.*
Modyr, *mother.*
Mon, *muſt.*
Monteil, *mount.*
Monyſting, *admonition.*
More, *muir.*
Moſs, *marſh.*
Mow, *heap.*
Mowence, *motion, progreſs.*
Moyne, *moon.*
Moyr, *more.*
Murit, *walled?*

Mydlike?

Mydlike? iii. 71.
Myrk, *dark.*
Myſelwyn, *myſelf.*
Mysfur, *miſcarried.*
Myſtir, *need.*
Myſtrow, *ſuſpected.*

N.

Na, *nor, no.*
Nanys, *occaſion.*
Nawyne, *ſhipping.*
Ne, *not.*
Nedways, *needs.*
Neid, *occaſion.*
Neiſt, *next.*
Nek-bane, *neck-bone.*
Nethring, *injury.*
Nevo, *nephew.*
Nevys, *fiſts.*
Newlings, *at firſt.*
Newth, *beneath.*
Noblay, *nobility.*
Nocht, *nothing.*
Noryſt, *nouriſhed.*
Nothir, *neither.*
Noy, *annoy.*
Nuryſt, *nouriſhed.*
Nygramanſour, *necromancer.*
Nyt, *denied.*

O.

Obeyſand, *obedient.*
Oddirs, *others.*
Oſtſythis, *often.*
Onane, *anon.*
Or, *ere, before.*
Oſt, *hoſt, hoſteſs.*
Otouth, *out from, without.*
Our, *over, above.*
Ourhand, *upper hand.*
Ourhy, *overtake.*
Ourtane, *overtaken.*
Owtane, *except.*

P.

Page, *boy.*
Pantener?
Parlyownys, *pavilions.*
Pays, *Eaſter.*
Pele, *fort.*
Pennon, *ſtreamer.*
Peralais, *perilous.*
Perfay, *in faith, indeed.*
Perquer, *perfectly.*
Pers, *peers.*
Pert, *briſk.*
Peſe, *peace.*
Peſabylly, *peaceably.*
Pitail, *rabble.*
Pith, *ſtrength.*
Plenyeit, *complained.*
Porturat, *countenanced.*
Potts, *holes.*
Poveral, *poor mob.*
Powſté, *power.*
Prayit, *made prey.*
Preſe, *preſs.*

Prewé,

Prewé, *privy.*
Prikyt, *ſpurred, rode quickly.*
Proferre, *offer.*
Pryſe, *value.*
Pundelane iii. 159.
Punye, *ſmall party.*
Pur, *poor.*
Purchas, *an attempt.*
Purches, *procure.*
Purwayt, *prepared.*
Puſoune, *poiſon.*
Pyk, *pitch.*
Pykkys, *picks.*

Q.

Quentiſs, *quaintneſs.*
Quer, *choir.*
Quharthrouch, *through which.*
Quhein, *few.*
Quhile, *before.*
Quouk, *quaked.*
Qwyt, *requite.*

R.

Rad, *afraid.*
Radneſs, *terror.*
Raid, *rode.*
Raiſs, *race.*
Raith, *early.*
Rakyt, *went ſwiftly.*
Randoun, *ſwift courſe.*
Rangal, *rabble.*
Rapys, *ropes.*
Rar, *roar.*
Raung, *range.*
Rayayt, *terrified.*
Raykyt, *ſee* Rakyt.
Real, *royal.*
Rebaldail, *mob, rabble.*
Rebotyt, *driven back.*
Red, *part.*
Red, *counſel.*
Reff, *ſpoil.*
Reft, *bereaved.*
Reid, *rode.*
Reiſar, *ſpoiler.*
Rek, *ſmoke.*
Relyit, *rallied, called back.*
Rengye, *reins.*
Rerward, *rear.*
Reſavit, *received.*
Reſett, *retreat.*
Reſewyt, *reſerved.*
Reſecours, *ſuccour.*
Retreand, *retreating.*
Reuk?
Rewth, *pity.*
Rewyd, *reaved, bereaved.*
Rewyn, *torn.*
Rewys, *ſtreets.*
Rod, *road.*
Roucht, *reach, reckon.*
Routand, *whiſpering.*
Routs, *blows.*
Row, *repent*
Rowaté, *royalty.*
Rowtyt, *ſnored.*

Roytyt,

GLOSSARY.

yt, *ravaged.*
rt, *annoyed.*
hyt, *drove down.*
, *ſtreets.*
aldy, *vulgarity.*
twiſe, *righteous.*
kingdom, country.
run.
, *ravaged.*
, *rob, ravage; rend.*

S.

es, *innocent.*
? iv. 578.
ſauce.
aſſault.
yn, *the ſame, at once.*
t, *croſſed.*
lly, *loftily.*
, *ſorry.*
ly, *boldly.*
became.
ſaying.
rand, *ſavouring, ſmel-*
g.
ffly, *ſafely.*
, *aſſault.*
yn, *ſown.*
t, *ſaved.*
, *ſave.*
d, *meſſage.*
, *ſore.*
ſix.
pis, *endeavours.*
w, *little wood.*

Schawyt, *ſhowed.*
Sched, *broke, ſplit.*
Schent, *confounded.*
Scher, *cut.*
Schor, *ſharp, boaſting.*
Schoyne, *ſhoes.*
Schuip, *tried.*
Schuldrys, *ſhoulders.*
Schyr, *clear.*
Schyreffys, *ſhireſs.*
Scounrit, *ſhuddered.*
Scrymyn, *ſkirmiſh.*
Se, *ſea.*
Sege, *ſeat, rank.*
Segs, *ſtations.*
Sekkis, *ſacks.*
Selwyn, *ſame.*
Semble, *hoſts engaged.*
Sen, *ſince.*
Sent, *ſometimes* ſcent.
Senyhory, *ſeignory, lord-*
ſhip.
Ser, *ſeveral, many.*
Seſyt, *ceaſed.*
Seyle, *happineſs.*
Sib, *kin, kindred.*
Sikerly, *ſurely.*
Skalit, *ſcattered.*
Skath, *harm.*
Skill, *experience.*
Skowerand, *ſhuddering.*
Slak, *glen.*
Slayd, *ſlid.*
Slely, *ſlyly.*
Sleuch, *ſlew.*

Slicht,

Slicht, *ſlight, trick.*
Slik, *mud.*
Sloppis, *pieces of ground.*
Slot? iii. 456.
Slouſs, *ſluice, pool.*
Snell, *ſharp, keen.*
Sodanly, *ſuddenly.*
Sodjouris, *ſoldiers.*
Sojournying, *delaying.*
Somoun, *ſummon.*
Sone, *ſoon, ſun.*
Sonkyn, *ſunk.*
Sop, *troop, croud.*
Sorded, *defiled.*
Sothly, *truly.*
Souch? x. 760.
Sournome, *ſurname.*
Sow, *pierce.*
Sparit, *faſtened up.*
Spayn, *ſpan.*
Special, *connected with.*
Speidful, *proper.*
Spek, *ſpeech.*
Sper, *bar.*
Spital? xi. 420.
Spray, *bough.*
Spryngalds? xvii. 247.
Spyrit, *enquired.*
Squar, *ſquare, broad.*
Stad, *ſituated.*
Stale, *ſeparate party.*
Stalwart, *ſtrong.*
Stark, *ſtout.*
State, *eſtate.*
Stay, *ſteep.*
Sted, *ſtation.*
Stedys, *ſteeds, horſes.*
Steked, *ſtabbed.*
Steks, *ſhuts.*
Ster, *ſteer, helm.*
Stert, *jumped.*
Stole, *ſtool, ſeat.*
Stot, *ſtop.*
Stound, *blow.*
Stour, *tumult.*
Strakys, *ſtrokes.*
Straucht, *ſtrait, ſtreached.*
Strekyt, *extended.*
Strenthis, *ſtrong places.*
Stunay, *aſtoniſh.*
Sture, *ſtern.*
Sturting, *trouble.*
Stynt, *delay.*
Styth, *ſtiff, firm.*
Suet, *life.*
Sukudry, *preſumption.*
Suld, *ſhould.*
Sumdell, *a little.*
Suppowal, *ſupport.*
Sutelté, *ſubtilty.*
Suthfaſt, *true.*
Swa, *ſo.*
Swak, *hard blow.*
Swanys, *ſwains.*
Swappyt, *drew.*
Swate, *ſweat.*
Swing, *ſtroke.*
Swome, *ſwim.*
Swycht, *ſwift.*
Swylk, *ſuch.*

Swyth,

Swyth, *quickly.*
Syks, *pools.*
Sympolly, *ſimply, poorly.*
Syn, *after, ſince.*
Syr, *lord.*
Syſs, *aſſize.*
Syth, *eaſy.*
Sythyn, *thereafter.*

T.

Ta, *take.*
Tais, *takes.*
Taiſſyt, *adjuſted.*
Takyning, *token.*
Tane, *taken.*
Taucht, *delivered.* *See* betaucht.
Tene, *ſorrow, anger, vexation.*
Tent, *heed.*
Ter, *tar.*
Thairtil, *thereto.*
Thak-burd, *thatch-board, roof.*
Thole, *ſuffer.*
Thoucht, *though.*
Thowteſnes, *thoughtleſsneſs.*
Thra, *obſtinate.*
Thraw, *inſtant.*
Threſum, *ſome three, about three.*
Thret, *threatened.*
Thril, thryl, *ſtave.*
Thrillage, *ſervitude.*
Thring, *throng, preſs.*
Thropell, *throat.*
Thuort, *athwart.*
Thurſt? xx. 107.
Thyne, *thence.*
Thyrland, *piercing.*
Thyrldom, *ſervitude.*
Tid, *time.*
Tillgyddre, *together.*
Tit, *knock.*
Tite, *ſnatched.*
To, *ſometimes* too.
Toddyr, *other.*
Tothir, *other.*
Toylyit, *troubled.*
Traiſtyet, *truſted.*
Trane, *ambuſh, ſtratagem.*
Tranenting, *ſudden march.*
Trawaill, *labour.*
Tre, *wood.*
Trew, *truce.*
Trewail, *labour.*
Trewelling, *travelling.*
Tronſoun, *truncheon.*
Troplys, *troops.*
Trow, *believe.*
Trowentyn, *wandering.*
Tryſt, *appointed place.*
Turſyt, *bundled up.*
Tutiwing, *ſounding.*
Twal, *twelve.*
Twyſt, *twig.*
Tyne, *loſe.*
Tynſel, *loſs.*
Tynt, *loſt.*

Tyre? xij. 22.
Tythands, *tidings.*
Tyttar, *rather.*

U.

Uliſpyt, *liſped.*
Umbeſet, *beſet,*
Umbethocht, *bethought.*
Umquhile, *ſometime.*
Undercaſt, *revolve.*
Unſele, *ill luck.*
Upblinkit, *glanced up.*
Upgang, *path up.*
Ure, *chance:* heur, Fr.
Utelauys, *outlaws.*
Utouth, *thereout.*

V.

Veyle, *well.*

W.

Wa, way, *woe, ſorry.*
Wa worth, *woe befall.*
Wageours, *warriors for hire.*
Waik, *watch.*
Wailye, *avail.*
Waine, *vain.*
Waith, *danger.*
Wald, *would.*
Wale, *beſt part.*
Waley, *valley.*
Walgeous, *galant.*
Walopyt, *galloped.*
Wandyſt, *failed.*
Wane, *habitation.*
Wanys, *ſtomach.*
Wapnys, *weapons.*
War, *were, aware, worſe.*
Ward, *guard.*
Wardan, *guardian, governor.*
Warrand, *ſhelter, ſafety.*
Warrayand, *warring.*
Warrer, *more aware.*
Warnyſt, *garniſhed, provided.*
Warpyt, *threw.*
Waryit, *curſed.*
Waryſon, *reward.*
Waſſage, *power.*
Wat, *know.*
Wate, *wet.*
Wated, *lay in wait.*
Wauch?
Waward, *vanguard.*
Wawys, *waves.*
Way, *ſorry.*
Weddyr, *weather.*
Wei, *little.*
Wein, *veſtige.*
Weld, *manage.*
Weltre, *ſtagger.*
Wencuſyt, *vanquiſhed.*
Wend, *knew.*
Wengyt, *avenged.*
Wenning, *abode.*
Went, *to go.*
Wepit, *wiped.*
Wer, *worſe, war; defend.*

Werds,

s, *fates.*
ıd, *windpipe.*
ıel, *veſſels.*
, *wet.*
ɜ, *voyage, journey.*
ilyt, *victualed.*
ruſly, *vigorouſly.*
wandering.
ılly, *with good will.*
wiſdom.
nd, *whirling.*
was.
ay, *gainſay, oppoſe.*
hy, *with this, pro-*
d.
ing, *information.*
wood.
yt, *wounded.*
hip, *worth.*
ıyt, *wax, become;*
e forced.
, *mad.*
, *awake, week.*
, *void, leave.*
yt, *empty, free from.*
ı, *wroth, angry.*
:, *wrote.*
h, *made a grimace,*
was wroth.
Wrychts, *carpenters.*
Wyddir, *a wether, a ſheep.*
Wyff, *woman.*
Wyght, *ſtrong.*
Wynnyt, *dwelled.*
Wyr, *arrow; ſling down.*
Wyrk, *work.*
Wyſk, *quick blow.*
Wyſt, *knew.*

Y.

Yar, *ready.*
Yat, *gate.*
Yauld, *yielded.*
Ydill, *idle.*
Yharn, yarn, *deſire.*
Yheid, yeid, *went.*
Yhemar, *keeper.*
Yhemſel, *keeping.*
Yhude, *went.*
Yhule-ewyn, *Chriſtmas*
eve.
Yolden, *yielded.*
Youtheid, *youth.*
Yowde, yeid, *went.*
Ythanly, *buſily.*
Ythen, *buſy.*

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ADDITIONAL NOTES.

BOOK I. ver. 61, 62. Winton reads:

That be lyne was deſcendand:
Sum bair all uthir wayis on hand.

Book I. ver. 121, 122. The MS. has been religiouſly followed, even in it's faults; but the laſt of theſe lines ſhould certainly ſtand firſt, as in the editions:

And wyſe men ſayes he is happy
That be othir will him chaſty.

Book I. ver. 158. Read,

The kynryk yharn I not to have.

Book I. ver. 528. For *ſlycht* read *ſlycht:* in note, page 5, for *red* put *read.*

Book I. ver. 560. Perhaps we ſhould read BROITE, and refer this line to the account of Arthur given in the BRUTE mentioned in the preface.

Book II. p. 36, note. For 1304 read 1306.

Book II. ver. 242. After this line the editions rightly inſert the three following:

Als was gud CHRISTOL of SETOUN,
And ROBERT BOID of gret renoun;
And other fele men of mekil mycht,
Bot I cannot tell, &c.

Book III. ver. 22. For *That that* read *That thai.*

Book III. ver. 67. It is obſervable that Ewan II. in whoſe time Fingal is placed by Hector Boethius, was ſon of Murthak:

Ewane the ſecunde in his dayis,
Murthakis ſon the ſtory ſayis. Winton, p. 410.

Book IV. ver. 110. The word *encheſone* here, and in other parts of this poem, is the ſame with *acheſon* in the old French poetry; and means, as we learn from the gloſſary to the *Roman de la Roſe*, 1. occaſion; 2. hope; 3. good luck; 4. motive; 5. difficulty. This word appears as early as the French language, and may be found in Wace's *Roman de Roul*, written about the year 1165, and the ſongs of Raoul le Coucy, 1190.

Book IV. ver. 702 to 726 are omitted in the editions.

Book

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Book V. ver. 35. Perhaps we ſhould read *That*, *Thai* is ſenſe, implying King Robert's people.

Book V. ver. 483. Editions have,

Schyr Ingram Umfraville, that wes hardy;

Rightly, as appears from Book VI. ver. 3; and Sir Ing Bell is a non-exiſtence.

Book V. ver. 507. After this line the editions inſer two following:

Forſuth that hys ane ey wes out;
Bot he ſua ſturdy wes, and ſtout,
That be wis, &c.

Book VI. ver. 490. After this line editions inſert the following:

Swa that the hund hym lovit ſa,
Throuch hym he thoucht the King to ta;
For he wyſt that he lovit hym ſa
That be wald part, &c.

Book VI. ver. 666. The editions after this line add t two:

" And let us thank God of hys grace,
" That fra our faes us deliverit hes."
With that the King, &c.

Book VII. ver. 202. After this line editions have the following:

Till hym thai yeid in full gret pace.
Bot in that tyme, throw Goddis grace,
The King upblinkit, &c.

Book VII. ver. 301. Editions here inſert ſeven lines

Our ſayis to nycht ſall ly traiſtly:
For thai trow we ſua ſkaillit ar,
And fled to warand here and thar,
That we ſall nocht, thir dayis thre,
All togeder aſſemblit be:
Tharfor this nycht thai ſall traiſtly
Bot wachys, tak thair eſe and ly.
And this day thai haf done deſpyt,
Tharfor this nycht I wald thaim quyt.
Quharfor quha knew, &c.

Rightly.

Book VII. ver. 551. After this line the editions ir thefe two:

For in *Glentrule* wes the King,
That wes ner brocht til ſuppryſing,
Yeid unarmyt, &c.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

k IX. ver. 105. A line wanting in MS.
That nane had radnes quhar he wer.
Thai wald nocht fecht quhyle that he wes
Liand, &c.

k IX. ver. 373. Editions inſert four lines:
Towart the town with hys menye.
And hors and knavis levit he
Far fra the town. And ſyne hes tane
His leddres; and on fut is gane
Towart the town, &c.

k X. ver. 17—27. Ten lines wanting in editions.

k X. ver. 153. Editions add two lines:
Wilyame Bumock to name he hecht,
A ſtalwart man he wes in fecht.
He ſaw ſa bard the cuntré ſtad,
That he gret noy and pity had,
Throuch ſortreſſes that wer then, &c.

k X. ver. 272. After this line the editions rightly inſe three:
And he wes certes rycht worthy.
For gif men ſpek of hym truly,
He wes ſua curageous a knycht,
Sa wiſe, ſa worthy, and ſa wycht,
And off ſa ſowerane, &c.

k XI. ver. 131. A line wanting in MS.
Mony helmys and haberiownys,
Scheldis, ſperis, and penownys.

k XIII. ver. 446. Editions inſert four lines:
Silver and gold, claths and armyng,
And veſchel, and all othir thyng
That evir thai mycht lay on thair hand.
Sa gret riches thar thai fand
That mony man, &c.

k XIII. ver. 650. Six more lines are found in the ns:
For twa contrares, we may wyt weil,
Set agan othir on a quhele,
Quhan ane is hie, anither is law.
And gif it fall that Fortune thraw
The quhele about, it that on hicht
Was er, on force it mon down lycht.
And it that undre, &c.

k XIV. p. 191, 192. It is ſuſpected that the river a is meant. In verſe 373 our poet muſt have imagined that

that Ulſter was an appellation conned to the preſent county of Antrim; and in fact the old Iriſh *Ullagh* was a ſmall country on the north-eaſt part of Ireland: (ſee the map of Ireland in the middle ages, in the editor's *Enquiry into the Hiſtory of Scotland*). The town of *Coyners* the editor can find in no map, nor topography of Ireland, but it is apparently *Connor*. Edward Bruce was proceeding ſouth when invited by the Iriſh king, ver. 330, into the county of Londonderry, as would ſeem.

Book XV. ver. 144. *Read* armyt be.

Book XVI. ver. 208. After this line the editions inſert theſe four:

And preſſit dingand on tham ſa faſt,
That thai the bak gaf at the laſt.
And thai that ſaw tham tak the flycht,
Thai dang on tham with all thair mycht,
And in thair fleyng, &c.

Book XVI. ver. 304. *Read* Bot, giff that.

Book XVI. ver. 500. Editions inſert four lines:

Thai wer all done ſa hardily,
That thai wer praiſit ſoveranely
Attour all uthir points of weir,
That in thair tyme encheved wer,
This wes the fyrſt, &c.

Book XVII. ver. 219. Syne in laucht, *is* ſon in law.

Book XVIII. ver. 457—461 wanting in editions.

Book XIX. ver. 179. For *fley* ſhould we read *fley?*

Book XIX. ver. 316. Perhaps we ſhould read

On north halff *Wer*. See line 323.

Book XIX. ver. 590—595 omitted in editions.

Book XIX. ver. 799—806. Editions contract theſe eight lines to four.

Book XX. ver. 5. *Read* thre.

Book XX. ver. 67. *Read* mangery: that is feſtival.

Book XX. ver. 127. Editions inſert four lines:

And all hys lords that thar war,
And alſua all the commonrie,
Made hym homage and fewtie.
And befor that thai crounit war
The King Robert, &c.

Book XX. ver. 205. Six lines are inſerted in the editions:

Quham in bath wit and worſchip was,

Suld

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Suld tak the travail upon hand:
Hereto thai war all accordand.
And to the King thai went in hy;
And tald hym that thai thoucht truly
That the douchty Lord Douglas
Beſt ſchapyn, &c.

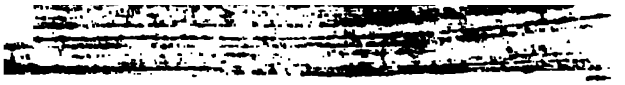
THE END.

7

H.T.

7

H.T.



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